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Charles Mayne Young.

at 40.

A MEMOIR

OF

CHARLES MAYNE YOUNG,

TRAGEDIAN,

B 2734

WITH EXTRACTS FROM HIS SON'S JOURNAL.

BY

JULIAN CHARLES YOUNG, A. M.

RECTOR OF ILMINGTON.

WITH PORTRAITS AND SKETCHES.

VOL. I.



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24076

Charles Mayne Young,

as King John.

'I AM AFRAID TO THINK OF WHAT I'VE DONE.
LOOK ON 'T AGAIN . . . I DARE NOT.'

Macbeth.

London and New York

MACMILLAN AND CO.

1871.

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PREFACE.

It has not been in obedience to any filial impulse of my own, but rather in compliance with the suggestion of others, that I have made a feeble effort to revive some traces, wellnigh obliterated, of one who held no mean place in public estimation as a tragedian; and, as a man, by the unobtrusive simplicity and moral purity of his private life, won golden opinions of all sorts of men.

Could I have divined, in youth, that the task I have undertaken in old age would ever have devolved on me, I should have studied to acquaint myself with passages in my family history

now involved in obscurity; and have treasured up documents which, from mistaken delicacy to others, I have destroyed, but which might have shed light on my father's character.

While oscillating between acquiescence in the kind counsel of my friends, or rejection of it, it was suggested that, to the skeleton-memoir of my father, I might, by extracts from my journals, add reminiscences of some of his contemporaries, and thus expand the dimensions of my book to the size of an ordinary octavo volume. In carrying out this hint, I find, to my surprise, and possibly to my reader's annoyance, that my matter has swollen into two. As its quality is very light, I have the more reason to hope it may be very easy of digestion. As it is declared to be meant only for a vacant hour, I flatter myself it may serve as relaxation to minds oppressed by sterner labours. If exception be taken to its poverty of style, I may urge, in its defence, that it is unambitious in its aim, that it propounds no theories, that

it indulges in no speculations, and pretends to no originality.

As in the case of tableaux vivants, an antiquated frame is made to enclose living representations of authors, actors, statesmen, and poets, who have had their day and passed away: so the name of one so insignificant as myself has only been prefixed to this book as a sort of framework on which to hang sketches of a few — and but a few — of those men of mark whom I have happened to encounter in the touch-and-go intercourse of ordinary society.

Certain stories will be found to crop up to the surface of these pages, about which I would fain say a word or two. Except in instances in which I speak of occurrences as having happened to myself, or with my own knowledge, I will not vouch for the truth of one of them. I have only repeated what I have been told by others; and will not even pledge myself to have done that faithfully; for my

memory, never very strong, has been greatly impaired by time, and by the effects of a long and serious illness, which has long enfeebled me, and now incapacitates me from much mental exertion.

Few persons of matter-of-fact temperament know how difficult it is for the imaginative, however truthful in intention, to adhere rigidly to bald literality of narration. Any impartial and dispassionate observer, who has ever seen the experiment of Russian scandal, and witnessed the ludicrous discrepancies of statement which occur between twelve people of unimpeachable veracity, who could have no possible inducement to exaggerate, will admit that there is nothing so little to be relied on as verbal accuracy in the case of a tale which has passed through many mouths. I fancy I can illustrate, if I cannot explain, these mysterious results by analogy.

I will imagine a spring of water bubbling up on some mountain's brow, and discharging its

waters down different sides, and under different conditions, according to the inclination and quality of the ground. Various strata meet and intersect each other: in one direction, the tiny stream trickles down, a silvery thread, between horizontal ridges of rocky ground; in another, it penetrates by its specific gravity through beds of sand or lighter earth; in another, it is arrested in its course by beds of impervious clay. Here runlets, scarcely perceptible, unite their forces and form one lively brook—there, from an aperture riven in the very mountain's heart, gushes forth an impetuous torrent, which rapidly expands into a brawling river.

Now, though all these waters shall have sprung from one common source, and shall primarily have been identical in their component elements, yet some, in fretting their way through one kind of soil, shall have imbibed saline particles, tainting it with a peculiar flavour; while others, turbid from earthy or animal matter contracted in their course, by a process of subter

ranean filtration shall have been subsequently purified.

If speculative chemists were planted at the various outlets of this spring, for the purpose of collecting and analysing them, they would probably describe them as totally distinct waters. In like manner I conceive (I write as a fool, and not as a man of science) that the selfsame story, permeating the brains of the phlegmatic and the sanguine, the credulous and the sceptical, the fanciful and the stolid — being more or less coloured and flavoured by the temperament and mental constitution of each—is, at last, so changed as hardly to be recognized.

I now consign what I have written to the hands of the printer, the discretion of the publisher, and the tender mercies of the critic.

If any be disturbed to find a clergyman treating of mundane subjects instead of higher ones, let him, at least, plead in expiation of his fault, that he has not, in anything he has told, wilfully violated the law of Christian charity, or set down

aught in malice. If those who know him to have it in his power to retail far more than he has revealed, shall blame him for needless reticence in some instances, let them call to mind that, if he had further abused his opportunities, he would have violated the sanctities of domestic life—and they will forgive him.

'Cum relego—scripsisse pudet: quia plurima cerno
Me quoque, qui feci, judice, digna lini.'

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LIFE OF CHARLES MAYNE YOUNG,

&c.

LIFE OF CHARLES MAYNE YOUNG.

CHAPTER I.

CHARLES MAYNE YOUNG was born on the 10th of January, in the year 1777. He was the second son of Thomas and Anna Benigna Young.

His father was a London surgeon of considerable eminence. The late Sir Aston Key, no mean authority, told me that he had never seen his equal as a demonstrator of anatomy; and that, as an operator, he believed him to have been second only to John Hunter. It is painful for the biographer to write disparagingly of a grandfather, whom he never knew; yet, truth compels him to state, that, from the concurrent testimony of persons indifferent, as well as of those best qualified to form an opinion, he was selfish and self-sufficient, profligate by habit, irascible in temper, imperious in domestic rule, and utterly callous to the claims of blood and affection. In person he was handsome and in manner impressive, though in deportment haughtier than became a professional man. When he wished to please, he found no difficulty in

doing so; for his voice was so melodious, his manners so insinuating, and his diction so graceful, that, ordinary observers, imposed upon by these adventitious accessories, were apt to overlook his errors, and accept him at his own valuation. His parts were unquestionably far above mediocrity, and his rhetorical powers of a high order. An exemplification of that fact occurs to me; for the knowledge of which I am indebted to the late Mr. Shuter.

Two ruffians were one night discovered in the act of depositing a corpse at the door of Thomas Young's anatomical museum. They were instantly apprehended and committed for trial. Young, by whom they had been employed, knew they could not pay for counsel's aid, and therefore came forward in their defence, avowing himself to have been the instigator of the offence, and they but his instruments. He argued that, though they might have infringed the letter of the law, they had done violence neither to its spirit, nor to the animus of the law-maker. That, there had been no sacrilegious intention on their part, and, that the *malfaisance* complained of, on his, had been committed in the interests of science, and with the object of saving human life! The effect of his appeal on the judge and jury, enhanced as it was by his animated action and delivery, was so great, that he not only succeeded in obtaining the acquittal of the prisoners, but in extorting from the judge the following compliment in open court: 'Mr. Young, few here are ignorant of your high reputation as a surgeon; but, after the extraordinary display of forensic ability we have just

witnessed, you must permit me to add, that, if you had bent the powers of your mind to the study and practice of the law, there are no heights in the legal profession to which you might not have aspired.'

For some years, Young's practice, as a surgeon, was very large, and his income correspondingly so. But vanity and a petty ambition betrayed him into the maintenance of an establishment above his means, and into the association of persons above his station. His head was so turned by the aristocratic notice taken of him, that he broke through the trammels of moral restraint, plunged headlong into the lowest depths of dissipation, and spent recklessly at the card-tables of refined voluptuaries the fruits of his earlier industry. Those who ministered to his foibles were willing to partake of his hospitality for the sake of meeting the facetious wags and literary lions he contrived to gather round his board. His own vast stores of anecdote, and the brilliancy of his powers of repartee, were sure passports for him to that lower stratum of the nobility, to whose minds pleasurable excitement is as necessary as oxygen to their bodies, and, who are content to incur the loss of caste rather than expose themselves to the blight of *ennui*. Nevertheless, the very men who admired him at the dinner table of others, would have been the first to despise him had they seen him by his own fireside. There, where the stimulus to vanity was wanting, and the consciousness of conjugal and parental duty ignored, was an unwelcome intruder, his gentle wife and docile children found the home, which might have been an Elysium, a perfect Pandemonium.

Mary, the sister of Thomas Young, whose portrait, I am assured, is but a faint reflex of the beauty of her character, was married to a Dane—a Professor Müller, the body physician and confidential adviser of the King of Denmark. In the year 1786, Dr. Müller, happening to be in London on a confidential mission from his royal master, his wife begged her brother to allow one of her nephews to return with her husband, for a twelve-month's visit, and solace her in her childless state. The eldest of Thomas Young's children, George, was then applying sedulously to his surgical studies, and was too serviceable to his father to be spared. Winslow, the youngest, was at too tender an age to be taken from the mother. Charles, therefore, the second son, was elected to accompany Dr. Müller to Copenhagen. The good Doctor, whom I remember well, for he lived to a good old age, and survived most of his contemporaries, was a very amiable, accomplished, and scientific man—a geologist, a numismatician, the intimate friend and correspondent of the late Sir Joseph Banks, and filling towards his sovereign the same position which Sir William Knighton occupied under George the Fourth. He had a handsome suite of apartments allotted to him in the palace, and more than abundant accommodation for his nephew.

Charles's good looks, high animal spirits, and affectionate disposition, soon attracted towards him the kindly notice of the royal family. He was a general favourite throughout the palace; and the King, himself, became so fond of him, that he used to have him brought to him the first thing, every morning, while he was dress-

ing, made him his frequent companion in his walks, and rarely, unless engaged in public duties, permitted him to be out of his sight during the day. In fact, he was more with him than with his uncle and aunt.

When the stipulated period for young Charles's visit had expired, Dr. Müller announced to the King and Queen that their *protégé* had been summoned home to England. His departure was looked forward to with so much regret, that, a letter was sent by royal order, through Dr. Müller, requesting a further extension of leave. When this, with suitable expressions of homage and respect, was declined, the King offered to educate and provide for him, if his parents would but agree to his naturalization as a Danish subject. This proposition, flattering as it was, having met with no better success than the former one, Charles quitted the country, never to return, and never to be forgotten by the kind friends he had left behind him. Before his departure the King gave him his blessing, put into his hands a purse, worked for him by the Queen, filled with gold pieces, and ordered two large oil portraits to be painted of him—one for himself, which, as long as he lived, hung on the walls of his private cabinet; the other for his father, which now hangs in my dining-room. The Queen gave him a very handsome gold watch, which my daughter now possesses, and an album with the royal arms upon it, containing valedictory words of advice and good-will from herself, from the Queen Dowager, from Frederick Prince Royal of Denmark, from the Chamberlain, in English, and, from many others, in Danish. If the specimens I give, be considered commonplace, it must be borne in

mind that they were addressed to the limited capacity of a boy of ten years of age, by persons not over familiar with English.

'*Christiansbourg, June* 13, 1787.

'CHARLES.—Be great, be virtuous, and never forget that *virtue alone* is *happiness* below.

LOUISE AUGUSTE.'

'*Fridensbourg, June* 10, 1787.

'CHARLES.—Be wise, and be not rash with thy mouth, and let not thine heart be hasty to utter anything before God; for God is in heaven, and thou upon earth; therefore let thy words be few. Forget not that it is better to be silent than to speak too much; whereby one can become more unhappy than happy.

'You will remember that she who gives you this sincere counsel calls herself

JULIA MARY,
Queen Dowager of Denmark.'

'*Fridensbourg, July* 10, 1787.

'CHARLES.—The greatest of temporal blessings are health and long life; and the most durable of good things must consequently be the best.

FREDERICK,
Prince Royal of Denmark.'

His royal patrons, who showed him so much condescending favour while living with them, did not withdraw it from him when absent. He was encouraged to write to them, and the tone in which they answered his letters showed no diminution of interest in him.

The following letter is dated seven years after he had left Denmark:—

'*Gravenstein, March* 13, 1794.

'I thank you much, my dear Charles, for the beautiful present which Schwartz has brought me from you. That present was the more agreeable to me, because I regarded it as a sure proof upon your remembering of the time you had passed into Denmark. I had thanked you sooner for the receiving of your letter, when an eyesore had not, almost the whole winter, hindered me from writing.

'My husband presents his services to you, and begs me to thank you for your letter to him. We are both at good health. Farewell, dear Charles. Be always healthy and content. That is the fervent wish of your sincere friend,

LOUISE AUGUSTE,
Queen of Denmark.'

Many years after, when her majesty was in London, and her former *protégé* was in full-blown favour with the public, as a tragedian, she never missed an opportunity of witnessing his performances. The first night of her attendance at the theatre she sent her chamberlain round behind the scenes for 'dear Charles,' and told him he was to call on her every day, during her brief stay.

Shortly after Charles Young's return from Denmark he was sent to Eton. There he remained three years. I have heard the late Earl of Suffolk, and others of humbler name, say, that they remembered him as their school-fellow, and that he was distinguished for

strength and activity in the playing-fields, and for attracting crowds around him by his talent for telling amusing stories. From Eton, which he loved, he was transplanted, without reason assigned, to Merchant Tailors'. My own suspicion is, that his father was compelled to remove him from the costlier school by financial considerations. During the Christmas vacation, Thomas Young was in the habit of giving frequent dinners to his friends and acquaintance, at which his son Charles was allowed to appear as soon as dessert was put upon the table. On one of these occasions (when, by the bye, one of his lions, Prince Le Boo, was present), as Charles was descending the stairs to the dining-room, in his smartest clothes, he saw a slatternly woman seated on one of the chairs in the hall, with a boy standing by her side, dressed in fantastic garb, with the blackest and most penetrating eyes he had ever beheld in human head. His first impression was that the two were strolling gipsies from Bartholomew Fair, who had come for medical advice.

He was soon undeceived; for he had no sooner taken his place by his father's side, and heard the servant whisper their presence in the hall, than, to his surprise, the master, instead of manifesting displeasure, smirked and smiled, and with an air of self-complacent patronage, desired his butler to bring in 'the boy.' On his entry, he was taken by the hand, patted on the head, and requested to favour the company with a specimen of his histrionic ability. With a self-possession, marvellous in one so young, he stood forth, knitted his brow, hunched up one shoulder blade, and, with sardonic grin

and husky voice, spouted forth Gloster's opening soliloquy in Richard III. He then recited selections from some of our minor British poets, both grave and gay; danced a hornpipe; sang songs, both comic and pathetic; and, for fully an hour, displayed such versatility, as to elicit vociferous applause from his auditory, and substantial evidence of its sincerity by a shower of crown pieces and shillings—a napkin having been opened and spread upon the floor for their reception. The accumulated treasures having been poured into the gaping pockets of the lad's trowsers, with a smile of gratified vanity and grateful acknowledgment, he withdrew, rejoined his tatterdemalion friend in the hall, and left the house, rejoicing. The door was no sooner closed, than every one present desired to know the name of the youthful prodigy, who had so astonished them. The host replied, that 'This was not the first time he had had him to amuse his friends: that he knew nothing of the lad's history or antecedents; but, that, his name was Edmund Kean, and, that of the woman who seemed to have the charge of him, and was his supposititious mother, Carey.'

Charles Young and his two brothers were always so reluctant to allude to their early days, in consequence of the pain with which the retrospect was fraught, that I studiously abstained from asking for details, which, if given, could but have re-opened old sores, never altogether healed. The result is, that much which I should now be glad to know, and, which must have happened in the eventful years between their boy- and manhood, is dark to me. Enough, however, transpired from

time to time, from indirect sources, to convince me, that the wedded life of the wife, and the youth of the sons of Thomas Young, were rendered all but insupportable by the brutal tyranny of their natural protector, yet most unnatural, parent. The most trivial error of judgment, or the slightest failure of memory on the part of his sons, was visited by the father with punishment as condign, as if the venial faults of childhood had been the deliberate sins of maturer years. The mere shadow of a remonstrance from the mother produced a volcanic eruption of fiery exasperation from the father that was overwhelming. At last, when the measure of his cruelty had nearly reached its height, it was consummated by the audacious avowal of his intention to depose the rightful mistress of his house in favour of the illicit mistress of his affections. Up to the moment of that crowning wrong his sons had exercised incomparable self-control. Thenceforward they would listen to no terms of compromise; but, raw and inexperienced as they were—the youngest a stripling hardly out of his teens—fully conscious of the hardships and penury the assertion of their independence would entail on their mother and themselves—without one sixpence, with which to meet the stern exigencies of daily life, but, brave in the conscious rectitude of filial motive, they withdrew their outraged mother from her own roof-tree, the selfsame hour, in which, her husband's leman set foot upon its threshold.

At a loss to know whither to turn for shelter, they repaired for counsel and assistance to their mother's sister, a maiden lady of retiring habits and restricted means, who lived in a small house of her own. In the

sympathy of this good Christian lady her nephews felt assured they might confide, though their faith in her power to help them in their difficulties was but feeble. Their misgiving, however, was not justified by the event; for, by the exercise of feminine ingenuity, masculine energy, and sisterly generosity, she not only contrived to house the homeless fugitives; but, by the purchase of an annuity with her few thousands, so to enlarge her income, as to support her nephews till they were in a condition to support themselves. From that moment the blessing of Providence attended their steps through life. All three brothers had realized a competence before they were fifty years of age. George rose rapidly in his profession, and soon earned enough to be able to receive his brother Winslow as his inmate, and to induce his aunt to keep house for him. As Charles had undertaken to support his mother, George was enabled to devote himself heart and mind to his aunt, and thus to requite her for her goodness. I never heard him allude to her in his old age without the profoundest emotion and veneration.

If I were writing in the year 1825, instead of in the year 1870, I should not need to say that George Young occupied a very high position among his professional brethren. I have often been told, that, no man, except Copeland, ever attained to such practice as a London surgeon, who had never walked the English hospitals. His education had been chiefly under the celebrated Boyer in Paris. Had they been now alive, I am warranted in saying, that such men as Sir Astley Cooper, Sir William Knighton, Dr. Gooch, Benjamin

Travers, Abernethy, Dr. Babington, and Hodson of Birmingham, would have borne enthusiastic testimony to his accomplishments as a surgeon. When he was but forty-five years of age, his health was so impaired by overwork that, in the very meridian of his reputation, and in the receipt of £8,000 a year, he felt compelled to relinquish the prospect of higher distinction, and the wealth apparently within his grasp, and retire on a fortune of £60,000. I mention this in no boastful spirit—though it was not an insignificant sum to have realized at forty-five—but, that, I may enjoy the proud satisfaction of telling what, had he been alive, I should not have dared to name, viz. that while his establishment, which was modest and in harmony with his unpretending disposition, was that of a gentleman, yet, so simple were his tastes, so few his wants, and so well administered his expenditure, that, with an income of £2,500 a year, his united personal and household expenses never exceeded £400, while his benefactions to friends, and his charities to the poor, averaged £2,000 per annum.

I have lately read the memoirs of a man I knew very well, Crabb Robinson. I see he mentions in them an anecdote of my uncle, which gives some slight insight into his nobility of soul. Vol. iii. p. 148:—'I spent a couple of hours with Mr. George Young. I took courage to relate to him an anecdote about himself. Nearly forty years ago I happened to be in a Hackney stage-coach with Young. A stranger came in. It was opposite Lackington's. On a sudden the stranger struck Young a violent blow in the face. Young coolly put his head out of the window and told the coachman to let him out.

Not a word passed between Young and the stranger. But the former, having alighted, said, in a calm voice, before he shut the door, "Ladies and Gentlemen, that is my father." Young recollected the incident perfectly, but not that I was present.'[1] Vide Crabb Robinson again:—'Sept. 1850. Miss Denman informed me of the death of one of the most esteemed of my friends—George Young. He was one of the very best talkers I ever met with. His good sense and judgment were admirable. Without imagination or lively abilities, his judgment was perfect. I enjoyed his company, and have sustained an irreparable loss.'

Winslow, the youngest of the three sons, was taken as clerk in the house of a West India merchant, where, by his ability, assiduity, and the nice sense of honour he showed in certain very complicated transactions, he was quickly made a partner in the house, and ultimately became its principal. Before he was fifty years of age he, also, had retired with a handsome competence.

Charles was received as clerk, without premium, in the opulent house of Loughnan and Co. But, having no aptitude for the desk, and, finding his remuneration inadequate to his own maintenance, as well as that of his mother, it did not require much persuasion to induce him to relinquish the ledger in favour of the buskin. Before hazarding his reputation on the metropolitan boards, he wisely determined to undergo that apprenticeship to the technicalities of the histrionic art with

[1] At the time when this striking incident occurred, which I have heard my grandmother tell, I doubt if Robinson knew my uncle. Their meeting in the coach was an accident.

which no intuition can dispense, which familiarizes the actor with the tread of the boards, gives him self-possession in the presence of numbers, and teaches him, not merely, how to make his exits and entrances with ease, but, even, how to use his hands and arms without constraint. So long as his success was problematical, he thought it prudent to make his first appearance under a feigned name. Accordingly he made his *début* on the Liverpool boards, as Mr. Green, in the character of Douglas, in the year 1798. His success having been unequivocally pronounced by the local critics, he resumed his proper appellation in 1799, and accepted an engagement to 'lead' in Manchester. In 1800, in 1801, in 1802, and in 1803, he was playing with uninterrupted favour at Liverpool, Manchester, and Glasgow. For the latter parts of 1802 and 1803 he played frequently also in Edinburgh, where he was made much of by the society of the town and neighbourhood. Lockhart, in his 'Life of Walter Scott,' says, in p. 265 of the second volume:—'Scott had, from his boyish days, a great love for theatrical representation; and so soon as circumstances enabled him to practise extended hospitality, the chief actors of his time, whenever they happened to be in Scotland, were among the most acceptable of his guests. Mr. Charles Young was, I believe, the first of them, of whom he saw much. As early as 1803 I find him writing of that gentleman to the Marchioness of Abercorn as a valuable addition to the society of Edinburgh; and, down to the end of Scott's life, Mr. Young was never in the North without visiting him.'

In the early part of the year 1804, the playgoers of

the metropolis were thrown into considerable excitement by the appearance at the Haymarket of a young lady — a Miss Grimani — whose personal beauty and dramatic genius gave promise of great things. It was hopeless for the managers of Drury Lane to expect that in her they had found a rival to Mrs. Siddons, in those lofty and dignified parts which that mighty actress had made, unapproachably, her own, and which will, always, be identified with her name—the Constances and Hermiones and Lady Macbeths and Queen Catherines; but, such men as Richard Brinsley Sheridan and George Colman, were, perhaps, not unwarranted in predicting, that, in parts calling for grace and archness, tenderness, passion and pathos, such as Rosalind, Juliet, Imogene, Desdemona, and Beatrice, Miss Grimani would have distanced all competitors of her generation, had she not been early cut off in her career. Unfortunately for the pockets of the Haymarket managers, and for the establishment of her fame, she had only offered herself to public notice a few weeks previously to the closing of the season. The inevitable result was, that there was neither time nor opportunity for testing the range of her powers. In the only two characters in which she appeared, viz. Juliet and Lady Teazle, she made, in the parlance of the Green Room, 'a decided hit.' For the former part, her fresh youth, the buoyancy of her spirit, her great beauty, and her ardent Italian temperament, especially fitted her; while, she was no less qualified to excel in the latter, by her natural vivacity, ease, and familiarity with high life.

The report of her success travelled like wild-fire

through the provinces, and offers of engagement poured in upon her from all the chief towns in England. George Colman tried hard to secure her for the next season; but she declined in consequence of more tempting offers held out to her from one of the two great theatres. The motives which induced Miss Grimani to abandon the privacy of home life for the publicity of the 'boards' can only be appreciated by familiarity with the history of her parents, as well as of herself. There is so much that is romantic in the lives of all three, that I make no apology for introducing a brief sketch of them here.

Julia Ann Grimani was the elder daughter of Gaspar, the second son of the Marquis Grimani, a member of one of the very noblest and proudest houses in Venice: one which, though it cannot boast of the historic celebrity of the Dandolos and Foscaris and Falieros, surpasses them all in antiquity, and can boast of having the blood of five Doges in its veins. He was born in the Palazzo Grimani, which Sir William Tite declared, in the House of Commons, was the finest specimen of Paladian architecture that he knew[2]. It has been better known perhaps, till recently, by English travellers as the Austrian General Post Office, situate on the Grand Canal. He had two uncles who were both cardinals. Besides the palace in the Grand

[2] Fergusson, in his History of the Modern Styles of Architecture, says, vol. iii. p. 27:—'The Grimani Palace embraces all the elegance of classical art with the most perfect appropriateness to the purposes of a modern palace.' And again: 'There is nothing of a palatial character out of Venice, created, either in Italy or on this side of the Alps, so beautiful as the façades of this and the Vandramini, the Cornaro, and other palaces of this city.'

Canal, the Palazzo Grimani at San Toma, and the Palazzo Grimani at S. Maria Formosa, were also the property of his father. They have fallen into sad decay, yet were their owners considered as among the highest of the Venetian aristocracy in the year 1818, as the following lines, extracted from a letter of W. Stewart Rose to Lord Byron, imply:—

> 'Byron, while you make gay what circle fits ye,
> Bandy Venetian slang with the Benzòne,
> Or play at company with the Albrizzi,
> The self-pleased pedant and patrician crone,
> *Grimanis*, Mocenigos, Balbis, Rizzi,
> Compassionate our cruel case,—alone,' &c.

The first portrait, a very large one, in the first room in the Palazzo Ducale (i. e. if the pictures hang as they did when last I saw them in 1853), by Tintoretto, is a splendid one of Marino Grimani, Doge; and there is, in the same room, another of Antonio Grimani, Doge; and in the Gran Consiglio there are three other portraits of three other Doges—Grimani.

Gaspar Grimani was a man of singular ability and erudition. As a classical scholar he took no mean rank. He was master of seven modern languages; and his attainments in mathematics and astronomy were considerable. On the latter science, he wrote a work in several volumes, which he was never able to publish. His eldest brother being heir to the title and estates, his parents dedicated Gaspar to the service of the Roman Catholic Church, without at all consulting his feelings in the matter. Shortly after he had been ordained, but before he had been made a priest, a curious adventure befell him, which exercised a marked influence over his

future life. He was riding alone, on an unfrequented road, in the neighbourhood of a large, dense, forest. On abruptly turning a corner he saw a sight, which would have made many put spurs to their horse's sides, and gallop off; but Grimani was made of different metal. He beheld the figure of a man prostrate, wounded, bleeding to death, and surrounded by a group of angry brigands, whose captain he had been, but whom, they had risen against and murdered. The moment the unhappy wretch, whose life was ebbing fast, descried Gaspar Grimani, and saw by his religious garb, that he was in holy orders, he called to him and implored him, for the love of God, to come to him and 'confess' him. One of the men, seeing him about to dismount from his horse, with the purpose of doing so, peremptorily bade him 'halt'; swearing that, if he moved another yard, he would put a bullet through him. Gaspar, gently, remonstrated with him, but in vain. Once more, the fast-expiring man, piteously, appealed to him, as he valued his own soul, to come and save his. A man of impulse, and heedless of consequences, Grimani sprang from his horse, rushed up to the miscreant who had menaced him, wrenched his pistol from out his belt, and kneeling by the wounded sufferer, supported him with one arm, while, with the other, he presented the pistol at the group around him, and with loud and resolute voice commanded them to 'stand back.' Impressed by his fearlessness, and awed by his manner, they, instinctively, obeyed him, and retired to a considerable distance, while the dying man made his confession. Grimani, after having prayed with him and given him absolution, re-

ceived him in his arms, a corpse. The band, drew near. Grimani rose as they did so, and without evincing the slightest particle of fear, at once, returned the pistol to its owner, while he stood calmly, with folded arms, awaiting his fate. To his surprise, the brigand who had threatened to shoot him, approached him, reverently, and thus addressed him:—'Per Bacco! You are the bravest man we ever saw! We admire you! We like you! We are astonished at your courage! We have a proposition to make to you. If you will stay with us and be our captain, we will gladly serve under you; and we will soon help to put more money in your pocket, than you will, ever, earn as a priest.' Grimani smiled, thanked them for the honour they had done him in making him the offer, declined it, and rode away without receiving the slightest molestation from them.

The report of this strange casualty soon spread through the neighbourhood, and eventually reached the ears of the more prominent ecclesiastics, by whom he was severely reprimanded, on two counts: first, for having, as a minister of peace, dared to arm himself with an offensive weapon; secondly, for having presumed to absolve a sinner, before he had been priested. He told them, that, if he had erred, he had done so from blind instinct, and from the dictates of humanity, and craved their forgiveness.

The harshness of those he appealed to, wounded him profoundly; and he owned in after years to his wife, that, from that hour, his faith in the Church's teaching was sapped and undermined. He began, then, to think, that for a sinner, such as he, to profess to pardon sins, whether

in orders, or out of orders, was flat blasphemy, and an arrogant assumption of a power, which belonged to the Most High alone. The more he reflected on his own sins of omission and commission, and on the dissolute lives of many of the order to which he had aspired, the more dissatisfied he became with himself, with them, and with their principles. At last he determined, that, rather than continue in a vocation, which would constrain him to do violence to his own convictions, he would fly from his native country and abjure the faith into which he had been baptized. After contending with many difficulties, encountering many months' delay, and adopting many disguises, he at last effected his escape to England.

About this very time, Gaspar's elder brother died; and, as Gaspar, himself, had not been ordained priest, the family honours and estates would, necessarily, have devolved on him, had not his apostasy and misconduct so enraged Pope Pius VI, that he excommunicated him and confiscated his property. Subsequently, however, while still a celibate, he received an autograph letter from the Pope (which letter is now in the possession of one of the family) promising to restore him to his title and estates; and, in addition, to give him a cardinal's hat, if he would but recant his errors, repent him of his sins, and return in a loyal spirit to the bosom of Mother Church.

When he read the letter, he threw it aside, contemptuously, and said, to one who was by his side—'A cardinal's hat, forsooth! Why, if they could only entangle me by such a promise, they would shut me up within

four stone walls, and never let me out! Much good the cardinal's hat would do me, then! No! I prefer a crust eaten in the free air of England, to a stalled ox in Italy, or to the most dazzling overture his Holiness could make me.'

On reaching London, the first door, at which he presented himself, was Lansdowne House, whose lord he had known intimately in Italy, and who received him under his roof with all the cordiality he had expected. Until the day of his death he continued one of his best and staunchest friends. After two or three years' residence in London, he once more revisited the continent. There he fell in love with a nun, whom he persuaded to leave her convent, break her vows, and marry him. By her he had two children. The elder I remember, when I was a boy of nine, meeting at Blackheath, in the year 1815, at Viscountess Percival's, three years after her husband had been shot. Over the fate of the younger, there still hangs an insoluble mystery. When she was but ten months old, her nurse became acquainted with a young man, who professed himself her suitor, and promised her marriage. One morning, when she was out walking with the baby in her arms, this man joined her, and after the usual interchange of soft nothings, pointing to some gaudy bauble in a shop window, begged her to go in and buy it for him, as he did not like, as a man, to be seen asking for such an effeminate article. 'I will hold the child,' said he, 'till you come back.' She executed her commission; and, on returning from the shop to the spot, where she had left her 'follower,' found both him and the baby gone. A rigorous search was instituted all

over Paris. Handsome rewards were offered, and every device, an expert police could hit upon, was had recourse to, but to no purpose; neither lover nor child were ever, again, heard of.

After the lapse of several weeks of agonizing suspense, Grimani received an anonymous letter, couched in the following terms:—'It will be useless for you to seek for your child! She is safe! but she is—where you can never find her. She has been taken from you in mercy, as an atonement to the Blessed Virgin for her parent's broken vows.'

Whether a righteous retribution or not, this was a fearful blow to the father and mother. Their distress was pitiable; still, despite the dark warning of the letter, they still clung tenaciously to hope, with all the energy of despair. For three or four years, they visited the most frequented, as well as the most secluded spots; in short, wherever there were religious houses to be found, in quest of their kidnapped child; but their efforts were futile. The poor mother never recovered her peace of mind; she drooped, fell into decline, and died. Her husband mourned his loss for years; and, shortly after her death, returned to England; which ever after, he regarded as his home.

When he had attained to the ripe age of fifty-two, he found himself once more in the toils of Hymen, having been captivated by the remarkable beauty of a Mlle. Wagner. Her father had been a German gentleman, of high position; her mother a Loromandi, a Spanish lady of noble birth. If I may believe the reports of many who knew her in her prime, and if I may infer

her youthful attractions from my recollection of her, in the winter of her days, she must have been a person of transcendent loveliness. Her features, at eighty, were, still, exquisitely chiselled; her skin had the texture of ivory; and her complexion, the tint of a delicate peach. Her figure and mien, on the other hand, were truly majestic.

Two anecdotes of her, are treasured up by her descendants with no small pride: and justifiably so; for, they are not only tributes to her beauty, but evidences of her moral excellence, ready wit, and presence of mind. When only nineteen, she was walking round one of the squares, in the immediate vicinity of her residence, in company with a friend much older than herself, when the ladies became painfully conscious, that they were followed by two fops, who took good care that their admiration of the younger one should reach her ears. Piqued at her indifference, alike to their proximity, and their remarks, they pushed rudely by, at an accelerated pace, and soon after turned back again, so as to meet her face to face. As they drew near, she heard one of them, in animated dispute with his companion, say, 'She is, I tell you!' and the other, 'She is not!' The first speaker drew up directly in front of her, put up his glass, and then pronounced his verdict:—'She *is* painted, by God!' She stopped; haughtily, scanned him from head to foot, and with a face, aflame with indignation, retorted on him, 'Yes, Sir! I am painted (then pointing solemnly to heaven) by God!' The young men, not altogether destitute of good feeling, were awed by the gravity of her reproof; and,

blushing for their effrontery, took off their hats, retiring from the scene, it is to be hoped, sadder and wiser men.

Again. When Gaspar Grimani had determined to settle in this country, and had wellnigh exhausted his finances, he accepted the appointment of Professor of Mathematics at Eton College; living in a small, but pretty house, within a short distance of the town of Windsor.

George III, who knew his story, his noble birth, his errors, and his misfortunes, conceived sufficient liking for him, to offer him unrestricted access, at all times, to his library in the Castle—a privilege of which he was not slow to avail himself. In the mean time, the great beauty of his young wife had attracted the notice of different members of the household; who, having spoken of it to the young Prince of Wales, he determined to judge for himself how far she merited her reputation! Accordingly, one day, when she was sitting alone in her drawing-room, reading, the door was flung open, and a gentleman, unannounced, was ushered in by the footman. He smiled and bowed, and approached her, in a somewhat familiar and patronizing manner, saying, as he seated himself, 'Is Mons. Grimani at home?' She bowed slightly, and told him he was not. 'When do you suppose he is likely to be back?' 'I cannot say, Sir.' Her manner was, studiedly, cold and reserved; for, though he flattered himself, from that very circumstance, that he could not have been recognised, she knew perfectly well the person, as well as the character of the unscrupulous libertine she had to deal with. Rather

disconcerted by her silence, he walked up and down the room, without saying a word. He was, probably, concocting his plans of operation. After a turn or two, he took up a light chair, planted it by the side of Mrs. Grimani, and sat down upon it. As he did so, she rose. He requested her to be seated. 'No, Sir; I prefer to stand!' After a few shallow commentaries, on her house, grounds, and neighbourhood, he broke forth, abruptly, into fulsome encomiums on her beauty. She disdained to utter a word. At first he was staggered at her statuesque serenity, and then exclaimed, 'Fame has done you but scant justice, after all. You, certainly, are a most bewitching creature, in spite of your chilling looks! You are trying to make yourself look as disagreeable as you can; but you can't succeed. You must forgive me, if I avow my wonder that so lovely a creature could sacrifice herself to such an old fellow as Grimani. May I beg you to tell me, frankly, why you married him?' She replied with undisguised *hauteur*, 'For the best of all reasons; because I loved him.' He burst out laughing, repeating her words in a tone of derision, 'Loved *him!* Impossible! Love an old fellow like that, when you might have the handsomest of our young nobles at your feet! Nonsense! You cannot love him!' 'Recollect, Sir,' she rejoined, in tremulous accents, 'You are speaking of my husband!' Again, he laughed contemptuously and said—'Well; if he is your husband, he must be a born fool, to leave so young and captivating a wife out of his sight, and in such a lonely place as this, too!' '*No*, Sir: he is no fool. He knows me well, and

trusts me!' The Prince sprang from his chair, and said—'That is all very fine, my fair one! but, supposing an impudent young spark, such as *I* am, caught you thus in his arms'—(he snatched at both her hands, and tried to draw her towards him)—'you would not be afraid, would you?' She rivetted the glance of a basilisk upon him, as she said, 'Afraid!—and of you! Are you aware that I am half a Spaniard, and always carry my best friend with me—in my bosom?' He started, and as he did so, she wrenched her hand from his grasp, thrust it within the folds of her dress, and held it there, *as if she clutched a dagger;* and then slowly, and with clenched teeth, asked him 'if he would like to see her bosom friend?' He recoiled from her, precipitately, exclaiming in tones of unmistakeable alarm, 'Oh dear! No! No!' She then flew to the bell, and pulled it violently. In one second, the door opened, and the servant, who knew the Prince, who had had his suspicions of the object of the royal visit, and had been standing outside the door, that he might be at hand if he were wanted, was told 'to show the gentleman out of doors.' The Prince bowed awkwardly; and hastily beat a retreat. As he did so, he thrust a guinea in the servant's hand; and, with it, a ready-written letter, which he had brought with him for his mistress, in case of accidents. The faithful creature took the letter and the money, and threw them both into the street, shouting after him, 'I know you, Sir, and scorn you and your money, too.'

When Madame Grimani told her husband what had happened in his absence, he became seriously alarmed; and, hearing, that, for two successive nights a carriage-

and-four had been seen waiting in the adjacent lane, he thought it prudent to fling up his appointment at Eton, and to take his wife and child to Paris. There they lived five years; their seclusion cheered by the birth of a daughter, to whom they gave the names of Julia Ann. When she was about three years old they left France and removed to Bath, where Mr. Grimani, like many other noble refugees in those days, had recourse to tuition as a means of livelihood. From an early age until the day of his death he bestowed consummate care on the education of his daughter; so that, before she was sixteen, she spoke and wrote with equal facility, English, French, and Italian. Whether she was, equally, familiar with Spanish I cannot say; although it is not unreasonable to conjecture, that, with her aptitude for language, she must have acquired her mother's tongue. She had a very fine contralto voice, and was an average musician. She was named Julia after Lady Suffolk, the ante-penultimate Countess of that title. There had been great intimacy for many years between the Earl and Mr. Grimani; and the kindness of the noble lord and his countess, and their protection of Julia, was as unintermitting as it was parental. They loved her as their own child, and treated her as such; and the affection, which existed between their daughter, Lady Catherine, and their young *protégé* was that of tenderly attached sisters. How long she lived with her noble friends, at Charlton and in Harley Street (their town house) I know not; but I believe, for a year or two. When she was, as far as I can make out, between eighteen and twenty, she received three

offers of marriage. The first was from no less a person than the Earl of Moira, subsequently Marquis of Hastings. His proposal was seconded by the influence of the Earl of Suffolk himself. But, although he did everything in his power to induce her to accept him, she humbly declined the distinction, for the simple reason, that she did not value rank, for its own sake, and, much as she admired the man, she did not love him.

The second, was from a Count Zenobia, of whom I find Madame D'Arblay makes mention in her 'Memoirs' (vol. ii. p. 116). He was an ambassador to this country from some foreign court. She refused his hand more than once. In pressing his suit, he held out, as an inducement to her to yield to his solicitations, a promise, that, through his influence with Napoleon Buonaparte, he would get her family reinstated in their property and honours. Finding her still proof against both his importunity and bribe, he penned her a most impassioned letter, accompanied by a casket of magnificent diamonds, which she, immediately and indignantly, returned.

To the third offer, I feel some scruple in alluding; and yet, considering it was made nearly seventy years ago, I should hope it will not offend his family to read of it, if they never knew of it before. It was made by Viscount Andover, the eldest son of her best friends and benefactors, Lord and Lady Suffolk, the former of whom was, afterwards, shot, by the accidental discharge of his own fowling-piece. In this instance, there was every quality to enlist her love and respect. Principle, alone,

prevented her from accepting him. She considered, that such a union, though it would not have been opposed by his family, could hardly be desired by them; and, that her compliance with his wishes would be an ungrateful return for the extraordinary kindness she had received from his parents; and, therefore, she, gratefully, and regretfully, declined, what she considered to have been the greatest honour ever conferred upon her.

CHAPTER II.

AFTER her father's death, which withdrew from her family, their mainstay, she felt called upon to exert herself in their behalf, and prop up the dilapidated fortunes of her house. She had no sooner formed her purpose, than she declared it to Lord and Lady Suffolk. They were vehemently opposed to the idea. They told her, that, by such a step she would lose the prestige attaching to her birth; that she would be thrown into associations uncongenial with her habits of life, and would probably be exposed not only to temptation, but to the jealousy and calumny of her own sex, who would dislike her for her personal attractiveness and envy her superior position in society. Readily disposed as she was to bow to their wishes, her soul revolted from the thought of continuing to eat the bread of idleness, while her mother, her brothers, and her little sister were struggling on in comparative indigence: and, therefore, deaf to all remonstrance, she made her first essay on the boards at Bath, in the play of 'The Grecian Daughter,' and, by the combined force of talent, grace, and beauty, achieved a triumphant success.

Bath, at that time, was the most fashionable resort

in England; and, good society there, was so concentrated, and, available on such easy terms, that, gentlemen of the highest station, not less on social than on economical grounds, preferred removing their whole establishments there for the winter, to going to Weymouth, Brighton, or any of the other watering places. One of the most faithful devotees of Bath was the late estimable Duchess of York; who, to mark her appreciation of Miss Grimani's motives, in exchanging the peace of home for the turmoil of the stage, lost no opportunity of befriending her. I may be permitted to mention, as an instance of the estimation in which she was held in Bath, that, as soon as her first benefit was advertised, a deputation of influential residents waited on the manager of the theatre, with a request, that, he would allow the whole pit and orchestra to be converted into stalls, that her receipts might be the larger. The sum netted in consequence—private presents included—was £500.

When, in 1804, she was deemed ripe for a London audience, she made her *début* at the Haymarket theatre, in the character of Juliet, with extraordinary *éclat*. Unfortunately, she had but limited opportunity of exhibiting the versatility of her talent, inasmuch as, a very few weeks after her first appearance, the theatre closed; and she was obliged to fulfil her previous engagements in the provinces. It would be ungrateful in her son, not to mention here, that, so watchful were Lord and Lady Suffolk over their young charge, that, in her engagements at the theatre, both in going there and returning thence, she always had the use of their carriage,

the protection of a confidential manservant, and the attendance of her own maid.

It was in the month of October 1804, that, Charles Young, who had been engaged to fill all the first parts at the Liverpool Theatre, was informed, that the lady, who was to have undisputed choice of the first female parts, was, Miss Grimani, whose reputation had already preceded her advent.' Young no sooner saw her than he felt his future destiny entwined with hers! They became, mutually, attached to each other, by community of sentiment, similarity of circumstance, and identity of motive. Neither had embraced their profession from choice, but from necessity; both were supporting their relatives by their exertions, and thrown into daily intimacy by their vocation; both were personally, well favoured — he playing the hero's parts and she the heroine's! No wonder, then, that their love scenes should have seemed, rather, the unpremeditated effusions of nature, than the studied simulations of art. No wonder, that

> 'The love whose view was muffled still,
> Should, without eyes, see pathways to his will?'

or, that, under the mask of impersonation, the words that burned on Romeo's lips, and the 'thoughts that breathed' from Juliet's, should have been but the echo of their own hearts' voice. Suffice it, to say, that, they had not long been engaged by Messrs. Lewis and Knight, to play the lovers' parts in public, before they entered into a permanent engagement to play the lovers' parts in private, at St. Ann's Church, Liverpool, on the 9th of March, 1805. Their marriage would have taken

place before, but for the lady's anxiety to see her mother previously established with her eldest son, and her younger brother and sister placed at school [1].

Shortly after their honeymoon, the newly-married pair, although they received many lucrative offers from other towns, preferred to accept one for a twelvemonth at Manchester. As an audience, the people of that town have always enjoyed, in common with Edinburgh and Bath, the credit of great acumen in their appreciation of histrionic ability; so much so indeed, that any aspirant to metropolitan fame, on going up to London, with the stamp of their imprimatur on him, was sure of favourable reception. This consideration, combined with the liberal terms offered them, the large discretion allowed them in the choice of pieces, and the selectness of the *corps dramatique*, swayed them materially in their decision. Their life in Manchester was one of unchequered bliss: not a cloud once dimmed their horizon for fourteen months. The flattering notice of the great county families, as well as the cordial kindness of the leading manufacturers—the consciousness of public favour, and the prospect of appearing together in London, shed such sunshine on their daily path, that they were wont, themselves, to say, with prophetic misgiving, 'This is all too bright to last.'

[1] This brother died a few years ago, and left a widow and a lovely daughter behind him, whom, I regret to say, I do not know. The sister married the late Rev. James Smith, a man well known and universally respected where he *was* known. In the County of Derry especially he was very highly thought of. He possessed remarkable gifts as an extempore preacher, and in godly simplicity and sincerity of heart was second to none. He has left sons and a daughter behind him (who inherit both his talents and his virtues) to console his admirable widow for her heavy loss.

On the days when their services were not required at the theatre, they were in the habit of recreating themselves by making short excursions in the country, remaining hours in the open air, and passing the night at any roadside inn which caught their fancy. Few, unaware of the high pressure of theatrical life, and the restlessness it engenders, can dream of the invigorating and healthy reaction which takes place on exchanging the mephitic odours of carburetted hydrogen for the pure air of heaven, and the discordant sounds of applause or disapproval for the harmonious notes of the blackbird and the thrush. It was on one of the happy occasions alluded to, that, while driving through the then small village of Prestwich, attracted by the quietude of the spot, they agreed to put up their horse and buggy at some neighbouring stables, and take an hour's stroll through the meadows, terminating their walk by an inspection of the village church. Although the country in the vicinity was not particularly beautiful, yet, contrasted with the murky smoke and busy din of the great hive of industry they had left behind them, the mere verdure of the fields, and the sense of peace around, had a soothing effect upon their nervous systems. While Young was lazily loitering in the churchyard, and looking at the dates and ages on the tombstones, his wife stood still, musing, with rivetted gaze, on a solitary weeping birch, that stood nearly in the centre of the churchyard. There is, perhaps, no tree so graceful, so full of sentiment, so tremulously feminine, as the birch. One can fancy it pensively drooping its tresses over some little grassy mound, as if in pity for its tiny tenant.

The husband, seeing his wife mute and absorbed, asked her what she was looking at, and of what she was thinking.

'I was thinking——that I should like to exact a favour of you—a conditional one.'

'What is it, darling?'

'You know I am hoping soon to be a mother!'—(a pause). 'If it should be God's will I die in giving life to my babe, promise me, Charles, you will lay me beneath that sweet tree.'

Distressed to find her thoughts running in such a channel, he gently chid her, and begged her to banish such morbid apprehensions from her mind.

Alas! the shadow of the coming event must have passed over her spirit, at that time; for, a few brief weeks saw her lying in the very cemetery she had lately visited, and under the tree of her own choice.

After giving birth to the writer of this crude Memoir, she was attacked with puerperal fever, fell a victim to it, and died on the 17th of July, 1806. At her funeral, the respect entertained for her virtues was shown by the closing of the shutters of every shop window on the route along which her remains were conveyed to their resting-place.

At this critical period of his life, Charles Young was, really, in a pitiable condition; for, just as he had begun, for the first time, to taste the sweets of sympathy, and was picturing to himself joys enhanced and anxieties diminished by participation with an intelligent and responsive partner, she was taken from him: his hopes were nipped in the very bud, his projects

were overthrown, and a novel duty was laid upon him, for which by nature he was ill-qualified, and to which the claims of his art rendered him incompetent. Every one who knew his circumstances clearly saw, that a child, with none but hireling hands to tend it, must operate as a clog on his free agency, if not as an insuperable barrier to his professional advancement. To extricate him from the horns of this dilemma, two generous ladies, animated by the love they bore my mother's memory, volunteered the charge of her infant till it should be old enough for school. The first to make this generous proposition was the Lady Catherine Howard, the gentle daughter of the Earl and Countess of Suffolk, and my mother's dearest friend. There was no one of whose suavity of disposition and stability of principle my father had learned to think more highly. But, bewildered as he was by the conflicting suggestions of inclination, on the one hand, and of duty on the other, he still was sufficiently master of himself to perceive, that the disparity of station between the inheritors of 'the blood of all the Howards' and his child, would render intimate association between them undesirable for both; while the greater the familiarity of intercourse permitted, the greater would be the risk of his boy's imbibing ideas, tastes, habits, and possibly prejudices, ill-suited to him.

To the care, therefore, of one, to whom these objections did not apply—the daughter of a widowed father, Captain Forbes, R.N.—was the little superfluous incumbrance consigned. And never was trust more faithfully discharged. This young lady's circle of acquaintance

was circumscribed; but she was so self-sufficing, shy, and silent, that she did not seek to enlarge it. Her whole thoughts were divided between duty to her father and the child consigned to her guardianship. The few 'friends she had, and their adoption tried, she grappled to her soul with hooks of steel.' Though she did not die till I was fifteen, I saw but little of her, after six; and yet, child as I was, the memory of her goodness to me will never die. A protracted life of dutiful devotion could never have requited her for the six first years of maternal love she lavished upon me.

It was in the year 1806, on the 17th of October, exactly three months after his wife's decease, that Charles Young, unable to remain in the town so intimately associated with his bitter bereavement, entered into negociation with George Colman for an engagement at the Haymarket theatre, of which the great wit and playwright was the popular manager.

Some of the present generation may never, even, have heard his name; therefore I will venture to insert an extract from Lord Byron's life, which will show his estimate of him:—

'I have met George Colman occasionally, and thought him extremely pleasant and convivial. Sheridan's humour, or rather wit, was always saturnine, and sometimes savage. He never laughed (at least that *I* saw—and I watched him), but Colman did. If I had to choose, and could not have both at a time, I should say "Let me begin the evening with Sheridan, and finish it with Colman: Sheridan for dinner, Colman for supper; Sheridan for claret or port, but Colman for everything—from the

madeira and champagne at dinner, the claret, with a layer of port between the glasses, up to the punch of the night, and down to the grog or gin-and-water at day-break." All these have I threaded with both. Sheridan was a Grenadier *company* of Life Guards: Colman was a *whole regiment* of Light Infantry, to be sure—but still a regiment.'

It was at this period that this gifted man began to correspond with Charles Young.

'*October* 17, 1806.

'MY DEAR SIR.—I could not give you my ultimatum previous to a general meeting with my partners; and I waited till the day before yesterday the return of one of them from the country. You have been misinformed in respect to Mr. Elliston's original engagement with me; and again I assure you that £20 per week and a benefit much exceeds any bargain formed within my memory between a manager of the Haymarket theatre and a performer coming to try his fortune on the London boards. I cannot help differing with you in your mode of calculation upon relinquishments. We should not now be negociating if we had not both a very confident expectation of your success; and, in case of your success, surely, instead of wanting engagements at the conclusion of the Haymarket season, offers would increase upon you. The London stamp would give you a double currency, and would operate diametrically opposite to your line of reasoning, upon giving up five-and-twenty weeks for thirteen. But I am detailing my own individual opinions, when I ought simply to send you the proposal of our firm.

'We propose, then, fourteen pounds per week and a benefit: you to take all the profits of that benefit, however great, after paying the established charges. Should there be a deficiency, we ensure that you shall clear one hundred pounds by it. This, upon mature deliberation, is all that we think prudence enables us to offer.

Believe me, dear Sir,

Faithfully your humble servant,

GEORGE COLMAN.'

Offers at this time had been made to Young from both of the great theatres; but he declined to join either—I conceive for some such reasons as these: First, though, had he gone to Drury Lane, he would have had the first parts, a clear stage, and no favour (for the managers, trusting to his provincial reputation, his youth, and his attraction as a novelty, would have put him up in all John Kemble's parts, as a counter-attraction to him), yet he had a genuine admiration of the 'glorious John,' and too just an estimate of his own powers to dream of measuring swords with him, at that time. Secondly, at Covent Garden, though he would have been treated with all gentlemanlike consideration by Kemble, yet his opportunities for displaying his talents to advantage would have been circumscribed; for he would not have consented to play the second parts, and Kemble had a rightful monopoly of the first. So that, except when Kemble was ill from asthma, the young man would have been practically shelved.

After much animated and prolonged correspondence with the three theatres, he resolved, as his success in

London was uncertain, though at Bath, Liverpool, Manchester, Edinburgh, and Glasgow it had been confirmed, to close with Colman, and to appear at the Haymarket on the 22nd of June, 1807, in the character of Hamlet. I will not inflict on my readers any of the criticisms, with which the press teemed at the time: with one exception; for it is well deserving of perusal. Before giving it, I may say, that, Young's success was at once assured, though his own estimate of it was grievously alloyed during the performance by the unusual and unwelcome sound of a malignant and persistent hiss. The sensitive ear of the *débutant* was instantaneously directed to the quarter from whence it came; and his heart, which had beat high with hope, sank within him, at the very moment of his triumph, as he detected, in its utterer, the father, whose cruelty had exposed him to the risk of the indignity[2].

June 25, 1807. The following is the critique of the performance, to which I have alluded, and which was written to a friend of Young's, by I know not whom:—

'MY DEAR MR. TWIGGE.—If I did not believe Mr. Young, independently of his talent, to be a very superior young man, I would not, on any account, consent either to write my cursory remarks on his performance of Hamlet, or to suffer them to be communicated to him. But I believe he deserves to hear what persons well-

[2] It is a strange anomaly in the nature of this hard father, that as soon as he found his son's reputation securely established, he made a point of attending the theatre whenever he came out in a new part, and was noticed by many to be among his most enthusiastic applauders.

disposed towards him consider truth; because nature and education have combined, as you tell me, to enable him to profit by it. I am, too, the more encouraged to send you my opinions by the circumstance of their having received a sanction from a better and much more experienced judge than myself, a friend who has Garrick's Hamlet by heart, and who assures me she has seen no actor in it since at all comparable to Mr. Young, who she considers, in every point of view, superior in it to John Kemble. She added—"If I knew Mr. Young, I should counsel him studiously to avoid all imitation of that able, but artificial, actor; and, if possible, to erase from his remembrance his tones and gestures, as calculated only to impede his progress to the summit of perfection.

> 'So writhes the serpent round the bird of Jove,
> Hangs on her flight, restrains her tow'ring wing.'

Let him," said she, "rather trust to his own great requisites—to feeling, good sense, study and observation, for playing this very interesting, but certainly most difficult part that Shakspeare ever drew."

'As a proof how much experience and consequent judgment are necessary fitly to pourtray Hamlet, she tells me that Garrick, *when no longer young*, oppressed too, as he was, with bag-wig and ruffles and a full suit of velvet, was more the *young*, the *energetic*, *impulsive*, *interesting Prince*, *the last year* of his playing the character than during any of the former ones—his judgment having become matured. Now Mr. Young has no occasion to wait so long to bring *his* performance to perfection; for, by collecting everything remembered of Garrick, he may obtain an anticipated experience.

'Garrick, my informant tells me, never addressed him-

self to the audience when speaking the soliloquy, but, with arms occasionally folded and thoughtful brow, appeared (as I presume the author intended that he should) to be uttering his thoughts aloud to himself, without regard either to the manner or the spectators.

'We both think a little more tenderness in the closet scene, and in the last scene with Ophelia, would be better. In both of these, genuine and secret affection should appear to be struggling; in the first with assumed severity, in the last with pretended distraction. It should wring his heart to repulse his mother's embrace. Even in the mechanical part of the scene with Ophelia—the coming in and out—his gesture should evince rather an agitated than a passionate perturbation.

'All Mr. Young's bursts of irritability, when urged by those about him, were charmingly given; but we thought that, in his delivery, he was sometimes impassioned where it would have been better he should have been only energetic. It is true these starts were always followed by the applauses of the house; but Mr. Young is just the person who, we should expect, would not humour the taste of the misjudging, but rather try to form that of the unenlightened and inexperienced.

'"Ah! who would fardels bear?"—"Give me the man that is not passion's slave!"—"What a piece of work is man!" In these three instances we remember to have noted undue warmth. With Laertes, and once with Osric, or in the closet scene, I forget which, he used a Kemblean gesture; one of those woeful convulsions which we admire in him as we should do a sheep with six legs, or any other sport of nature—for its novelty; but of which we should by no means like to have a whole flock, or even to see a second time.

'Were I to be as diffuse on the beauties of Mr. Young's acting as I have been on his defects, this already too-long scrawl would swell into a pamphlet. I cannot, however, take leave of the subject without saying that, should Mr. Young do us the honour of making use of any of these remarks, we should never arrogate to *ourselves* any merit for the effect.

'To find fault is the very easiest thing in the world: to invite criticism, and to profit by it, the most unequivocal proof of a great mind. We heartily trust that Mr. Young will not undervalue himself so much as to take any other model than Nature—to study her in men and in manners, and grasp the glorious distinction of reviving in an age of dramatic debasement that true taste which, indeed, to be called forth, requires only to be gratified; and which, indeed, renders the stage a school for virtue and just judgment.

'I am sorry not to have put what I have to say in smaller compass; but if I am to methodize and correct, I must write it over again.

I am, my dear Mr. T.,

Yours in great haste,

E. M. S.

'P.S. If William takes any extract to Mr. Y., let him take the whole.

'It was singular enough that so many of our friends just round this spot should have been at the play the same night that we were, and should have been all equally delighted, and all equally impressed with the conviction that Mr. Young is a perfect gentleman.'

A very cordial intimacy quickly sprang up between George Colman and Charles Young, as may be guessed from the rapid transition from the 'Dear Sir' of his first letter to the 'Dear Charles' of his second. That it should have been so, is intelligible enough. In sentiment they had much in common; and, at the time, they had, also, interests in common. Intellectually Colman was greatly Young's superior; but, if Colman had superior wit, Young had equal humour. If Colman could be eloquent, Young could be a flattering listener. If Colman was convivial, Young was congenial. If Colman had been a generous and courteous supporter of Julia Grimani, Young had a grateful heart, and never forgot his obligations on that score.

During his first London season, Young played, not only, Hamlet, but Don Felix, Osmond, Rolla, Penruddock, Petruchio, The Stranger, and Sir Edward Mortimer in Colman's own play of 'The Iron Chest.' Colman and Kemble had had a bitter quarrel: Colman asserting that Kemble had murdered his part; Kemble declaring, in apology for his tameness, that he was ill and under the effects of opium, when he played it. It is no wonder, therefore, that Colman should have declared Young's performance of the part to have been far superior to Kemble's. I doubt if the verdict, given under such circumstances, will prove to the satisfaction of an impartial jury that the judge gave righteous judgment.

'*October* 10, 1807.

'MY DEAR CHARLES.—Almost every day since your letter reached me (which I blush to own was on last Thursday se'nnight) my conscience has been sorely

troubled. Indeed, indeed, I intended to have answered you instantly; but, somehow or other, the devil a scrap of writing paper have I seen of late, save some round a Maintenon cutlet; and nothing like an ink bottle has come in my way, except sundry bottles of black strop. Pardon! pardon! pardon! (that's thrice); and thrice three thousand times do I sue for pardon! Verily I have been led astray by the Fulham-ites, the Sudbury-ites, the Dibdin-ites, the Ham-ites, the Hill-ites, the Mathews-ites, the Hook-ites, the Devil-ites, and more ites than I can give you by items.

'Alas! what a tedious peregrination must you have suffered on your way to Bristol! I can think of nothing more tristful or tiresome, except an evening's *tête-à-tête* with—— upon my life, I was going to say Kemble; but there are so many names with which I could fill up that blank, that I leave it for you to pop in the name of any Christian bore of your acquaintance. Are you stout? Is Richard himself again? Write and say "Aye."

'To tell you that I most heartily rejoice in the brilliancy of your *début* among the Bristolians would be an unnecessary piece of commonplace — independent of the pleasure I feel in any circumstance, which can gratify your just ambition, and tend to increase your reputation, and, by consequence, your ultimate profit. My own *amour propre* is highly tickled, for I have staked my mighty judgment on your head; and lo! it doth go forth that I have pronounced that your *established* supereminence will not only be shortly rejoiced in by your friends, but, growlingly, acknowledged by your enemies, if you have any—and what man of merit such as yours was ever without them?

'My paper waxeth scant, so I must cut my nonsense according to my sheet.

'Mary and the blue-eyed witch send their kindest affections to their Charlie, and will write to him very soon. Rot them, the jades! they are greater delinquents than I am; for they should have set their marks to this scrawl; but, the one is at Fulham and the other at the foot of Harrow Hill; and here am I scribbling lackadaisically in the confines of the co-erced, so that all these "God bless you's" (remember) I was commissioned to give you some days ago! Little Tid sends his love largely; so does Fred, who has a pair of shoes, almost as thick as Pat Johnstone's ancles. Fawcett also desires me to give you his kindest remembrances; and Mary, Bess, and I, intreat you to present our best regards to your excellent and amiable mother. Town is mortal dull! Jones appeared last night—very injudiciously, in my opinion, as to his choice of characters. I have had no account of him yet, save from the "Morning Post," which labours to be favourable, and gives an *éloge* which, to the knowing ones, must appear to be very tame. God bless you, my dear friend. Write soon; and believe me truly and affectionately yours,

GEORGE COLMAN.'

'*December* 10, 1807.

'MY DEAR CHARLES.—I plead guilty! But to no more than one-half of your accusation. Your Lancastrian letter, I allow, has, through my neglect, remained unanswered. Last Monday night came your epistle, to row one, from Edinburgh; and the next morning, Tuesday, came Fawcett, with a bundle of pocket-handkerchiefs, with your letter from Macclesfield in the folds. He had but just discovered it; the bundle having been in his house for some time.

'Now for this I will blow you up! Was it not natural that he might not send me the parcel immediately? and how was he to divine that there was a letter enfolded in the handkerchiefs? Why, you confounded, queer, Tragedy King of Grief, do you think that we farcical fellows are always in as great a hurry to pull out our pocket-handkerchiefs, as you of the melting mood?

'Well, be it as it may, whoever be the defaulter, whatever have been the delays, I am not even now going to answer your letters; for that one, to which I have most to say, I have left with "*Cerulean orbs*," who promised me that *she* would write to you.

'So take this as an *avant-courier* to a most full, particular, dry, jog-trot, businesslike detail, which I will positively send you next week.

'On a few matters, however, I will touch at once. I write to Dame Glover to-day. I find by the papers she is at Manchester. Whatever Jones may prove, as a rising, or even useful man, in future, time will show. He may get up. He is at this moment, however, completely down, down, down, Derry, down. Cooke's delinquency operates strongly, in respect to you, with Father Harris and Son. They lament much that you are not with them this season. Henry asks, if it be even now too late. I have told him, that, I think you are nailed by engagement after engagement, till next winter. No matter for Cumberland; Fawcett and I are planning great things for you to make a figure in next summer. Much of this in my next: but mum! Alas! I am still halting in the first act of my comedy.

'It gives me pleasure to find the Sawnies so ecstatick on your appearance among them. Much as I rejoice in your successes, I am not at all surprised at them.

'Surely one of the two women, whom you abuse so,

must have written to you, or I have dreamed that one of them told me so. If they have not—why, then, with all my heart, hang them both!

'Luckily (hem!) they are neither of them at my elbow to ascertain the fact. You see I am scribbling with every symptom of haste; so take my love, and those of others, with compliments, enquiries, good wishes, &c, &c, all in the lump. Next week I shall have at you in downright earnest; and then, if my tediousness do not cure you of complaining, you must be insatiable. Your brother George eats his mutton with me on Monday. God bless you, my dear Charles.

Yours most truly and affectionately,

GEORGE COLMAN.'

'*February* 24, 1808.

'Zounds! my dear Charles! You rail and swear worse than Thersites. But I deserve it. I could have talked you twenty long letters, in a week, over a bottle; but, dipping in the port, as a man proceeds, is so much less operose than dipping into the ink; 'tis clean, another-guess kind of a thing.

'May this be put into your hands on the top of Calton Hill, a north-easterly wind blowing the intensest frost that ever cut the bare breech of a Scotchman! May the Caledonian air, at the moment you receive it, stagnate all your angry passions! or, should a creeping resentment, still, sluggishly, circulate within you, may icicles block up your chops, and *un-thaw-able* for ever be the fatal words "Oh! what, you can write at last," and be d——d to you!"

'Praise, I am told, follows you everywhere, and with the praise (not empty in your pursuit) the solid pudding!

I heard last night that there was £500 in the house, on your benefit among the penniless Pats. Plutus send it be true, and that the whole receipt be snug in your pocket, without the deduction of a "tirteen."

'There came to my door (some twice or thrice, when I was absent) a gentleman, who said he was from Scotland, and came from you. He would not leave his name nor his business—even in writing; and so he departed from town without my seeing him. Was this the walking gentleman you spoke of? But no matter: I am now in treaty with two walkers; and, between them, I think I shall well supply the absence of Chapman and Carles. Putnam of Drury Lane, and Thompson of Covent Garden, are the heroes in speculation. Jane Glover and I could not agree upon terms, and she is off. Now don't bite your lips. We shall do, I hope, tolerably well. I have engaged a Mrs. Bellamy (formerly Miss Grist), wife of Bellamy the singer, who promises to do anything and everything. I have seen her and like her appearance, and I hear from various professional connoisseurs a very good account of her. She has been the heroine of her husband's theatre in Belfast and its chapel-of-ease. Now for a secret! Be "silent as the grave." I am hard at work (with Fawcett as coadjutor—he brought me the story) for the summer. But I proceed with fear and trembling; for I dread an anticipation of my subject from Covent Garden. Harris, however, has positively promised me, that he will not forestall me. Still am I apprehensive; for managers are faithless cattle. Let us hope for the best. The incidents of the piece are perhaps the most interesting ever stumbled on for a drama, and bid fair to carry us through the summer. I like all that I have done as yet; and there ought to be a character for your worship, which will hit very

hard. If I bungle it, I deserve to be damned. But still (hinc illæ lacrymæ!) there is a play on the subject presented, this moment, to Covent Garden. On the other side, there is Harris's promise to me.

'Much has passed on this matter in the managerial cabinet; but the detail is too long to enter into, now. More of it, perhaps, in my next; and remember, mum! mum! mum! Our agreement, if I mistake not, for next season, runs thus:—"The same terms as last summer, with the addition of £85 secured to you." If I be wrong, correct me; if right, let this serve as a memorandum from me. Tell me, in your next, what character you have thought most eligible, as new, old, matter for you. As to your question relative to Lear, certainly: (in the instance you mention). Mr. Shakspeare in preference to Mr. Tate, or Mr. Anybody! His dialogue may sometimes want curtailment; an obsolete word may require altering; some incidents, even, may need changing for modern times; but, let us hold the language of the old buck of Avon sacred, wherever we can.

'I have nearly spun out my paper. I send you, enclosed, a few elegant lines from the same blue-eyed hag of Fulham. I, Molly Gibbs, Tiddy, Fawcett, Polly Wall, Frederick Ménage, &c. &c., send you a lump of loves and good wishes. And forget not my and Mary's best and kindest remembrances to your good and handsome mother. God bless you.

'Dear friend, I am, affectionately, and very truly yours,

G. COLMAN.'

'*April* 22, 1808.

'MY DEAR CHARLES.—I am up to that part which is contained in my small clothes, *behind*, in business.

Pray, pray, pray (three times over) make no country engagements, till you hear from me. I only wait for Jones of Dublin, and Harris, to conclude what I have on the anvil for you—liable of course to your sanction. In a very few days, I trust, I shall be able to write fully. God bless you! Summer approaches! Huzza! though I have much fog to go through, before we meet. I am labouring, now, like a dray-horse, and have removed all obstacles to the work you wot of. Ever yours. In haste,

GEORGE COLMAN.'

'*May* 18, 1808.

'MY DEAR CHARLES.—Although your letter reached me the day before yesterday, pressing for an answer by return of post, this is literally the first moment I have been able to fix down and say what followeth. Your three weeks' hot water that you complain of, was not of my boiling; for, till Sunday last, I had not ascertained matters sufficiently to write a plump proposition. Harris and Jones wanted to have you between them. But they clashed about the time at which they could spare you to each other. Jones wanted you till deep in January; and Harris wanted you towards the end of November. Here, after much pro-ing and con-ing, matters broke off, just before Passion Week; when I begged the parties to settle, as to times and seasons, between themselves; and, then, to let me know their resolves, that *I* might send you my decisive offer. From that time to this they have settled nothing, and I have heard nothing further on the subject from Jones; whereby, methinks, he cools: and they say he is, again, on with Sheridan, endeavouring to clear a way (through all the lumbering difficulties that clog the concern) into a share of Drury

Lane. Considering, therefore, Jones as out of the question, the business is simplified into an offer from Covent Garden.

'Harris thinks, that, a little interval, between the close of the Haymarket shop and your first appearance in the grand winter warehouse, would be politick. I think so too. He proposes that you fill up your hours as pleases you best; either, by sitting still in town, or playing in the country, till towards the end of November; at which period he wishes you to appear at Covent Garden, with all due honours; beginning from that time, on a regular engagement for three years, at the salary of £18 per week—a benefit each year, of course, being included; which benefit, from your salary, will rank as one of the very earliest ones. My opinion is that you should certainly accept this offer. I need not go over the considerations we have so often before agitated. The old ground for and against your settling directly in London, we have trod together, often. But, after having again and again considered the question; after the repeated conversations I have had with Harry Harris; after the fullest assurances given, that you will be treated with the utmost candour and fairness, and with every attention to your fame—of which assurances I have no doubt;—after all this, I say, close with a liberal offer.

'If you hesitate, I have much more to say in the way of reasons for your accepting the terms proposed; but which are too minute to put into a letter. At all events therefore, pray, pray, do not make any country engagements, which can bind you (after we finish our Haymarket season) beyond the latter part of November.

'Curiously enough, while I was scribbling the above, I received a note from Tom Sheridan, in which there is

the following paragraph: "When does Young come to town? I should hope that there will be, now, little difficulty in concluding our negotiation with him satisfactorily." To what negotiation Tom can allude, I can't conceive. My memory is very deficient, if any proposition was ever made to you from Drury Lane, except that which came through Graham, and was concluded last summer, with sentiments, on our part, bordering somewhat on indignation.

'Drury Lane, for many reasons, is not an eligible spot for you; particularly with the proposal now pending from the other house. I love and esteem Tom Sheridan heartily, and wish success to any scheme in which he is interested; but, my conscience cannot permit me to disguise my opinion here. Drury Lane closes on June 17; Covent Garden on June 23. Horribly late! I shall open as soon as I can before they shut, probably much about the mark of last year, which was on June 15; but, sooner if I can. Therefore, be with me as early as you can, in the very beginning of next month. You are sick of Liverpool, I dare say! I long to see you; for, we have many things, on which to consult together, before we start. I have engaged Dame St. Leger for your Queens, Marguerites, &c., &c.

'I am too late to send into town to-day for a frank; but, as you are bursting for particulars, I trust you will not grudge the expense of a double letter. I make this a downright, dry, letter of business. So no more; but all our loves. God bless you! I am working on, and shall be glad to give you a good account of myself.

Yours, truly and affectionately,

GEORGE COLMAN.'

It was in the month of May in this year (1808), I conclude, from the following letter which now lies before me, that a project was started by certain prominent patrons of the drama for erecting a new theatre in Edinburgh, in which Charles Young's talents might have had a larger field; but, from what cause I know not, it fell to the ground.

'*May* 15, 1808.

'DEAR YOUNG.—I was aware, shortly after writing to you, that you had left town before my letter could have reached you. The outline of the plan for the theatre, is,—that, the patent is to be vested in the name of a few gentlemen for the benefit of the public, great inconvenience having occurred from its having been made out in the name of a manager, who was thereby enabled to entail his debts as a burden on the theatre during the whole length of the patent. The patentees are to exercise no other authority than by leasing the theatre from time to time, for such a rent, as shall indemnify the proprietors of the house, and for such a length of years, as shall be agreed upon.

'But all this matter is yet in embryo; though I believe it will go forward in that train. Charles Kemble is looking towards it; but I think not anxiously. I think it likely, William Erskine, Henry Mackenzie ("The Man of Feeling"), and, probably, I myself, may be among the patentees. If Mrs. Siddons is disposed to exert herself, I have promised to support her son or nephew. But, *entre nous*, I don't think she will.

'You are now master of our views, and I should be

very happy if *you* can spin anything out of them likely, as Falstaff says, "to do you good."

I am, my dear Young,

Yours very truly,

WALTER SCOTT.'

In 1808, the Haymarket theatre having been burnt nearly to the ground, and the company being transferred, *ad interim*, to the Opera House, Young continued to be one of them, and steadily and securely advanced in public estimation. The only new part in which he appeared, and in which, by-the-bye, he greatly added to his reputation, was that of Daran, in 'The Exile.' I have no access to play-bills, or piles of newspapers, from which I can glean any reliable knowledge of his engagements, metropolitan or provincial, during the years 1809 and 1810. But, I have every reason to believe that, he was at Covent Garden, during both those years; and my conviction that he was, certainly, there, in 1810 is founded on a circumstance which I have heard him tell as having occurred at Covent Garden in that year. It is so interesting that I repeat it, here.

CHAPTER III.

IN July 1810, the largest elephant ever seen in England was advertised, as, 'just arrived.' As soon as Henry Harris, the manager of Covent Garden theatre, had heard of it, he determined, if possible, to obtain it; for it struck him, that, if it were to be introduced in the new Pantomine of Harlequin Padmenaba, which he was about to produce at great cost, it would add greatly to its attraction. Under this impression, and, before the proprietor of Exeter Change had seen it, he purchased it for the sum of nine hundred guineas. Mrs. Henry Johnston was to ride it; and Miss Parker, the Columbine, was to play up to it. Young happened to be, one morning, at the Box office, adjoining Covent Garden theatre, when his ears were assailed by a strange and unusual uproar within the walls. On asking one of the carpenters the cause of it, he was told 'it was something going wrong with the elephant; he could not exactly tell what.' I am not aware what may be the usage, now-a-days; but, then, whenever a new piece had been announced for presentation, on a given night, and, there was but scant time for its preparation, a rehearsal would take place

after the night's regular performance was over, and the audience had been dismissed. One such, there had been the night before my father's curiosity had been roused. As it had been arranged, that, Mrs. Henry Johnston, seated in a howdah on the elephant's back, should pass over a bridge, in the centre of a numerous group of followers, it was thought expedient, that the unwieldy monster's tractability should be tested. On stepping up to the bridge, which was slight and temporary, the sagacious brute drew back his forefeet, and refused to budge. It is well known as a fact in natural history, that the elephant, aware of its unusual bulk, will never trust its weight on any object, which is unequal to its support. The stage manager, seeing how resolutely the animal resisted every attempt made to compel, or induce, it to go over the bridge in question, proposed that, they should stay proceedings till next day, when he might be in a better mood. It was during the repetition of the experiment, that my father, having heard the extraordinary sounds, determined to go upon the stage, and see if he could ascertain the cause of them.

The first sight that met his eyes kindled his indignation. There, stood the huge animal, with downcast eyes and flapping ears, meekly submitting to blow after blow from a sharp iron goad, which his keeper was driving, ferociously, into the fleshy part of his neck, at the root of the ear. The floor, on which he stood, was converted into a pool of blood. One of the proprietors, impatient at what he regarded as senseless obstinacy, kept urging the driver to proceed to still severer extremities, when Charles Young, who was a great lover of animals,

expostulated with him, went up to the poor, patient, sufferer, and patted and caressed him; and, when the driver was about to wield his instrument, again, with even still more vigour, he caught him by the wrist, as in a vice, and stayed his hand from further violence. While an angry altercation was going on between Young and the man of colour, who was his driver, Captain Hay, of the 'Ashel,' who had brought over Chuny in his ship, and had petted him greatly on the voyage, came in, and begged to know what was the matter. Before a word of explanation could be given, the much-wronged creature spoke for himself; for, as soon as he perceived the entrance of his patron, he waddled up to him, and, with a look of gentle appeal, caught hold of his hand with his proboscis, plunged it into his bleeding wound, and, then, thrust it before his eyes. The gesture seemed to say, as plainly, as if it had been enforced by speech, 'See how these cruel men treat Chuny. Can *you* approve of it?' The hearts of the hardest present were sensibly touched by what they saw; and, among them, that of the gentleman, who had been so energetic, in promoting its harsh treatment. It was under a far better impulse, that he ran out into the street, purchased a few apples at a stall, and offered them to him. Chuny eyed him askance, took them, threw them beneath his feet, and, when he had crushed them to pulp, spurned them from him. Young, who had gone into Covent Garden, on the same errand, as the gentleman who had preceded him, shortly after, re-entered, and, also, held out to him some fruit,—when, to the astonishment of the bystanders, the elephant ate every morsel, and, after, twined his trunk,

with studied gentleness, around Young's waist; marking by his action that, though he had resented a wrong, he did not forget a kindness.

It was in the year 1814, that, Harris parted with Chuny to Cross, the proprietor of the menagerie at Exeter Change. One of the purchaser's first acts, was, to send Charles Young, a life-ticket of admission to his exhibition; and, it was one of his little vanities, when passing through the Strand with any friend, to drop in on Chuny, pay him a visit in his den, and show the intimate relations which existed between them. The tragic end of the poor creature must be within the recollection of many of my readers. From some cause unknown, he went mad; when it took 152 shots, discharged by a detachment of the Guards, to despatch him.

But to return to our proper text. I find, from an article on Charles Young, in 'Bentley's Miscellany,' written, I am bound to say, in a kindly and conscientious vein, that in the year 1811 he played Hamlet, Othello, Lord Townley, Ford, Gustavus Vasa, Portius, Rhoderick Dhu, and Falkland; besides acting Beverley and Macbeth, several times, with Mrs. Siddons, during her brother's illness.

In 1812 Kemble revived and adapted, with a splendour, in those days, unparalleled, the play of Julius Cæsar. No piece was ever more effectively cast: Brutus had for its representative John Kemble; Cassius, Young; Antony, Charles Kemble; Casca, Terry; First Citizen, Simmons; and Portia, Mrs. Siddons. I have never spoken with any one fortunate enough to have seen that play rendered, as it then was, who has not admited

it to have been the greatest intellectual recreation he ever enjoyed.

It was, really, difficult, to believe, that, one had not been transported, while in a state of unconsciousness, from the purlieus of Bow Street, and the vicinity of Covent Garden Market, to the glories of the Capitol, and the very heart of the Julian Forum; so complete, in all its parts, was the illusion of the scene. When but six years old, I saw the play, on the first night of its representation; and I was allowed to see it again in 1817, with the same cast, minus Mrs. Siddons. And, although I was then, but eleven, the impression left upon my mind has never been effaced. If it appear a thing incredible, that, any play, however well put on the stage, however gorgeous its accessories, and however spirited the acting, should have left definite and durable traces on the brain of a child of such tender years, it must be mentioned, that, he had, not only, inherited a turn for the stage, but had read and re-read the play, in question, over and over again, had committed its chief speeches to memory, had rehearsed them by heart, and, often represented the characters, before small but select audiences, composed of all the squabs, bolsters and pillows available in the house. The consequence was, that, when I saw Julius Cæsar, for the second time, I attended to the stage-business, and more particularly to the by-play, with an intentness and enquiring interest, which it amuses me, even now, to recall. Owing to my reproductions, in the privacy of my little bedroom, of the effects I had seen, and heard, on the boards of the great theatre, I was

tolerably qualified, in my own opinion at least, to distinguish between the comparative merits of each actor. And there was, perhaps, nothing, which, elicited more of my boyish admiration, than the fidelity, with which the players of prominent parts, indirectly indicated the peculiar idiosyncracies of each (and, this too, before they had opened their lips) by their very mien and movement. Ordinary actors, on, first, making their entrance, in the second scene of the first act, march, in procession, towards the course, with all the precision of the Grenadier Guards, stepping in time, to the martial music, which accompanies them. And, even, on the part of leading actors, I have noted a tameness of deportment as stilted, as if they were automata, until speech has stirred them into action.

In the play I am writing of, as then enacted, one would have imagined, that, the invariable white toga, beautiful as it is, when properly worn, and tastefully adjusted, would have rendered it difficult, at first, for any but frequenters of the theatre, to distinguish, in the large number of the dramatis personæ on the stage, John Kemble from Daniel Terry, or Charles Young from Charles Kemble. Whereas, I feel persuaded, that, any intelligent observer, though he had never entered the walls of a theatre before, if he had studied the play in his closet, would have had no difficulty in recognizing, in the calm, cold, self-contained, stoical dignity of John Kemble's *walk*, the very ideal of Marcus Brutus; or in the pale, wan, austere, 'lean and hungry look' of Young, and in his quick and nervous *pace*, the irritability and restless impetuosity of Caius Cassius;

or, in the handsome, joyous face, and graceful *tread* of Charles Kemble,—his pliant body bending forward in courtly adulation of 'Great Cæsar,'—Mark Antony himself; while Terry's sour, sarcastic countenance would not more aptly pourtray 'quick-mettled' Casca, than his abrupt and hasty *stamp* upon the ground, when Brutus asked him 'What had chanced that Cæsar was so sad?' In support of my theory of the mute eloquence of gait and movement, Charles Young was wont to speak in terms of, almost, wanton, admiration of a bold point he saw Mrs. Siddons once make, while playing the comparatively inferior part of Volumnia for her brother's benefit.

In the second scene of the second act of Coriolanus, after the victory of the battle of Corioli, an ovation in honour of the victor was introduced with great and imposing effect by John Kemble. On reference to the stage directions of my father's interleaved copy, I find that no fewer than 240 persons marched, in stately procession across the stage. In addition to the recognized dramatis personæ (thirty-five in number), there were vestals, and lictors with their fasces, and soldiers with the spolia opima, and sword-bearers, and standard-bearers, and cup-bearers, and senators, and silver eagle-bearers, with the S. P. Q. R. upon them, and trumpeters, and drummers, and priests, and dancing-girls, &c., &c.

Now, in this procession, and, as one of the central figures in it, Mrs. Siddons had to walk. Had she been content to follow in the beaten track of those who had gone before her, she would have marched across the

stage, from right to left, with the solemn, stately, almost funereal, step conventional. But, at the time, as she often did, she forgot her own identity. She was no longer Sarah Siddons, tied down to the directions of the prompter's book; she broke through old traditions; she recollected, that, for the nonce, she was Volumnia, the proud mother of a proud son, and conquering hero. So, that, when it was time for her to come on, instead of dropping each foot, at equi-distance, in its place, with mechanical exactitude, and, in cadence subservient to the orchestra; deaf to the guidance of her woman's ear, but sensitive to the throbbings of her haughty, mother's heart, with flashing eye, and proudest smile, and head erect, and hands pressed firmly on her bosom, as if to repress by manual force its triumphant swellings, she towered above all round her, and rolled, and, almost, reeled across the stage; her very soul as it were, dilating, and rioting in its exultation; until her action lost all grace, and, yet, became so true to nature, so picturesque, and so descriptive, that, pit and gallery sprang to their feet, electrified by the transcendent execution of the conception.

Shakspeare makes Polonius tell his son Laertes, that, 'the *apparel* oft proclaims the man.' But a greater than Shakspeare, Solomon, tells us 'that man's attire and *gait* show what he is;' and true it is, that, self-sufficient, bashful men, energetic, phlegmatic, choleric, sanguine, and melancholy men, may, each, and, all, be known by their attire and 'gait.' Of the force and justice of this axiom, I am tempted to give an appropriate, though a ludicrous confirmation. Theodore Hook was, one day, standing on

Ludgate Hill, in conversation with Dubois, a well-known wag of the Stock Exchange, and one or two other kindred spirits; when their attention was called to an aldermanic-looking person, 'with fair round belly and good capon lined,' strutting along, like a peacock, with double chin in air, his chest puffed out, and a stride of portentous self-importance. Hook, with his characteristic audacity, immediately, crossed over the street, went up to him, took off his hat deferentially,

'And in a bondman's key,
With bated breath and whispering humbleness,'

thus saluted him: 'I really beg your pardon, Sir, for the liberty I take, in stopping you. But, I should feel very much obliged to you, and so would some friends of mine over the way, if you would kindly gratify a curiosity, which we find irrepressible. We have been observing you, as *you walked*, with very lively admiration; and we cannot divine, who you can be? *Arn't you somebody very particular?*' Unjustifiably impudent, as this question was, at all events, it shows, that, the interrogator's inference of the man's character was deduced from his 'gait.' Even from an anecdote as trivial as this, we may learn, that, if it be the conscientious actor's aim to show 'the very age and body of the time his form and pressure,' he cannot, too microscopically analyse, and imitate, the slightest peculiarities, which 'mark the man.'

I have, lately, been re-reading Byron's Life, by Moore; and, I have been struck with the similarity of his opinion of the actors he had seen, with that which I have often heard my father express. He writes thus: 'Of actors, Cooke

was the most natural, Kemble the most super-natural; Kean the medium between the two: but Mrs. Siddons was worth them all together.' That last sentiment I know Charles Young would have endorsed 'from his heart of hearts.' It was in this year, that, she, the unapproachable, took formal farewell of the stage she had so long adorned. We 'ne'er shall look upon her like again.' Of Kemble, in those great parts which he had made his own, Young had, also, the most ungrudging admiration. Of Kean he was no great admirer, although he was by no means blind to his genius. This will, of course, be ascribed to jealousy; but I, really, do not think he was open to that suspicion; for, I have never known him grudge his praise to Charles Kemble, or William Macready, who came more frequently into competition with him. No! I verily believe, he thought Kean's unquestionable merits were eclipsed by the vices of his style. John Kemble thought so, too. Of Cooke, Young had an enthusiastic estimate. In Richard III, Shylock, Sir Pertinax, and Iago, he considered him without a rival.

In the years 1814, 1815, and 1816, I find, from constant notices of his performances, contained in letters written by valued friends, that he was still playing two or three times a-week, at Covent Garden; and in the recess, in the great provincial towns. One of his earliest and most devoted friends, for years, was the late Earl of Essex. The criticisms on Young's performances, and the tributes to his social qualities and moral excellence, contained in his letters, are so sensible, and at the same time, so hearty, that, it would have pleased me to have

transcribed them for the general eye; but, in the ninety-eight, which I have, just, counted over, there is so much matter of a strictly confidential nature, as to preclude me from the possibility of publishing them. I have not the same cause for withholding a few letters of another highly valued friend, the late Lady Dacre, formerly Mrs. Wilmot, which will, I think, repay perusal. The many others that I have, of hers, are written under circumstances of domestic sorrow, and therefore must be kept sacred. She was a lady of remarkable accomplishments, and of great sweetness of disposition. She was a linguist, an exquisite sculptress, a dramatist,—though not a successful one,—and, according to the late Ugo Foscolo's verdict, the best translator known, of Petrarch's sonnets. My father's intimacy with Lady Dacre and her noble lord was never interrupted till death dissolved it. Before submitting a few of Lady Dacre's graceful letters, I should mention, that, about this time, viz. the year 1814, two great stars, first, rose in the theatrical firmament—Miss O'Neil and Edmund Kean, the one fixed, the other erratic; the altitude of the one, determinable; the measure of the other, doubtful; the one, moving through a celestial arc, the other of great magnitude, but, likely to be of brief duration.

1814.

'*Hampton Court Palace.*

'Time was, dear Mr. Young, when I addressed you as my Mecænas; now, it must be as my cheesemonger. Instead of the comparative merits of the different dramatists, my subject must be that of the different

dairies. First and second acts turn on double and single Glosters. The persons of the drama, to mites; the catastrophe, to the ripeness of the cheese! The getting up, to the toasting; the decorations, to mustard and pepper. The audience, I hope, our two selves. In token of applause, instead of clapping our hands, we shall smack our lips.

'In short, I want one of *your* cheeses, and yourself to come and help to eat it.

'Congratulate me on this complete reform. Safety and comfort attend it; and, yet, I feel some lurking embers at times, that make me humble. I know not when I have been in more danger than the last time I was at Covent Garden. With all its faults I felt the highest delight from "Jane Shore." We were but four, and a perfectly silent party; so that the illusion was not once interrupted. I have a great deal to say to you, but I will not detain you now. Send me a cheese, most worthy cheesemonger; and, as I indulge those I like in all their bad propensities, I will excuse your answering either this, or the note of self-indulgence I wrote to you in London.

Yours, with sincere regard,

B. W.

'P. S. Pray remember me to your mother.'

'*Feb.* 2, 1814.

'I really cannot resist the impulse I feel, my good friend, however unbecoming, at my age, to be delighted with anything, and unfashionable to be pleased at all, to thank you for the very high gratification I enjoyed last night at Covent Garden. In my poor apprehension of things, nothing can equal your exquisite

Hastings. As there are reasons why nobody can ever be Lady Macbeth but Mrs. Siddons, so nobody ever can be Hastings but you. I will support my position, one of these days, when we are chatting over my fire at Hampton Court; and, in the hope of exciting a little curiosity that may befriend me, I will not further enlarge in this note. Miss O'Neil was, often, very charming. She owed much to her remarkably feminine appearance, as usual; and, more particularly, in characters where frailty has to plead its own cause. Miss Somerville appears to me horrid! Perhaps everybody would be hateful as Alicia; but why has she grown so old in three years' time? We stay to dine with the Farquhar's to-morrow, and go to Hampton Court on Thursday, positively. I could fill four sides of foolscap about Hastings; but keep it all, to *assomer* you at Hampton Court.

Yours, ever sincerely

B. W.'

'*Hampton Court Palace.*
July 14, 1814.

'MY DEAR MR. YOUNG.—I know not whether you will think me wrong in entering on a little negotiation; but I told you, my sister had asked me if I had any objection to your reading our play to the Duke of Wellington at her house. I said, "No"; and, left it, wholly, to your own feelings, after pointing out, that, I thought it not a species of amusement to please that style of great man. She arrived here yesterday, begging to take back with her "Ina" for Kean to read parts of, instead, if *you* would not read. I have positively refused. Let him read Shakspeare. It is in that he has arrested public

attention; and, as everybody knows Shakspeare by heart, there is no disadvantage in his taking detached scenes. To an unknown work, such as ours, it is destruction; though, that did not seem to me as a consideration, when I thought it carried with it a something that might be agreeable to the feelings of a person I know and value. Now I do justice to Kean's talents, but I do not know him. Besides, as I consider the D. of W. as the first man of the world, and ten thousand times greater than all emperors and Bluchers put together, I think that Nollekins might be hurt if any other artist had been chosen to make his bust; that Lawerence would wish to paint his portrait; and that superiority is implied by the selection of any artist or professor called upon to amuse him, or even bore him. As far as the shadow of a compliment may be implied in *your* being alone in possession of my MS. to read it to any one, I wish it to remain so. Perhaps I have made a mountain of a molehill; but my sister is not angry, and my own feelings are better pleased thus than if I had lent myself to this *changement de décorations.* Adieu.

Yours, ever,

B. W.'

1814.

'*Charles Street.*

'I do not expect to find you at home as I pass your door, and leave the MS. I have hastily altered a few trifles on which you put your fingers; but there it is, with all its scratches and nightcaps. Have the goodness to send it to Mrs. Bouverie's, and tell me what you do. Mrs. Codrington had kindly got a box for me last Monday night, but a very bad one. You surpassed yourself

in Pierre, and Miss O'Neil was, really, lovely, in Belvidera! Mrs. Codrington screamed at every line of Xarifa last night, as it was being read; how it was suited to her! When you addressed the senators, with your back absolutely towards us, every syllable you uttered was distinctly heard in the very back of the box. Is this your own merit, or only to be accounted for by dissecting your throat? Yours, ever,

B. W.'

1814.

'Could the fates do a more spiteful thing, dear Mr. Young, than to pick *me* out of all your destined audience, to prevent from having the pleasure of seeing you in the Jolly Knight? I have not been well, and all my doctors and nurses rose in a body to prevent my hurting myself, as they call it. Out upon them! I am, however, much better, and shall see all the Kembles to-morrow. I really was quite Cinderella last night, bating the youth, beauty, and glass slipper. I could have cried at not being allowed to go to you; and was obliged to summon all the philosophy I pique myself upon, but find so difficult to maintain. They brought me a most exact account of your *en bon point*, whiskers, &c.; and though I received great pleasure from their description of your acting, it only increased my regrets the more. The house I hear was a bumper, in spite of Ascot, House of Commons, Opera, and all. In these hard times these matters must be enquired into by one, who, I hope, you will always believe

Your very sincere friend,

B. W.

Somerset Place.

The Hon. Mrs. Bouverie's.'

'*Hampton Court Palace.*
November 21, 1814.

'DEAR MR. YOUNG.—I fear I have no chance of success in a request I am going to make. It is no less than, that you will get on your horse on Tuesday morning and ride down here, sleep, and return in time for Pierre on Wednesday evening. I told you I should be anxious to see you soon after my return from Hampshire, in both your characters. Now, in your private character I have no chance of seeing you, if I delay; for the papers show me that Tuesday is your free day in the earlier part of the week. After that, I go from home, and then I hope to contrive to see you in your public character. Before Christmas I go from home, for a large portion of the winter. "Ina" is positively gone back to Drury Lane, and I have been hard at work, since I despatched her, on the drama *we* invented riding one day, together; and of which I showed you the first act one morning when you called on me at Hampton Court. I feel that I have a right to call upon you for a little interest in this, as I have written on a principle instilled by you. It is now in a state for you to look at, before I proceed any farther. I shall have a few people with me on Tuesday evening, which was arranged before I discovered that Tuesday was the only day I had a chance of you. I have no hope of success,—especially at such short notice; but, if you *should* do the good-natured thing, your bed, as usual, shall be ready; your horse shall be taken care of by your old friend the ostler, at the Toy, and you shall be made much of

Yours sincerely,

B. W.'

1814.

'*The Cove, Bagshot.*

'DEAR MR. YOUNG.—I was just going to be a little miffed at your silence, as the very thing I wished to avoid had occurred—a regular application from Drury Lane, through Mr. Whitbread, for "Ina," before I could have your assistance in making up my mind on the subject. Many thanks, now, instead of a scold, for a letter which throws all the light you can on the affair. My dilemma is great. Mr. Brand and Mr. Lamb[1] write to advise me to restore the play to Drury Lane. I consider Miss Smith[2] as annihilated by Miss O'Neil; and, consequently, that I bring the play out this year under the greatest disadvantage. If *your* play had been positively accepted at Covent Garden, I should be furnished with an answer; but, as it has yet to be presented for possible rejection, it would be very foolish to touch on my wish to bring it out at Covent Garden in preference. It is clear, from what you say, that they cannot want a new piece for this new card, till late in the season. If "Ina" should appear, early in the season, and with success, at Drury Lane, it would be a very favourable circumstance for yours at Covent Garden. Much as you hate writing, let me beg for your advice by return of post, whether to refuse "Ina" to Drury Lane, or to give it. I can excuse myself to Mr. Whitbread for the delay, if I write Tuesday or Wednesday. If I were to refuse "Ina," would it make a party against your play, if it should appear? Mr. W. would be angry, I know, as he is not accustomed to opposition; but I could appease him, as

[1] Afterwards Lord Melbourne.

[2] Afterwards Mrs. Bartley.

I know his fund of good-nature. Meantime, your advice by return of post, pray.

Sincerely yours,

B. W.'

1814.

'*Cove, near Bagshot.*

'DEAR MR. YOUNG.—Your note caught me stepping into the carriage to come hither, or I would have reassured you on the spot, as to the impression Miss O'Neil had made upon me. Perhaps there was a little coquetry on Amazilia's part, at the bottom of my not saying how much she had enchanted me. I wanted *you* to say "How delightful she would be in Amazilia!" However, since you half misconstrued my "poor Miss O'Neil," I must be explicit, and tell you fairly, that the idea of her one day appearing in Amazilia forms my most delicious day-dream. Her remarkable difference in style of beauty, and of excellence in her art, to Mrs. Siddons, I consider as a great advantage; for, as nothing ever can equal *her* in her way, all resemblances appear like bad copies. Were I to advise Miss O'Neil, I would say, "avoid Lady Macbeth, Lady Randolph, Queen Catherine, and Constance, and those characters for which Mrs. Siddons seemed formed by nature. No one who has ever seen her in Lady Macbeth can ever imagine Lady Macbeth otherwise than precisely *so*. It is an identity; and a man, totally unlike him, might as well appear before me, and say 'I am Mr. Whitbread,' as any other woman say 'I am Lady Macbeth.'" I mean, I would urge her not to meddle with those characters. I long to see her Belvidera; because, I do not think Juliet a character calculated to exhibit great variety of power. It is, in my opinion, rather

a beautiful reading, than an acting play. Shakspeare sometimes, sacrifices passion to poetry in this play, which he never does, in any other. We were in our box, too high and too distant to see Miss O'Neil well; and our neighbours were noisy. I want to know whether you think there is the smallest chance of my offering *your* tragedy to *your* house this year. Mr. Whitbread, I know, looks to "Ina" by-and-by; and I think I shall refuse it, for obvious reasons. Probably Miss O'Neil will fill the house for some months in old characters: the query therefore, is, whether they are likely to want a new play, at all; and if they do, whether they have anything likely to exhibit Miss O'Neil in to more advantage than Amazilia. Sir Charles Asgill writes me a rapturous account of her Belvidera and your Pierre, and is very droll about her Jaffier. Do you not mean to play Jaffier at all for "*poor* Miss O'Neil?"

Yours very sincerely,

B. W.'

'*Thursday.*

'DEAR MR. YOUNG.—I am much vexed I missed you yesterday, for I had fifty things to say to you—not of real consequence though, so never mind. My sister Asgill told me last night she had three or four candidates for places in my box, besides herself. Now I have sixteen, *myself*. Can you not let us have some rows, at least, in the next box to the one you have secured for us? I fear, two of my friends, Earl Grey and Sir William Young, will be disappointed in consequence of my mistake about the 15th. Since I began this note, Mr. Sotheby has been reading all his improvements to "Ivan," and has really bewildered me; so that I know

not what I had to say. Mr. Sotheby's "Ivan" is in Lord Byron's hands. He takes the warmest interest in it, and means to bring it out next season. He may probably touch the impassioned parts with his pen of fire. It will appear under the most favourable auspices, and with every advantage. Let me know how many tickets you can give us. When you have leisure I will tell you some distressing things, which Mr. Sotheby has told us of. He will make his "Ivan" a fine, boisterous, effective affair. See if he does not. I was pleased the other day to hear Lord Grey speak of *you* as he did. It was, I assure you, in a strain to satisfy your friends; so I will not repeat it.

Yours ever sincerely,

B. WILMOT.'

1814.

'*Monday. The Hoo.*

'DEAR MR. YOUNG.—The piano is arrived; and, as far as ignoramuses can judge, lovely. Mr. Brand says, not half so good as that capital instrument we reject. Pray come! Lord Essex cannot claim *all* your time. We go to Hatfield House, and stay till Thursday. After that, all days you will be welcome. If you do not find a bit of your time for us we shall be affronted, that 's all: and the Czarina shall frown her darkest on you.

Yours sincerely,

B. W.'

I find in the month of August my father ran over to Paris for a few days. There is a remark or two on French acting by-the-bye in one of his note-books, which I will venture to extract:—

'August 19, 1816. Wrote to Monsieur Fabre, the Duke of Devonshire, and Mr. Douglas Kinnaird. Then went to see Baldwin. Dined with Fabre, and after went to the Théâtre Français to see Mlle. Duchesnois in Mérope. She is supremely ugly; and yet she does not spare the spectator's eyes, but gives them as full a view of her features as she can. Through all the range of her feeling she seems to have no consciousness of her great misfortune; but relies implicitly on the effect of play of countenance on the feelings of her audience. I suppose she is right, for they seemed as little alive to her hideous aspect as she was herself. In spite of this, it would be unjust not to admit that she feels earnestly herself. But —but—she did not touch *me!*

'She seems to possess more mind, and stronger feeling, too, than Mlle. Georges; but she has the fault which pervades all French tragic acting—the sentiment is never approfondi! Greatly as I am charmed with the actors of genteel comedy in Paris, I think the tragic actors much inferior to our own in the assumption of individual character. They seem all to move in one groove. Their gestures and tones are all stereotyped. They never lead one on to sympathize with the sorrows they simulate, or with the heroism they feign. With a fond disposition to like them, I shall return home, not at all put out of countenance by what I have witnessed as yet.

'August 21. Sat long with the Duchesse d'Aumont. She walked afterwards with me, and was most agreeable. She showed me all over her beautiful house and garden, and begged me to go to her on Saturday, as she would procure me tickets to see the King at dinner on Sunday.

Went with Cameron to Malmaison, dined with De Blanc, and then to see 'Œdipe chez Admete.' There is some interest and quelques beaux vues, but it drags oppressively. Talma acted better than I have ever seen him. There was more "keeping" in his acting than I have yet witnessed. His agonized repentance towards his father was very finely given.

'August 22. Fabre, Cameron, Chevalier Bournon dined together with me. We ate cutlets enough to make us all ashamed to look a sheep in the face for the rest of our days, then picaudeaus, vol-au-vents, omelettes, and kickshaws innumerable,' &c., &c.

It was after his hurried trip to France, that, when hunting with Lord Derby's staghounds, Young met with a fearful accident. He was riding a new horse, and was not aware that he had a trick of putting down his head before jumping, and, then, flinging it, violently, up. He was craning at a formidable fence, to see if it were practicable, when his new-made purchase threw up his head with such force, as to throw him over the fence and knock out four teeth. He was picked up insensible, carried on a shutter to a neighbouring inn; and, by Mr. Douglas of Newmarket, the brother of the late Lady Blomfield, conveyed home in a postchaise. He was announced in the bills to play King John, the same night. Of course, another play had to be substituted; and, therefore, his friends were somewhat surprised, next morning, on taking up the 'Morning Chronicle,' to read an elaborate critique on the previous night's performance, containing unqualified condemnation of my father's share in it.

Two more letters from Mrs. Wilmot, about this time, are worthy of insertion here.

'*Hampton Court, September*, 1816.

'DEAR MR. YOUNG.—I wish I had not written you a note yesterday; for, now, I have something to propose to you, which you may like, if you have a relish for original genius combined with perfect simplicity. Wilkie, the painter, is at Hampton Court, for a few days, and can give me no day but Wednesday. I have therefore asked him to dine with us, although our poor invalid, Mr. W., arrives on that day. In consequence of this I have asked the Miss Hallifaxes for the evening; of whose music you spoke so favourably, and who were so peculiarly enchanted with your's. I have also provided for the whist table in the corner; so that, if you could canter down, you would be *a host* at dinner, with my shy painter and my invalid; and, I need not say, how much your presence would enliven the evening. I can give you your bed. You are too deeply engaged to allow me a chance, I fear, of success in this application. Think of Wilkie's genius, and your own toasted cheese! If the former does not, let the latter, tempt you! I wish I could think of any expressions, however strong, that might induce you to come. I go on bravely.

Sincerely yours,

B. W.'

'*Hampton Court Palace, October* 23, 1817.

'DEAR MR. YOUNG.—I would not answer you this morning, as poor Mr. W. was "in atto di partire," till

after post-time; although he went off, poor soul, better than we could have expected. We go up to see him on Friday, and eat with him at his dinner hour (at two o'clock), and return again here. We can bring your bundle, and shall be most happy to see you Saturday and Sunday. Your room will be put in order by that time. Lady Emily Wellesley has desperate designs upon you, I warn you. I will tell you all that has passed. She seems to think I have you in my pocket, and could let her have you, if I would. I tell her "would I had."

'The party for which she wants to inveigle you on Wednesday next will, in fact, be a very pleasant thing, and what you would really like; but I shall say no more till I see you, nor tell any one you are half-thinking of coming, so that you will be free to do exactly as you please. Mr. B. writes word he is nearly well, and Lady Codrington, who is at the Hoo, confirms it. Poor Mrs. Sheridan is out of the immediate danger we apprehended she was in last Sunday, which prevented our going to Wyke. Could you bring Julian? We would try to amuse him!

Yours sincerely,

B. W.'

In 1817 I went with Mr. Isaac Pocock, the author of 'The Miller and his Men,' to see John Philip Kemble bid farewell. Young had not only an admiration for Kemble, as an actor, but felt gratitude to him as a man, for having reflected honour on the profession by his moral conduct in it. The last time they played together, which was in 'Julius Cæsar,' Kemble, after the play, entered Young's dressing-room and presented him with

several properties, which he had worn in favourite characters, and begged him to keep them in memory of their having fought together, alluding to the battle near Sardis, in which, as Brutus and Cassius, they had been just engaged. 'Well,' he said, 'we've often had high words together on the stage, but never off.' On Young saying something to him, which touched him, he, suddenly, caught hold of his hand, wrung it in his, and then hurried from the room, saying—

> 'For this present
> I would not, so with love I might entreat you,
> *Be any further moved.*'

In 1819 Mrs. Siddons, for the fourth or fifth time, returned to the stage to play for her brother Charles's benefit, on which occasion Young consented to play Old Norval. I was present, but though I have a vivid recollection of seeing her, on a similar occasion, in Queen Catherine, I have a very faint one of her as Lady Randolph. I must confess her Lady Randolph did not hit me very hard (she had lost all figure, and her voice was impaired): but in Queen Catherine, even, from what I recollect, still more from what I have heard from my elders,

> 'She must have been almost sublime.'

I have, I regret to say, no date by me, which can throw any light on Young's public career, during the intermediate period between 1819 and 1822.

The year 1822 was an important one for Young. At this time, his long-standing engagement with Covent Garden having expired, the managers proposed to renew

it, on conditions to which he refused to accede. For many years, the combined attractions of John and Charles Kemble, Mrs. Siddons, Miss O'Neil, Charles Young, and William Macready, had rendered Covent Garden the favourite resort of the lovers of the legitimate drama. To so low an ebb, indeed, was the exchequer of the rival house reduced, that, its committee, gravely entertained the idea of closing, till 'the tide in their affairs' should turn and propel them on to better fortune; when Edmund Kean's sudden and unparalleled success revived their hopes, and refilled their coffers. Of course, in proportion, as the star of one house was in the ascendant, that, of the other, began to wane. A great part, therefore, of the receipts of Covent Garden were diverted from their ordinary channel, and, in consequence, its managers, on, purely, financial grounds, and in self-defence, felt constrained to reduce the salaries of the principal actors on their staff. It was in the prosecution of this intention that they proposed to reduce Young's salary from £25 a week to £20, and from three months' vacation for provincial tours to two. If one cannot blame the managers for consulting their own interests, neither can one wonder that the actor, in the prime of life, and in the zenith of his fame, should have refused to accept diminished remuneration for his labour. This questionable economy proved, eventually, as detrimental to its authors, as beneficial to its subject; for, no sooner was it known that Charles Young's connection with Covent Garden was at an end, than the manager of Drury Lane waited on him and offered him £50 a night for nine months (three nights a

week); three months' leave for country work, and a clear benefit, provided that he would consent to play, with Kean, in certain stipulated pieces, exchanging parts with him on alternate nights. Thus, Kean was to play Othello, and Young Iago; and, the next night, Young Othello, Kean Iago. The same rule was to hold good with regard to every piece in which their joint talents were to be exercised. One hundred and fifty pounds per week was a wonderful rise from twenty-five; and proved a bait too alluring to resist. Bills were posted all over London, advertising the early appearance, on the same boards, of the two men who had long been regarded, as the representatives of two opposite schools of art. The wide-spread excitement produced, few but the *habitués* of the theatre, in those times, could believe. Places were secured at the box-office five and six weeks beforehand: and the comparative merits of the two histrionic athletes were canvassed at fashionable tables with as much vicacity and warmth of temper as the far more important political questions of the hour. Kean was the Coryphæus of a new school, Young of the old. Kean was supposed to have had the mantle of George Frederick Cooke descend upon him, Young was looked on as the disciple of Kemble. Kean's forte was known to be the vigorous delineation of the stronger passions—jealousy, malignity, revenge. Young's *specialité* was allowed to be dignity, pathos, and declamation.

On the very first night of their appearance in the same play, I was present; on the very last night of their playing together, I was present; and, in every piece, in which they acted together, I have seen them: and on

each and every one of these occasions, I should find it difficult to determine, which carried off the palm. The writer of the last-published life of Edmund Kean has been pleased to write in terms of measureless contempt of Charles Young's powers as an artist. He has a perfect right to his opinion; but I doubt, if his hero, had he been alive, would have endorsed it, or admitted either the justice or the good taste of his criticism. And I venture to think so, for this reason. Both the rival candidates for histrionic fame were engaged on terms of perfect equality. Each received exactly the same salary; each were in turn to play the same parts: and had the manager thought there was such vast disparity between the qualifications of the two candidates, he would never have given both the same terms. If Kean had considered himself so far superior to Young in public estimation, he would have been indignant at his receiving the same salary as himself; and would have expected his name to be printed in the bills in larger characters than his rival's. To show that Kean did not think as meanly of Young, as his secretary-biographer seems to have done, I may mention that, on the first night of their playing together, while Young was in his dressing-room receiving congratulations on his success from 'troops of friends,' Kean was storming about, in search of Price, the manager, and vowing that he would not give up Othello, the next night, to Young? On Price's telling him, that he was bound, by the terms of his agreement, to do so, he exclaimed, in violent anger,—'I don't care! if he plays after me the same part I have just played, I will throw up my

engagement, and you may seek your redress in a court of law!' On Price's trying to pacify him, and asking him, what had caused him to think so differently in the evening from what he had done in the morning, he said—'I had never seen Young act! Every one about me, told me he could not hold a farthing rushlight to me; but he can! He *is* an actor, and, though I flatter myself he could not act Othello as I do; yet, what chance should I have in Iago, after him, with his personal advantages and his d——d musical voice? I don't believe he could play Jaffiere, as well as I can; but fancy me in Pierre, after him! I tell you what,' said he; 'Young is not only an actor, such as I did not dream him to have been; but, he is a gentleman! Go to him then from me, and say, that, if he will allow me to retain Othello, and to keep to Jaffiere, if I succeed in it, I shall esteem it as a personal obligation conferred upon me. Tell him, he has just made as great a hit, in Iago, as I ever did, in Othello.'

Young was anxious to oblige Price, knowing how seriously refusal on his part would affect the interests of the treasury; and, unhesitatingly, complied with Kean's request.

My impression, as to the comparative powers of Kean and Young, may, fairly enough, be regarded with suspicion. My judgment will be supposed to be biassed by filial partiality. But I never was a blind admirer of my father's theatrical talent. It is, therefore, in no narrow spirit of partisanship, but under deliberate, and impartial conviction, that I shall try to distinguish between them, and award to each his due.

Each had certain physical requisites which especially qualified him for his vocation. Young had a small, keen, brown, penetrating eye, overshadowed by a strongly-defined and bushy eyebrow. Kean's eye was infinitely finer; it was fuller, blacker, and more intense. When kindled by real passion off the stage, or by simulated passion on, it gleamed with such scorching lustre, as, literally, to make those who stood beneath its rays quail. In this feature, beyond all question, he had an immense superiority over Young. In figure, stature, and deportment, Young had the advantage over Kean: for he had height, which Kean had not; and, though Young's limbs were not particularly well moulded, he moved them gracefully; and his head, and throat, and bust were classically moulded. Kean, in his gait, shuffled. Young trod the boards with freedom. Young's countenance was equally well adapted for the expression of pathos or of pride; thus, in such parts as Hamlet, Beverley, The Stranger, Daran, Pierre, Zanga, and Cassius, he looked the men he represented. Kean's variable and expressive countenance, and even the insignificance of his person, rendered him the very type of a Shylock, a Richard, or a Sir Giles Overreach. Even his voice, which was harsh and husky (except in low and pathetic passages, such as 'the farewell' in Othello, in which it was very touching), so far from detracting from its impressiveness, rather added to it. Young's voice, on the other hand, was full bodied, rich, powerful, and capable of every variety of modulation, and, therefore, in declamatory power, he was greatly superior to Kean and Kemble, too. Beautiful in face

and person as Kemble was, and great as he was, as an actor, his asthma put him at a signal disadvantage with my father in speeches where volume of voice and the rapid delivery of long sentences was needed. The great effects which Kean produced upon his audience were the spontaneous effusions of real genius. Young's happiest hits were the result of natural sensibility, quickness of apprehension, and study. Kean dazzled his audience by coruscations of fancy, and the vivid light, which he shed on passages, of which the meaning was obscure. Young, hardly ever, astonished; but, with the unprejudiced, rarely failed to please. Kean's acting, as a rule, was unequal, negligent, and slipshod. He seemed to be husbanding his powers for a point; or, for an outburst of impassioned feeling. Young's conceptions were good and truthful, and were harmoniously sustained. I have heard my father say, that, the passages, on which Kean had bestowed most pains, and which were chastely and beautifully delivered, he never got a hand for; while his delivery of those which, to use his own phrase, caused 'the house to rise to him,' were in bad taste and meretricious. Had he been content to follow the leadings of his better judgment, he would have scorned to pander to the ignorant appetites of the groundlings; and he would have been more than repaid by earning golden opinions from the more judicious few. In declaring my own opinion, I have no desire to inoculate others with it. But I should be disingenuous if I did not avow, in the teeth of all that has been said and written, that I hold Kean to have been rather a surprising actor than

a legitimate one. I, humbly, conceive, that, an actor of the highest excellence, though an artist, should conceal his art (ars est celare artem), adhere rigidly to nature, and never try to improve upon it. Now, Kean, not satisfied with looking, thinking, and feeling, as his original would have looked and thought and felt, was wont to superadd points of character which he thought would render his impersonation more effective. John Kemble never took such liberties, and still less Mrs. Siddons. She never indulged in imagination at the expense of truth. So anxious was she to adhêre to accuracy, that it is well known, that, when she had to play Constance in 'King John,' she would speak to no one; but would seat herself between the wings, and listen to the machinations of John and Philip, the better to realise her wrongs, and vent with greater force and fidelity, her sense of them. I am far from denying that Kean had genius; but it was fitful, wayward, and ill-regulated; and he stooped to unwórthy means to obtain applause. Let me try to make my meaning more intelligible. Braham was not merely a splendid vocalist; he was a scientific musician. No man understood better, or more thoroughly appreciated, in others, purity of style; yet, no man, oftener, violated the canons of good taste. For this reason, I cannot call him a *legitimate* singer. I have heard him sing the best sacred music at the house of friends, whom he knew to be refined and fastidious musicians; and, then, his rendering of Handel has been glorious and worthy of his theme. I have heard him, at an oratorio at the theatre, the very next night, sing the same airs to a miscellaneous audience,

and, so overlay the original composition with florid interpolations, as entirely to distract the listener's attention from the simplicity and solemnity of the theme. This violation of propriety was attributable to the fact of his having observed, that, a display of flexible vocalisation, always, brought down thunder from the gods in the gallery; and, therefore, he was tempted by the greed of clap-trap applause, to sacrifice his own convictions of propriety to the demands of the vulgar and unenlightened. It was in the same depraved taste, that, young amateurs, captivated by the vibrato passages of Rubini, in which by-the-bye he never indulged without a purpose, would insert them into every song they sang, though there was nothing in the words to justify their introduction. In like manner, when Kean discovered that his imitation of the hysterical sob under powerful agitation, caused fine ladies to faint, and Byron to weep, from nervous sympathy, he was, perpetually, indulging in it, not only when it was inappropriate, but, where its manifestation became, absolutely, ludicrous. No man in his sober hours, knew better than Kean, that, in condescending to such small trickery, he was prostituting his art to an ignoble vanity; for, one night, when he had been playing before a very intelligent audience, and had been indulging in the propensity referred to, and had been lustily hissed, in consequence, he whispered to Ralph Wewittzer, as he retreated behind the scenes, 'By Jove, old fellow! they've found me out. It won't do any more. I must drop my hysterics!'[1]

[1] This was told me very shortly after by Mathews, who was with Wewittzer at the time.

The frequent repetition of the same idea palls: and familiarity with gesture, as with anything else, breeds contempt. There are certain attitudes which, by their novelty, excite the admiration of beholders; but which, if reiterated, convert approbation into satiety.

While criticising the faults to which other actors beside Kean are liable, I am tempted to say a few words on a kindred subject, which may expose me to the charge of presumption; yet which, as I only tender them speculatively, I hope may escape such imputation —although one of the kindest friends I have, one of the most sagacious men I know, a scholar, and a thoughtful one, a critic, and a most accomplished one, entirely dissents from my view.

If ever the world produced writings which approach inspiration, Shakspeare is their author. But I do not think it heresy or infidelity to withhold from them the title of infallibility.

It is usual to extol 'Hamlet's direction to the players' to the very skies. It is constantly cited, as embodying Shakspeare's own opinions on acting, and as, a manual for all actors, for all time. Now, in the first place, assuming that the words put into Hamlet's mouth—words uttered with a special purpose, even though they may have had a general application,—really, represent the author's own notions of good acting, why should they be of irrefragable authority, seeing that, however great he was as poet and dramatist, he was but an inferior actor, himself. In the second place, I am free to confess that, excellent as Hamlet's directions to 'certain players' are,

the logical justice of one of them I must take exception to. I allude to the passage, wherein, he tells them, that 'in the very torrent, tempest, and whirlwind of passion, they should acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness.'

If Shakspeare, in making Hamlet say 'it offended him to the soul to hear a robustious, periwig-pated fellow tear *a passion* to tatters,' meant, that, indiscriminate rant, in the representation of any of the *primitive* passions—such as love, desire, hope, joy—was offensive to him, every one of any refinement, must heartily coincide with him. But, if he meant to aver, that, in embodying a *derivative* passion, such as 'rage,' an actor is, invariably, to be temperate and smooth, he contradicts not only common sense, but himself. The question is—Do men and women, ever, rant in real life? If they do, on Shakspeare's own principle of 'holding the mirror up to nature,' actors must rant, too. Do men and women, when in a passion, keep themselves under such control as to be 'temperate' and 'smooth'? On the contrary, are they not apt, when they are slaves to their passions, to be so carried away by them, as often to commit acts verging on insanity? Nay, is not 'anger' proverbially a brief madness? Does not a man under the sway of vehement passion fume, and swear, and strike, and, even kill? Does not a woman, under the same fell influence stamp, and scream, and tear her hair, and even drown or poison herself? Could these intemperate acts be properly represented by 'temperance' or 'smoothness'? How is that view reconcileable with Hamlet's own conduct in the scene with Laertes by

his sister's grave? Allow me to recall the scene to the memory of my readers, and respectfully beg them to weigh the force of the following words:—

> 'Hamlet. 'Swounds, show me what thou'lt do:
> Woul't weep? woul't fight? woul't fast? *woul't tear thyself?*
> Woul't drink up eisel? eat a crocodile?
> *I'll do't.* Dost thou come here to whine?
> To outface me with leaping in her grave?
> Be buried quick with her, and so will I:
> And, if thou prate of mountains, let them throw
> Millions of acres on us, till our ground,
> Singeing his pate against the burning zone,
> Make Ossa like a wart! Nay, an thou'lt mouth,
> *I'll rant as well as thou.*'

Listen to Laertes' language, when he leaps into his sister's grave just before Hamlet grapples with him:

> 'Now pile your dust upon the quick and dead,
> Till of this flat a mountain you have made,
> To o'ertop old Pelion, or the skyish head
> Of blue Olympus.'

I would ask any one—if, passion, such as this, or the desolating, devastating passion, fitly figured by such forcible imagery as Hamlet uses in his direction to the players, is compatible with 'temperance'? Does not *the torrent*, as it brawls, and boils, and seethes, and plunges headlong down the valley, sweep away all intervening obstacles from out its path? Does not *the tempest*, where it rages, tear up huge trees by the roots and smite houses to the dust? Does not *the whirlwind*, in its fury and its rapture, whirl men off their feet and dash them, helpless, to the ground? How then, at such times, and under the impulse of such resistless

agencies, can we look for 'calm'? To tell, then, an actor 'whose end, both at the first and now, was and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature,' that in delineating a man carried away by the uncontrolled violence of rage, he should be 'temperate and smooth,' seems to me as reasonable, as, to give an order to an artist to paint a landscape, in which an impetuous torrent should be the prominent feature, and, at the same time, to impress on him the propriety of depicting the angry, swollen stream as 'calm' and unruffled as a lake.

Passion is multiform, and covers a wide area in the human heart; and fitly as the images produced typify one kind of passion, it is, after all, only passion vented: they are totally inapplicable to passion suppressed. The direction to the players, is too general and sweeping.

And, here, by the way, I should like to say a word, on the subject of passion suppressed. I have never read one line of Schlegel or Coleridge, or any other commentator on our great Bard's plays. If I had, possibly my opinions might be modified; but, with no light but instinct to guide me, it strikes me no better illustration of suppressed passion could be adduced than the character of Shylock. I must say, that I have never had my ideal of Shylock realised. In all the attempts I have seen made to represent this most difficult part, the malignity has been too patent and superficial, instead of being latent and profound. Surely the passion Shakspeare meant to portray in the 'Merchant of Venice' was, *not vengeance*, but *revenge*—words which are, too often, confounded to-

gether, as if they were not merely synonymous, but identical, in signification.

Vengeance may be, and often is, a righteous act.
Revenge never can be other than a base one.

Vengeance is retributive punishment, in behalf of another.
Revenge is the punishment of another, in one's own behalf.

Vengeance, though attended with the infliction of pain, is, often, a simple act of justice.
Revenge loves to inflict pain wantonly, and even without prospect of advantage; and, is opposed to Christian principles.

Vengeance is God's own attribute.
Revenge is the Devil's.

Vengeance is *quick*, and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword.
Revenge is *slow* to anger, and nurses wrath to keep it warm.

Vengeance, when devoid of righteous purpose, is a raging fever.
Revenge, which never can be righteous, is a malignant disease.

Vengeance, flashes, like the forked lightning, which scathes the forest oak or mountain pine.
Revenge, is like the snake, that creeps and crawls and coils itself around the sleeping traveller; then wreathes itself around the trunk of some high tree, from whence it can gloat on its intended victim;

> hiss at him; fascinate him by its basilisk glance; paralyse him with its noxious fœtor; and, in its own good time, destroy him.

I humbly submit, then, that, it is not by *vengeance*, but by *revenge*, that Shylock's every pulse is stirred. Antonio hated his sacred nation—Antonio had lowered the rate of discount—Antonio had spurned him like a usurious dog—and, therefore, Antonio had heaped up unto himself the treasures of Shylock's envenomed wrath.

If my definition of 'revenge' will stand analysis, then, assuredly, Kean's version of the Jew, effective as it was, as a representation of violent rage, was out of keeping with the character of one possessed by the Demon of Malignity. A Jew, 'a bye-word among all nations,' would not be very ready, among a prejudiced community, to *give way* to choler: and one possessed with an intense and blood-thirsty desire for revenge, would rather his yearnings should sink down and prey upon his heart, and eat out his vitals, as the serpent Tityus' liver, than that he should betray its inward gnawings by premature and tell-tale demonstration. If this is not far remote from truth, then it follows 'as night to day,' that, all ebullition of feeling on Shylock's part should *be kept down* as much as possible (except where his daughter is concerned, for there other passions come into play—avarice and affection); aye, and even in the speech which might seem to give license to an outburst, 'Hath not a Jew eyes?' I doubt, whether, instead of gesticulating violently with both hands, eyes flashing, and voice elevated to a scream,

it would not have been more real, if Kean, with eyes viciously half-closed, and hands nervously but unconsciously clutching at his gaberdine with the effort to restrain explosion, and step stealthily advancing, now to Salanio, now to Salarino, had rather hissed out in a half-whisper his bitter expostulation to them both.

Reasoning from analogy, I would say, that, as a light's flaring up is the precursor of its extinction, so, if Shylock, according to Kean's rendering, had given the reins to his passion in the speech alluded to, he could not have retained the implacable resentment he did against Antonio.

CHAPTER IV.

IN 1823–24 Young re-appeared at his old quarters, in Covent Garden, on the same terms as the Drury Lane ones. Indeed, till the day of his retirement from the stage, he never received less than £50 every night he played. The following letter received during this year I copy, chiefly, for the sake of one sad sentence in it:—

'*Paris le* 16 *Avril* 1823.

'MON CHER YOUNG.—Permettez moi de vous addresser Monsieur Vignier l'un de mes anciens camarades de collége dont la fortune d'étruite par la révolution la forcé de chercher dans son instruction des moyens d'existence. Il se rend à Londres pour y donner des leçons de Français et l'Espagnol. Si vous pouvez lui étre utile dans le projet qu'il entreprend, vous m'obligerez beaucoup, et je vous en aurai une grande reconnaisance.

'Nous avons, donc, perdu ce pauvre Kemble. On dit qu'on doit lui élever un monument par souscription. J'ai chargé Mons. Darby de me faire mettre au nombre des souscripteurs. Il est de mon devoir de lui donner cette distincte marque de la sincère amitié que j'avois pour sa personne, et de la haute admiration que je professois pour son talent. Je reconnois là vos compatriotes, mon cher ami.

'*Je serai trop heureux ici, si les pretres me laissent une tombe dans mon jardin!*

'Recevez-je vous prie, mon cher Young, l'assurance des sentiments d'estime et d'amitié que je vous ai voués.

TALMA.'

January 1, 1824. Young made his first appearance as Sir Pertinax Macsycophant. The following critique is from the 'Monthly Magazine':—

'All the world, which is yet in London, is astonished and delighted at the success of Mr. Young as Sir Pertinax Macsycophant in "The Man of the World." We are delighted, but not astonished at all. We have long thought we discerned, in Mr. Young's acting, indications of a genuine comic vein which we were assured he would turn, when he pleased, to excellent advantage. Of absolute gaiety we did not suspect him; but we knew that he could exhibit a solemn humour, hit off a plausible knavery, and play a grave impostor to the very life. In the famous scene with Herbert in "King John," for example, his promises and fawnings are exactly of the tone which fain would belie the heart, but dares not; and the oily smoothness and pretence, for which Comedy affords ample scope. Among his friends he has been long remarkable for the facility with which he catches dialects, peculiarities, and tones; and, therefore, we were prepared for a very clever exhibition in Sir Pertinax, and were quite satisfied—never having seen Cooke in the part. His Scotch, whether true or not, was wonderfully consistent with itself, and he spoke it as "if native and to the manner born;" his bowing was so perfect, so sub-

missive, so full of servile meaning, that it must have made his fortune had he been destined to a diplomatic career; and his disdain of all common honesty and good faith was absolutely magnanimous. The good-natured pity with which, on Egerton's spouting forth some piece of life morality, he exclaimed, "Ah, Charlie! you're vary young," was almost redeeming, and carried the indulgence of a man of the world to its highest pitch, without trespassing on the romantic. His account of his life was a fine example of climax; his utter amazement at the resistance of his son and the clergyman to his proposals was comical; and his last rage and disappointment admirably kept within bounds for a tragedian.'

In 1827 Young, still continuing at Covent Garden, again, agreed to play with Kean at that house. The cast of the play of Othello was even better than it had been at Drury Lane; for it gained a potent auxiliary in C. Kemble as Cassio. Whenever he played a second part he made it a first one. Antony, Mercutio, Orlando, Falconbridge, and Cassio became so in his hands. Cassio is a very difficult part to render faithfully. The old adage, 'in vino veritas,' is irrefragable. The real nature of a man is apt to show itself when he is under the poisonous influence of 'the invisible spirit of wine.' The surface gentleman is very likely to betray his innate propensities when he is drunk, and to become a noisy, blustering, sensual, hiccuping roysterer. But the real gentleman, though his articulation may be thickened, and his movements unsteady, will not swear or forget his deference for the fair sex. And, thus, we

see Cassio, in his cups, bewildered, and betraying an anxiety to be thought sober; but, clouded as his perceptions are (so much so, indeed, that he can hardly distinguish his right hand from his left), never using foul language, and never forgetting his manners. 'For mine own part—no offence to the General—nor any man of quality,' &c. Charles Kemble, throughout, never forgot he was a gentleman, overtaken in liquor—not a sot, addicted to it.

In August 1828 Young, for the first time, had an original part written for him by Miss Mitford, in the play of Rienzi. This was a subject of great satisfaction to him, for he had often deplored his ill-fortune in never having had a playwright to his back, as C. Kemble had had in Fazio and Macready in Virginius.

There were good reasons why C. Kemble should have had the part of Fazio assigned to him. In the first place, its author was his personal friend and great admirer; and, in the second, his great physical requisites, and his practised ability in lover's parts, gave him a prescriptive right to it.

Again, until Sheridan Knowles wrote 'Virginius' for Macready, villains had been considered his speciality. But his successful impersonation of Richard III, and his masterly delineation of Virginius, at once, determined his position as an actor of the first class—second to none. All the parts, in which I ever saw him, such as Orestes, Mirandola, William Tell, Rob Roy, and Claude Melnotte, he certainly had made his own. He was a man of more reading and culti-

vation than Young; and, while the latter amused himself in the hunting field, or the drawing-rooms of his aristocratic patrons, the former gave himself heart and soul to the study of his art, and greatly improved his powers by intellectual friction with such minds as those of Bulwer, Forster, Dickens, Knowles, and Albany Fonblanque. Moreover, he was what is called an original actor. I am very far from wishing to detract from his signal excellence, if I confess that, it appears to me, to be a popular fallacy, to speak of any actor as an original one; and, for the following reasons:—

A tragedy is a poem cast in a dramatic mould, in which actions of great pith, evoked by the higher passions, and culminating in catastrophe, are performed by historic or ideal personages.

An actor, is one who represents such characters, in different situations, and under different circumstances; and his primary essential, is, fidelity in putting into action, what the author has put upon paper.

He, then, I take to be the most consummate actor, whose impersonations are the most life-like, and bear the closest affinity to their prototypes. But resemblance, however startling, does not constitute originality. Conception is the author's proper function; execution is the actor's. And the moment the actor prefers his own conception to his author's, he becomes, in a measure, his own author: he manufactures for himself; he transgresses his province, and trenches on a domain, over which he has no right to trespass.

I can understand an audience, liking to have their passions roused by startling effects; but, I cannot un-

derstand any dramatist liking to have an *original* actor, as the representative of his characters; for the actor ought to be the author's mouthpiece, and agent. And, while the author's prerogative, is, to dissect the workings of the human heart, it is the actor's business to describe them. The only real original is Nature, and the greatest actor the world ever produced, but her copyist.

The very 'purpose of playing,' Shakspeare has told us, is 'to hold as 'twere the mirror up to Nature.' I, therefore, humbly submit, that, as, the mirror does not conjure up, create, or invent, but, simply, reflects the objects presented to it, so the actor is not the originator, but the bright reflector of objects, traits, and passions, presented to his mind's eye by Dame Nature.

I am aware, that, a superior actor, sometimes, by a certain novelty in the interpretation of a passage, or by the introduction of felicitous by-play, electrifies his audience, and, thus acquires the title of an original actor. But, all that he has done in such instances, has been, to evince a range of observation more extended and microscopic, than his predecessors in the same part. If what he does, at such time, is, really, original, then, must it be out of nature, and, therefore, an offence against probability. The fact is, there is no such rarity in art, or literature either, as originality. If Shakspeare, himself, had composed none but historical plays, *he* could scarcely have deserved the appellation of an 'original poet'; a claim which no one would withhold from him, after reading his sublime creations of 'The Tempest' and 'The Midsummer Night's Dream'

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And here, writing as I am, of authors and actors, I should like to drop a few remarks about the former. Sprung as I am, myself, from the loins of an actor, I trust, I shall not be suspected of a wish to diminish the actor's hold on public estimation, though I grudge him his monopoly of it. Play-writers have not their due[1]. If their works live and endure among the standard literature of their country, posterity may do them justice; but, during their lifetime, it is the actor who gets the lion's share of admiration. Even Shakspeare's present colossal reputation was not a contemporary one; and, I question, whether, the actor, Burbage's name was not, oftener, on the lips of his fellow men than Shakspeare's the dramatist.

No doubt, as a rule, the popular playwright is liberally remunerated by those who employ his services. But lucre is not all to which the author is entitled, or which he values most; and, I must think that, equally indispensable to each other as author and actor are, the meed of public approbation awarded to them is unjustly disproportioned. If a powerfully-reasoned sermon were composed by one clergyman for another to deliver, which would be entitled to the greater share of admiration — the man who wrote it or the man who read it? Now, reason-

[1] The name of the author of 'The Lady of Lyons' will, no doubt, recur to the minds of my readers, as a refutation of my theory. But, his case is an exceptional one. It retains its hold on public favour, not more on the score of its construction, and the beauty of its poetry, than, as the production of one who can prefer a higher title to the admiration of his fellow countrymen, as poet, novelist, dramatist, orator, and statesman, than any man who has ever written for the stage, Sheridan, alone, excepted.

ing by analogy, let us compare the results of the success of a drama in the case of the author and the actor.

On the first night of a play which has hit the public fancy, the author may be called for, and taste the short-lived sweets of popular applause. He may occasionally hear his name whispered in drawing-rooms as the writer of the last new play; but, generally speaking, he is considered to have had his deserts, and is expected to be contented with them, and to repose on his laurels. If his glory is not actually departed, it is, at all events, eclipsed by the more brilliant success of his rival the actor. One night's applause is all the author earns: whereas, every night the play runs the actor is greeted with reiterated plaudits from crowded audiences for his impersonation of the character the author drew. Again, passages of exquisite poetic force shall occur, and, though their merit is the author's, the actor receives not only the tribute due to his delivery of them, but also that approbation which of right belongs to their writer. Night after night, too, on the *dénouement* of a thrilling tragedy, the actor receives, not only the promptest recognition of his own ability at the hands of his audience, but also, during the progress of the piece, the superadded sympathy elicited by the construction of the plot, which is entirely owing to the writer's ingenuity.

But to return to Miss Mitford and her play. The following letters, while they show her estimate of her interpreter—not valuing his services for their originality, but for their fidelity—possess also interest of their own.

'*Three Mile Cross, Reading.*
August 28, 1828.

'MY DEAR SIR.—I sit down with malice prepense to write you a long letter; and, if that be a great liberty, it is your own fault that I take it; for you are and always have been so very kind to me, and I hear every day so many testimonies of your kindness, that I cannot help considering you as one of my most indulgent friends. What I want to talk to you of is "Rienzi." It would have been still pleasanter to me to talk to you about it, really, in our little garden; and I was half in hopes, when I heard you were at Bath, that Reading would have lain in your way, and that we should have seen you here. I should not at all mind asking you to our poor cottage, although it is a hut that would probably go into your drawing-room. I should no more regard asking you than I should a Duke or a Lord,—persons accustomed to magnificence on a large scale, and quite above minding the want of it. Some day or other I hope that you will prove that I judged you rightly, in being sure that you would not regard the smallness of our rooms, by giving us the pleasure of seeing you in them. Now for "Rienzi." I have to-day returned the MS. with your alterations almost verbatim, for they were so good, and so well managed, as to require nothing except here and there a few words to eke out the verse. *One* or *two* lines that *you* put out, I have, however, retained; not more, I find, than three, where Lady Colonna acknowledged Claudia as her daughter (and I do this partly in compliment to Mr. Haydon[2], who mentioned *that* to me as the finest stroke in the play; and partly because Mr. Talfourd[3] wished it kept

[2] I believe, the artist.

[3] Afterwards Lord Talfourd.

in). I know that you were right in wishing to condense the scene as much as possible; but the sentence in question is so short that you will, I'm sure, excuse it. One other alteration I have made. It is in the speech in the banquet scene, act iv, beginning with "My death were nothing." It now runs so:—

> "My death!
> They who are sent, one in a thousand years,
> To renovate old empires, and to bid
> Cities once famous, like the fabled bird,
> Rise stronger from their ashes—they, the few,
> The chosen, the peculiar, tread in the light
> Of their own peculiar star, the glorious path
> Of destiny. My death! Ye might as soon
> Hurl your dark bolts at that bright star. I soar
> Too high above ye, sirs. I cannot die
> Whilst Fame commands me live. For ye, foul slaves," &c.

I have made this alteration to bear out Angelo's reproaches on Rienzi's overweening pride, and to account in some measure for the defection of the citizens; but I must chiefly rely on the growing haughtiness of *your* demeanour to convey to the audience the perfect idea of the remarkable historical character which I have attempted to depict. You will see that I intended to make him not a buffoon, but a bitter jester in the first acts (Lady Colonna conveys my idea of him), condescending as a king in the levee scene and the banquet scene, or rather, in the first parts of these scenes; but, flaming forth in uncontrollable pride when contradicted or thwarted,—always, however, softening into tenderness at the sight or thought of his daughter. Mr. Macready said, that the whole character reminded him of Napoleon, and, that, in the scene which I have called the levee scene, *he*, if he were even to play it, should not be able to avoid copying Talma in Neror. I confess that I did

think of Napoleon in writing the play; and surely there is some resemblance in their story and fate. You know, of course, that I took my tragedy from the splendid narrative of Gibbon; but you will find a very graphic account of "The Tribune" in the second volume of the quarto edition of l'Abbé de Sode's "Memoires pour la vie de Petrarque." Have you seen the French tragedy? I had not till Mr. Kemble lent it to me last year. There is no resemblance at all except in the last two or three lines, the summing up of the character, which is pretty similar in both. I have not heard of any English play on the subject, except one translated from the French original, which Mr. K. told me they had in Covent Garden, and one begun and abandoned when about half written by my neighbour Mr. Milman, who took, he told me, the same view of the character, but on a totally different plot. Mr. Talfourd tells me that they are going to bring it out the second week after the opening of Drury Lane. Is not this unusually early? Will not the town be a desert then? *I* have not hinted an objection to them, because I know so little of theatrical matters, that it would be presumption in me to interfere. Besides, I am quite unacquainted with Mr. Price and Mr. Cooper; but *you*, who are such a judge, will, I know, give your opinion if *you* think the time too early. The play certainly deserves a fair chance; and from all I hear of Mr. Price he is determined to give it one. But its best chance, after all, will be in your talent and popularity, and the interest with which it has been so fortunate as to inspire you. I cannot thank you enough for the kind pains that you are taking with it; and great as the subject is to me, I assure you that failure would be doubly painful from disappointing your kind efforts. But I will not apprehend such a catastrophe.

When we meet I have a little prose book for you. My father says you are so good as to like my prose. He joins in kindest regards and sincerest thanks for your goodness to his daughter.

I am, ever very sincerely yours,

MARY R. MITFORD.'

1828.

'*Three Mile Cross. Monday.*

'MY DEAR SIR.—My way of writing is so peculiar, and so very unmethodical, that, although I have parts of every act of "Otto" written, I have not one readable. This is always my way. "Foscari" was written so, "Rienzi" was written so, "Charles I" was written so, "Inez de Castro" was written so. In fact, I can sooner do anything, than begin at the beginning, or go on from a fixed point; and any one, to see the intolerable confusion of my MSS., would think it impossible that anything like order could spring from such chaos. The play ought to have been finished long ago; but I have been partly waiting for the words and ceremony of the "Ban of the Empire," which many distinguished literary friends have been hunting for in vain in England, and which has at last been sent for, to Germany; and, mainly, I have been prevented from going on, by a great degree of nervousness and depression, under which I have been suffering nearly the whole winter. I have not been ill, though not so strong as I look; but so out of spirits, as no tongue can tell, with a sense of inability, on the one hand, and a consciousness that it is my duty to struggle against it, on the other, that none but a woman of weak

nerves and feeble character can comprehend. However, I am much more comfortable, now. My dear friend Miss James has been so good as to come and see me; and the very sound of her voice does my heart good. She knows exactly how I am situated, all that I have to bear, and all that is expected of me. It is that sense of being over-weighted that seems to paralyse the powers that I have; and, precisely, because it is my duty to do *so much*, I feel as if I could do nothing. I am pouring out my whole heart before you, my dear Mr. Young, as I have scarcely done to any one, except Miss James, in all my life; but I know your singular kindness and your high honour, and I wish, at once, to account for the play's not being completed, and to interest you in a request which I have to make on the subject. Besides, there is nothing like truth. I am, now, completely roused from my dejection, perfectly well in health, and able to command all the power I ever have in composition; and I have *little* doubt—*no* doubt (if it please God to continue my health and faculties) but, that, using strong exertion, I shall be able to send you "Otto" finished, in a very few weeks; but, at the same time, it would be an unspeakable relief to me, and certainly for the good of the play, if that tragedy might rest till next season, and "Inez" be substituted in its place. Will you read that play with a view to performing Pedro, and with a wish to find it do? And if you do so find it, will you have the further goodness to put it into Mr. Price's hands? The play is still at Covent Garden, but I could write instantly to withdraw it; indeed, I did, under your advice, forbid their playing it, as they meant to do after the production of "Rienzi." I have no doubt they would play it there now if I chose; but *that* is quite out of the question. If there were no other reason, *the cast* would

be perfectly unsatisfactory. Now, with you for Pedro, and Miss Phillips for Inez, I should have no fear. Inez is (although *I* say it that should not) a splendid part, and *you* would *make* a great part of Pedro. Pedro is not a boy, not a lover, not a Romeo,—and I would even make him older if you chose (for I foresee your possible objection), although the *only Hamlet* on the stage may surely play a character quite as old as his other characters — The Stranger and Beverley. I could make Alphonso an old man for Mr. W. Farren, if he would accept it, with half-a-dozen touches, or I could shorten the part for Mr. Cooper; but to give some effective touches to Alphonso for Mr. W. Farren would be best, and that I could do in a few days; and Miss Ellen Tree would make a beautiful Constance. Any part that you liked I would alter; especially that scene in the first act, between Pedro and Inez, the beginning of which is too much like that of Angelo and Claudio; and Mr. Cooper would be excellent in Marvel, although I suppose Mr. Vining could do that part, in case Mr. W. Farren would not play the King. Pray think of this. I would not urge it if I did not expect a real success. Why should I? But with Miss Phillips for Inez, and you for Pedro, I should have no fear; for assuredly the piece is interesting, and of an interest too which would come home to men's bosoms; and I think the opportunity for Miss Phillips would recommend it to Mr. Price. Pray think of this, and let me hear soon. I will get on with "Otto" as well as I can; but you will remove a mountain of lead from my head if you do Inez; and then you shall have Otto next year. It will come better then, because Inez has less of the character and mark of Rienzi, and is more absolutely different in kind than Otto will be. *What* gratitude

do I not owe you for Rienzi! But *this* will be even a deeper obligation. It will give me such freedom, such ease, and enable me to write for The Annual people and oblige them, who have so much power with the Press. I am ashamed of my own importunity; but the thing is near my heart. Adieu, my dear sir.

Ever very gratefully yours,

M. R. MITFORD.'

'*Three Mile Cross, November* 17, 1828.

'MY DEAR SIR.—I can but thank you most sincerely for all your kindness, lamenting unfeignedly the state of health which must make all exertion troublesome to you. How, when unwell, you can contrive to play Rienzi in the manner that every one says you do, is to me most astonishing. God grant it may not permanently injure you. I should feel a guilty creature if it did. Tell Mr. Price that Albert may be played by almost anybody. He need not sing the first song, which is performed off the stage; nor the second, which may be performed by the other minstrels, or by one other and a chorus, although he must be by; and the third I can manage to make him turn over to another. Indeed, I think it would be better in acting to make him suggest the song to one of his brother minstrels, and then take the responsibility on himself. I suppose it is permissible to have a song behind the scenes supposed to be sung by one actor, when in reality it is sung by another. If that be not allowable, I could rewrite the scene in the first act, where the situation occurs, or make any other alteration that Mr. Price may desire. You are quite right about Charles. The very

name of religion is at present a war cry. And you are quite as right about Otto. It is impossible for you or Mr. Price either to tell what so wretchedly written a scheme is likely to turn out; but you will think better of it when you see it put into form or life—above all, when the latter part is united and harmonised with the beginning; for instance, the commander of the pursuing forces must be the man whom Otto has injured and insulted in the first act, and so on. Motive must be given, unity preserved (I don't mean the writer's, but that singleness of interest and action which are really important), and as much of individual character given as I can contrive. You may depend on my observing your hint respecting the domestic[4] —copying oneself would be a very fatal error. Might I do much with the boy? Could a clever child be found? And if he could, would he be heard in that great theatre? And how old, or rather how young, might I make him? I wish I could see sweet Miss Phillips—but hers shall be a fine part, and I have not the slighest doubt of her success. I wish I were half as certain of my *own* power in the play, but I will do my best; and what *you have* done for me ought to be my inspiration.

Most gratefully yours,

R. MITFORD.'

1828.

'*Three Mile Cross.*

'MY DEAR SIR.—A thousand thanks for all your kindness. I have met with a great deal in the course of a life otherwise unprosperous, but *never* I think with

[4] The word here wanting is illegible.

so much, except from Mr. Talfourd[5]; no, never with so much, or with half. Will you have the goodness to send the plot of "Otto" to my friend Mr. Talfourd. I told him that I should beg you to do so, therefore you have only to put it in an envelope addressed to T. A. Talfourd, Esq., 2, Elm Court, Temple, and send it to the twopenny post. I shall get on as fast as possible with the writing. For the last fortnight I have had a cough, which has jarred my head so much that I could hardly write a letter; but it is much better, almost well, and I will undoubtedly set to work diligently and send you the result as soon as possible. Remember that at any time I am ready to make alterations. To my mind it shows as much want of resource as redundancy of vanity not to submit to the advice of those whose experience must make them the best judges. *Yours* I shall always take as the greatest favour. Would you like to see my tragedy of "Inez de Castro"? The female part in it is (if I may say so) exceedingly fine. When Mr. Kemble showed it to you, it was with a view to know whether you would play Alphonso if he played Pedro. Now if you would like to do Pedro, and the other male parts could be cast, and Miss Phillips were in physical power equal to Inez, perhaps you might prefer that play to "Otto." But this I should leave entirely to you, taking care of course that it should not be named to Mr. Price or any one. The great progress that Miss Phillips has made under your auspices has of course been my motive for thinking of this. But I shall undoubtedly go on with "Otto," and take care that, except through you, neither that play nor "Gaston," nor "Inez," shall be mentioned to Mr.

[5] Subsequently Lord Talfourd.

Price, leaving all that concerns the tragedies to your choice, and not worrying or hurrying him about the melodrama. How sorry we are to hear that you are still so ill, and how very glad we should be to see you in our poor cottage. Some day or other I trust that we shall have that great pleasure. I certainly believed my letter to have been franked, but my friend Mr. Monck, who took the letter from my father, promising to frank and send it to the post with his own letters, is one of the most absent as well as the kindest of persons in the world, and doubtless the mistake originated with him. I will not trust him again, and you will forgive me this time. Will "Rienzi" run on? Shall I get the fourth hundred? I hope so. They say it is playing very successfully in the country. Adieu, dear sir.

Always most gratefully yours,

M. R. MITFORD.'

'*December* 19, 1828.

'MY DEAR SIR.—I have had to-day a request from Mr. Cumberland (the person who purchased the copyright of "Rienzi") that I would ask you to allow Mr. Wageman to take your portrait in that character. It is to be, as I understand, first exhibited in the Royal Academy, and then to be engraved by Woolnoth; and according to some specimens of theatrical portraits which he has sent me (e.g. Mr. Cooke and Mr. Braham), seems likely to be creditably done, provided you are so good as to allow the artist a sitting. I have great scruples of conscience in asking you this, because I know how very troublesome an operation it is, and because I am just about to undergo it, for a different purpose, myself; but I could not well refuse Mr. Cum-

berland to transmit his request to you, and can only beg you to act just as you would have done if the petition had come directly from Mr. Cumberland. Of course the expense will be defrayed by him, and the favour—a very great one he will consider it—is that of giving a sitting to Mr. Wageman.

'I am involved in a good many puzzles about "Otto." It was certainly an historical fact—I mean his killing the emperor. Would it (that being the case) be too bold an experiment to make him kill him on the stage. In the German play he does it behind the scenes, but goes out purposely to do it, and returns with the bloody sword, like Macbeth.

'Now my notion is, to make Otto kill the emperor in the *mêlée*, whilst aiming at another, and before the audience. Another puzzle is, that the competitor for the imperial crown was a Duke of Brunswick. I really think that I must falsify history in this particular, because in these days of Brunswick Clubs, the very name would be dangerous. One is quite ashamed of these precautions, and really they fetter one more than they ought to do. I hope and trust you continue better. Those who see you play find it difficult to believe you have been ill: but *mind* and *will* are, in you, singularly victorious over bodily ailments. How glad I am to hear of Miss Phillip's success. She is a sweet creature, and does honour to her most kind and able instructor. It is a moot point whether she or I owe most to your goodness and genius. Having superintended Mr. Monck's doings, whilst directing the cover, I hope you will not have to pay double for this.

Most respectfully yours,

M. R. MITFORD.'

In the year 1829, the offer of a splendid engagement was made to Charles Young, from the other side of the Atlantic, viz. £12,000 for ten months; but his heart was so set on quitting the stage, that he was proof against the tempting bribe.

On May 31, 1832, when but fifty-three years of age, he bade a final farewell to the public in his favourite character of Hamlet. It being usual for actors to apply to the owners of private boxes for permission to let them, in the event of their not using them, my father wrote to Sir John Conroy to ascertain the Duchess of Kent's pleasure in the matter, and received the following reply:—

'Sir John Conroy presents his compliments to Mr. Young. He begs to relieve him of the feeling which he has had about the application for the box, by stating that the Duchess of Kent was gratified to receive it; and that, although her Royal Highness does not, from motives which he can easily understand, go to benefits, that she may avoid shewing preferences, yet, *on this occasion*, where it is a farewell one, her Royal Highness is anxious to shew the interest she takes in the drama of this country, as also, *especially*, to evince the same feeling towards Mr. Young, in recollection of the many occasions on which she has been gratified by his admirable representations.

'*Kensington Palace, May* 22, 1832.'

Subjoined is a copy of the balance sheet of his night's receipts *at the doors*:—

MR. YOUNG'S BENEFIT.

1832. WEDNESDAY, 30th MAY. 179 NIGHT.

Hamlet. Song. Gretna Green.

Total No.	FIRST ACCOUNT. No. Paid.			Tickets Sold	SECOND ACCOUNT.			THIRD ACCOUNT.		
	Boxes		£ s. d.		*Boxes*	£ s. d.		*Boxes*	£ s. d.	
320	Dress	3		317	..	..		..	..	
117	K. S.	41		59	K. S.	6 2 6		K. S.	0 10 6	
316	P. S. 1	206		110	P. S. 1	20 6 0		P. S.	2 1 0	
254	P. S. 2	160		94	P. S. 2	2 12 6				
1007		410	143 10 0							
	Pit				*Pit*			*Pit*		
428	K. S.	409		4	K. S.	0 2 0		K. S.	0 12 0	
352	P. S.	304		..	P. S.	1 18 0		P. S.	0 6 0	
371	Extra	357		7						
1151		1070	187 15 0							
	Gallery				*Gallery*			*Gallery*		
237	K. S.	224		1	K. S.	1 8 0		K. S.	0 2 0	
317	P. S.	309		..	P. S.	2 5 0		P. S.	0 4 0	
554		533	53 6 0							
262	U. G.	251	12 11 0		U. G.	1 1 0		U. G.	..	
			396 12 0	592		35 15 0			3 15 6	

First account	£396 12 0
Money with Tickets	0 1 0
Second account	35 15 0
Third account	3 15 6
Total Money	436 3 6
Value of 592 Tickets	207 4 0
Total ..	£643 7 6

The band was removed behind the scenes; and so great was the demand for places, that the orchestra was converted into two rows of stalls. Eighty-one pounds were returned to persons who were unable to procure standing room. Charles Mathews, the elder, 'for that night only,' played Polonius; and William Macready, with a generosity that did him honour, condescended to undertake the spiritual function of the shadowy Ghost. There were many present on the occasion, who had watched the retiring actor throughout the whole of his career to its very close, who declared they had never seen him play with such effect. At the close of the tragedy, after the curtain had fallen, there was an interval of a few minutes, when it was raised again, and disclosed Young surrounded by the whole *corps dramatique*. He came forward, and thus addressed the audience:—

'LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.—I have often been before you with a fluttering heart and a faltering tongue; but never, till now, with a sense of pain and a degree of heaviness which almost still the beating of the one and impede the utterance of the other. I would fain have been spared this task; but if I had not complied with long-established usage, I should have laid myself open to the charge of want of respect for you. To usage, then, I bow.

'I very proudly acknowledge the indulgence, the great and continued kindness, you have shewn me for five-and-twenty years. You first received and encouraged my efforts with a Kemble, a Siddons, a Cooke, and an

O'Neil; and by their side I shared with them your applause. In this the very last hour of my theatrical life, I still find myself cheered, supported, and upheld by your presence and approbation. Although retirement from the stage, and from the excitement of an arduous profession, has been long my fervent wish, yet, believe me, there are feelings and associations connected with these walls, and with the very boards on which I stand, and where I have been so often cheered by your applause, which make me despair of finding words sufficient to express my gratitude. I throw myself on your indulgence to measure the extent of it by the kind rule you have always observed when you have secured it. I surely say no more than the truth when I state, that, whatever of good name or fortune I may have obtained, or whatever worldly ambition I may have gratified, I owe them all to you. It has been asked why I retire from the stage while still in possession of whatever qualifications I could ever pretend to, unimpaired. I will give you my *motives*, although I do not know you will accept them as *reasons:* but reason and feeling are not always cater-cousins. I feel, then, the toil and excitement of my calling weigh more heavily upon me than formerly; and if my qualifications are unimpaired, so I would have them remain in your estimate. I know that they were never worthy of the approbation with which you honoured them; but, such as they are, I am loth to remain before my patrons until I have nothing better to present to them than tarnished metal. Permit me, then, to hope that, on quitting this spot, I am honourably dismissed into private life, and that I shall

carry with me the kind wishes of all to whom I say respectfully and gratefully—Farewell.'

Young was often called an imitator of Kemble. A devout disciple of his school, he acknowledged himself to be; and considering that they played the same parts, and held the same principles of art, it were no wonder if community of sentiment begat similarity of style. But, intentional copyist he was not.

Before bringing this crude sketch to a close, I cannot resist telling three or four anecdotes of Charles Young, each of which reveals a different phase of his character.

1. He was always very glad to hear good preaching; and when residing at Brighton, in old age, was a constant attendant on the ministry of Mr. Sortain. Mr. Bernal Osborne told me that, one Sunday morning, he was shown into the same pew with my father, whom he knew. He was struck with his devotional manner during the prayers, and by his rapt attention during the sermon. But he found himself unable to maintain his gravity when, as the preacher paused to take breath after a long and eloquent outburst, the habits of the actor's former life betrayed themselves, and he uttered, in a deep undertone, the old familiar 'Bravo.'

2. He was sitting at dinner next a lady of rank and considerable ability, who was rather prone to entangle her neighbours at table in discussions on subjects on which she was well 'up,' when she, suddenly, appealed from the gentleman on her right, to my father, who was on her left, and asked him if he would be kind enough

to tell her the date of the Second Punic War. He, who had not the remotest idea whether it was 218 before Christ, or 200 after, and who was too honest to screen his ignorance under the plea of forgetfulness, turned to her and said, in his most tragic tones, 'Madam, I don't know anything about the Punic War; and, what is more, I never did. My inability to answer your question has wrung from me the same confession which I once heard made by a Lancashire farmer, with an air of great pride, when appealed to, by a party of his friends in a commercial room: "I tell ye what, in spite of all your bragging, I'll wedger (wager) I'm th' ignorantest man i' coompany."'

3. He was once dining at the house of a well-known nobleman, when a fashionable scion of the aristocracy, as if bent on insulting him, began to inveigh, in terms of more than ordinary rancour, on the degradations of the stage, and, to insist, pertinaciously, on the invariably vicious lives of actresses. Charles Young admitted that there was, unhappily, too much truth in his charges, but, humbly, submitted that they were too sweeping, and required qualification. 'They are all alike!' was the retort. 'Unhappily,' replied my father, 'a harshly-judging world, which winks at, and countenances, by its presence, successful vice in high places, has nothing but the cold shoulder and the harsh epithet for many whom destitution has driven, first, to despair and then to evil courses.' He, then, cited the honoured names of the late Countess of Derby, Countess of Craven, Countess of Essex, Lady Thurlow, and Lady Beecher, as instances of stainless characters, who had passed

through the furnace of temptation and come forth scathless. One lady, whose life and conduct had been from her childhood, as an open book, to Young, was, then, assailed by this gentleman, in the most unscrupulous manner. He boasted of his own familiarity with her, in terms so coarse, that, the indignant player rose from the table, uttering these words before he left the room :— 'If, Sir, you will prove the truth of your assertion, I will tender you, in the presence of these same gentlemen, the most abject apology on which they can insist; if you do not, whenever I hear your name I will brand it as that of a calumniator and braggart.' Bowing, then, politely to his host, he left the room, expecting that the matter would not end there. However, he never heard more from the gentleman in question.

4. On one of the very foggy nights of November, as Charles Young was stepping out of the stage door of Covent Garden theatre, on his way home (in such weather, he preferred braving the perils of the *trottoir* on foot to those of the *pavé* in a hackney coach), he heard the link-boy, whose aid on such nights was indispensable, apply abusive epithets to one of the many Circes, who used to hang on the skirts of the great theatres, and saw him push her rudely aside into the gutter. Young angrily remonstrated with him on his unmanly violence; and turned to look at the object of his ill-usage. She bore herself so meekly, and cast so sad and deprecating a look at him, that he called her to his side, snatched the link from the boy, and bade him follow, while he spoke to her. The direct and artless way in which she replied to his questions, the

diffidence of her manners, and the plaintive accents of her voice, encouraged him to hope that she was not yet so hardened in vice as to be irreclaimable; that, in short, she had been the reluctant victim of circumstances rather than a volunteer in the ways of sin. He gave her half-a-crown and his card, at the same time (with his address), and invited her to come to him the next morning at ten o'clock. She curtsied her acknowledgments, and forthwith vanished in the fog. The link-boy resumed his torch and his office, and, casting a familiar grin behind him, preceded his employer, and pioneered him safely home.

At the hour appointed on the following morning the young woman made her appearance. The particulars of the interview I never heard pass from my father's lips; in fact, the poor Magdalen's errors were never once alluded to by him to any one. From what I know of her story as told me forty years ago by a friend of her own, she was in the first instance blameless; for, she was no consenting party to her own undoing. Outraged by a villain, whose statement it was her father's interest to prefer to her's (he was the squire of the village in which she had been born, and was her father's landlord), she was disowned, thrust from the door, and flung penniless upon the streets.

As soon as Young, after rigid enquiry, had verified her statements, he offered to ensure her against penury, if she would promise to retire to some secluded spot and try to employ her remaining days usefully and virtuously. For two-and-thirty years—in short, until the day of her death—her annuity was paid

to her quarterly, without fail. She settled in a neat little cot in Bakewell, in Derbyshire, where she led not only a most respectable but a most useful life; for, out of her own slender pittance, she always found something to spare, for those still poorer than herself; and, wherever sickness or sorrow entered, in that house was she a willing and a welcome visitant. So prudently did she administer the funds at her disposal, that she not only died, owing no man anything, but left upwards of twenty pounds behind her to defray her funeral expenses. The last act of this poor Magdalen's life was to raise her emaciated hands and invoke a blessing on her benefactor's head.

Having told all the little I have to tell of my father in his public capacity, it may, not unreasonably, perhaps, be expected of me, that I should say something of him as he appeared in the daily relations of private life. All I can recall of it, during the years in which he was on the stage, is, that it was characterized by its remarkable simplicity, uniformity, and temperance.

Two or three days in the week, when the managers were playing old stock pieces, and there was no need for rehearsals, he would be sure to be found in the hunting field. As a rule, he played three nights in every week; and on the mornings of those days, he would keep as quiet as he could, to save his physical powers for the coming exertion of the evening. He would read or write till one; and, ride from one till three o'clock, when he would dine. Dinner was followed by an hour's siesta: a cup of coffee followed; and, at 5.30 he was off to his dressing-room at the

theatre. The instant his work was over, without staying—generally, without entering in—'the green room,' he would return to his apartments, and, rarely, be out of bed after 11.30 p. m.

When not 'on duty,' no man mixed more with society (and that the best); and no man relished his dinner more (though he never exceeded). Yet, whenever engaged in his calling, he was singularly, I may say, exceptionally, abstemious. I have known him, during the whole of one theatrical season, allow nothing but carrot soup and a pint of porter to pass his lips! Two mutton chops, dry bread, and half-a-pint of dry sherry, I have known to have had an uninterrupted run for two seasons! And I well remember his writing to me, once, from Dublin, where he was engaged for five weeks, and telling me that he had been 'indulging'; for, that, except on three days, two of which he had dined with the Lord Lieutenant, and the other with the Chancellor, he had rioted in boiled fowl, mashed potatoes, and a pint of weak brandy-and-water, every day, without intermission.

He had very marked peculiarities of taste and habit; but they were so harmless and original that they made intercourse with him all the more racy. He considered humidity the besetting sin of our insular climate; and, therefore, thought it expedient, to counteract its effects, by scientific rule. He had but little scientific knowledge, and, as I have less than none, I will not attempt to define what I do not understand: but he *talked* much of the benefits of the rarefaction of the air by means of heat. The

practical results of his theory I could understand, when I would enter his bed-room in the month of July, at night-time, and see a perfect furnace blazing up the chimney — his bed-room candle, lighted, on a chest of drawers; two wax candles, lighted, on the chimney; two, lighted, on his toilet-table; a policeman's lantern, lighted for the night; and the handle of a warming-pan protruding from his bed, and remaining there, till he was prepared to enter it.

Town-bred as well as town-born, he was a thorough cockney in his predilections and prejudices. He was of the street, streety; he hated green lanes, and loved the neighbourhood of shops; and preferred to hear the rumbling of cabs and omnibuses to the sound of the scythe, or the note of the nightingale. There was one thing in the country for which, however, he had a perfect passion, and, that was, to watch the sunsets. Otherwise, but for the hunting, and the social intercourse he enjoyed in large country houses, he could not be said to appreciate rural life for its own sake. He believed that, almost everything we eat and drink, except beef, mutton, game, and fish, was more or less adulterated. Not that he resented this as a wrong. In many cases, he reckoned it an improvement! For example, he greatly preferred coffee cum chicory, to coffee pure and simple. He preferred Champagne, compounded of tartar, sugar, alcohol, and the unripe gooseberry and currant, to the mere fermented juice of the grape. He preferred porter, concocted of pale malt, burnt sugar, liquorice, and coculus indicus, to plain honest brown malt. Of course, in the abstract, he

would not have justified the want of principle involved in debasing a pure article by dishonest admixture with other things; but, practically, he relished the result. Thus, for instance, he had a perfect aversion to a home-baked loaf—such a genuine horror, that I never knew him pay us a visit in the country without making a descent on some baker's shop on the road, and filling the carriage with white, vicious, alumy bread, sufficient to have lasted our household throughout a siege of moderate duration.

He had always been used to have his fires lighted with daintily-prepared chips; and as, in each fresh residence we had, he doubted our supply of the necessaries of life, as much as if our tent had been pitched in Lapland, he would generally bring with him a store of such goods, as he considered indispensable for his own comfort. Any one following him through our hall, a few minutes after his arrival, would have taken it for a general colonial store; so full would he have found it of the most incongruous articles,—portmanteaus, carpet-bags, saddles, Mackintosh cloaks, Mackintosh cushions, Mackintosh stomach-warmers, three or four double-actioned bellows, and, invariably, a large sack full of mysterious firework-looking articles, which were in fact, bits of wood glued together in this shape ✳, and coated over with a preparation of resin to make the pieces ignite more readily.

But, a truce to the enumeration of harmless peculiarities, which were the growth of the solitary life he had so long led, and which in no degree detracted from his sterling worth.

I shall now present to the reader a letter, written, at my request, by one who knew Charles Young intimately and loved him well, and whose keen appreciation of his drolleries, as well as of his amiability, still lingers in her heart and memory, after a lapse of fourteen years.

Before, however, I give her letter, I ought to mention, that, the last years of his life, with the exception of such visits as he paid to us, were spent entirely at Brighton. He would have ended his days under our roof at Fairlight, but for the nature of a painful malady, which made him dependent on prompt and frequent medical attendance; which he could only have in a town. Hastings, from its proximity to us, would have seemed the natural place for him to have settled in; but he had had too much experience of the great skill, fertility of resource, and tender care of Dr. James Oldham, of Brighton, to be happy under any hands than his.

'*September* 10, 1870. *London.*

'TO THE REV. JULIAN YOUNG.

'MY DEAR FRIEND.—It is not easy for me to do what you ask of me. I wish I could give a faithful sketch of your dear father as I knew him in his age. I fear to mar the beauty and dignity of the subject by bald and imperfect delineation; but I will, nevertheless, try to give a faint outline of the individuality of Charles Young; for it really ought not to be lost. Many, I am sure, who are too young to remember the actor, will love to retrace the social charm and

domestic virtues of the man. I was very young, when first I saw him. He must have been nearing his sixth decade; but the forty odd years which were between us did not seem to make any wide difference in our tastes and sympathies. He was singularly fitted to attract to him the young, of both sexes; but it was perhaps the fairer half, who understood him best. His long exposure to the corrupting influences of the theatre had never soiled the purity and innocency of his mind and heart. No Galahad ever wore a whiter shield! In many homes, where family life and the pure rule of motherhood were seen in all their sacred beauty, Charles Young was welcomed as a trusted and devoted friend and adviser. Until you became a husband, he was thrown as it were, on other homes for domestic life; for, never since the death of his fair young wife, had he desired to marry again. Her memory reigned in his deepest affections; and, possibly, the remarkable blamelessness of his walk and conversation was attributable to his perfect remembrance of the thirteen or fourteen brief months of wedded life which had been granted to his youth. His gifts and accomplishments were various. His musical taste, his melodious voice, his wide range of anecdote, his extensive knowledge of life, his humorous power of portraying character, his arch, droll, waggish ways and stories, lent to his companionship a charm, which rendered him a desired guest in many of the stateliest homes of our aristocracy; where young men and maidens would gather round him eagerly, the one to discuss the incidents of 'the run,' and the comparative merits of dogs and horses (for your father, as you know, rode well and delighted in the chase); the other to beg for hints over their song-books, and

to listen to his exquisite recitations, while all, of every age and degree, could thoroughly enjoy the waggery of his spirit, and join in the laughter called forth by his innocent peculiarities. He had a somewhat stately manner, tinged, no doubt, by the old dramatic element, which was so pronounced in him; and so far he certainly was artificial; but, this was easily distinguishable from his true nature; so that it only imparted a kind of grotesque flavour to his quaint and, sometimes, grandiloquent treatment of trifles. It is difficult, in writing, to give any illustration of this; but, to the old friends, who still cling with love and honour to his memory, it will recur at once, as having given a piquancy to his manner quite irresistible. As time ran on, and the black hair became silvered, and the Roman features lost something of their classic sternness, and the well-balanced figure began to stoop, a deeper tenderness and seriousness gave new interest to his character. Naturally, he had a devout frame of mind; and now he declined reading any of the lighter literature of the day, and confined himself to meditation on the sublimer mysteries of the Christian faith with the simple heart of a little child, often asking questions, on these subjects, of persons much younger than himself, and receiving their answers with a docility that was touching. His charity was large and fervent; and he could not understand the divisions and disputes, which seemed to him to disfigure the beauty of the spiritual life of, otherwise, good men. His person was well known at Brighton, at this time, where he passed the decline of his days. Friends, in plenty, clustered round his couch, or gladly sat with him, in the gloaming, as he hummed his songs of the olden time; for his piano was a never-failing re-

source—a beloved companion, up to within a few hours of his death. He had a faithful heart for humble friends; and those, who had known him through his upward career, were cherished by him to the last, and remembered in his parting bequests. Many were the acts of large and thoughtful liberality, that signalized his life throughout long years, and which became known, only, when infirmity and failing memory obliged him to lean on others, as his almoners. By the side of his sick bed stood a little mahogany table with an ever-opening drawer, into which the large white hand would be thrust, as oft as any tale of sorrow or application for help reached his ear. "What will ye have?" was the only question asked, and out came the gold and silver without stint: and, "Mind ye, let me know when ye want more for the poor creatures!" was sure to be his parting injunction. The profile sketch, made by yourself, is very like what he was at this period of his life, though it needs colour to give the fine Rembrandt tone, which really made his head a study for a painter. I have often wished that Gainsborough or Sir Joshua could have drawn him, as he sate in his richly-brocaded dressing-gown and black velvet cap, with the dark eye gleaming from under the great eyebrow, the snowy hair and grave, serene, mouth firmly closed, until some sally of nonsense from one of his grandsons, or some stray joke from an odd nook in his own memory would light up the old face with the rippling sunshine of mirth, and show how light a heart he carried beneath the burden of his four score years.

'There are kind eyes and loving hearts who, perhaps for his sake, may read your memoir, and these words of mine, and who will know that what I have



CHARLES MAYNE YOUNG, J. C. Y. *del.*

Six months before death.

briefly set down in memoriam of Charles Mayne Young is strictly within the limits of truth. Much more might be told of his kindly generous heart and simple mind; but more than enough has been said for those who knew him not. To those who did, and who count it a joy for ever to have loved and been beloved by him, I commend his dear memory. Actor though he was, he wore the grand old name of gentleman unsullied to the end, and died in the fullness of his years beloved, honoured, and lamented. R. I. P.'

Julia Ann, the wife of Charles Mayne Young, died in the first week of July, 1806, aged 21. She lies in Prestwich churchyard, near Manchester, where her grave is often visited by those who knew her story.

Charles Mayne Young died on the 28th of June, 1856, aged 79, just fifty years after his young wife. He lies in the churchyard of Southwick, near Brighton, Sussex.

FIFTY YEARS of separation might well have dimmed the bright image of the one love of his youth.

FIFTY YEARS, the first half of which were passed amid the fevering influences of the stage, the latter half in the pleasant circles of social life, where he was welcomed by the very highest in the land.

FIFTY YEARS, during which he was treated with such flattering confidence and affection by women, as might well have obscured, if it did not obliterate, the memory of his lost wife. But it was not so.

In moments of family intercourse, when his tongue was unloosed, and when he would give utterance to the deeper secrets, which a loyal heart holds sacred, he loved to revert to her beauty, her tenderness to him,

her devotion to her parents, her renunciation of a far higher station than that of an actor's wife, from delicate consideration for the pride of those who had loved and cherished her.

At such times he would take from out the recesses of a secret drawer her miniature, and as he gazed upon it, till the tears ran down his furrowed cheeks, he would deplore its unworthy presentment of her sweet face, and then he would produce from out a cherished morocco case a long tress of chestnut hair cut from her luxuriant locks; and as he grew older and drew nearer to the solemn portal of the unseen state, whither she had so long preceded him, the reality of that love, stronger than death itself, became more evident. A few words spoken by the old man, as he lay half unconscious—aye, while the damp dews of death were gathering over his brow—revealed how truly and how fondly he had clung through life to the memory of his beloved, and how solely and supremely she had reigned over his purest affections.

'Thank God, I shall soon see my Julia,' were almost the last words that fell from his dying lips.

CHAPTER V.

JOURNAL—JULIAN CHARLES YOUNG.

1806. June 30. I made my first appearance on the stage of life only ten days before my poor mother's farewell from it. So inconsolable was my father for his loss, and so painfully was the fact of my existence associated in his mind with his bereavement, that for the first six years of my life he could not endure the sight of me.

1812. During this year I was withdrawn from the fostering care of the lady I have mentioned in my memoir of my father, and made over to that of the late Dr. Charles Richardson, the celebrated lexicographer, who then had a school at Clapham. For ten years I was under his tuition and tutelage, in company with Charles James Mathews, the son of the comedian, and John Mitchell Kemble, the son of Charles, who afterwards distinguished himself by his proficiency in Anglo-Saxon literature.

My own scholastic attainments during these ten precious years deserve no mention; for, if they were not below the average of boys of my own age, they were certainly not above it. There can be no intrinsic interest in my life for any one; therefore I mean to

write as little about myself as I well can. My name will, rarely, appear, except where its connection with others makes it necessary I have acknowledged the superficiality and insignificance of my acquirements as a scholar. But it would be mock modesty if I hesitated to avow, that, if as a scholar I was commonplace, as a horse, I distanced all competitors.

There prevailed throughout the school the propensity which appertains to most boys, viz. that of aping the tastes and manners of their elders and their betters. As the keeping a horse and carriage of some sort was deemed an infallible criterion of wordly position, there were few who could afford it (in other words, whose pocket-money amounted to threepence a week) who did not deny themselves other indulgences, that they might compass the luxury of purchasing and maintaining a horse. The monied men among us—that is to say, 'the big boys' and 'parlour-boarders'—in their dealings with each other, whether as buyers or as sellers, invariably affected the slang phraseology and adopted the questionable fashions of the Turf. A wisp of straw between the teeth, hats cocked on the side of the head, legs straddled wide apart, the faculty of whistling and spitting, as the comparative perfections or blemishes of horses put up for sale were descanted on, were deemed essential qualifications for those who aspired to be leaders of *ton* among us.

We had our Tattersall's. We had our 'Ride' (the shed meant to protect us against rain), in which animals of all kinds were trotted out for the satisfaction of purchasers—'Suffolk punches' (always fat stocky chaps),

'Irish horses with plenty of bone' (always thin boys, with big joints), 'thoroughbred hacks' (always the tallest and most gentlemanlike lads). We had our rostrum for the auctioneer (a wheelbarrow turned topsy-turvy) from which Tom Husband, hammer in hand, held forth. We had our circulating medium—not vulgar coin, as gold, or silver, or copper; but an equivalent, in the shape of lemon-cakes, and parliament, and toffee.

When anything in horseflesh more than usually spicy and showy was wanted, I was always the first brought to the hammer; and after much animated competition invariably realized the highest price. Not that my merit consisted in the beauty or harmony of my proportions, but in the splendour of my action. The auctioneer would generally describe me as 'a rum 'un to look at, but a good 'un to go.' I remember when first, after much wrangling between two bidders, I was knocked down to Charles Mathews. From that moment my pre-eminence was established. He had been at Merchant Tailors'—a *Public* School! therefore he was considered an accomplished man of the world compared with the rest of us. He was two years older than any of us; he was richer than any of us. A sovereign in gold, and nearly a sovereign's worth of silver, had been seen in his purse! His allowance, besides, was a shilling a week, whereas no one else had more than threepence. His stud of horses was the largest and best appointed. Where most were obliged to be content with a single horse and chaise (the chaise was a myth) he never drove less than two, in tandem; and sometimes four in a drag. Everything belonging to

him was well turned out. His bits, with cheeks of different lengths, for tough or tender mouths, were made of boxwood; his traces were of broad webbing; his reins were of ribbon; his whip was one of Crowther and Callow's best—(I can swear to that from painful experience). If our coats stared, it was not from want of grooming: for his stable-boys had such a passion for whisping and curry-combing and strapping, that, if it had not been for 'the dread of something after,' I should have jumped over the palings and run away, to escape the irritating manipulation of their 'itching palms.' If, on the other hand, anything could have reconciled our equine natures to our destiny, it would have been the liberality with which we were treated at 'feeding time.' I must say that a tendency to use the whip too freely was the besetting sin of all who drove their own horses. I am sure I had more than my share of castigation. Fearfully so, whenever the two fair daughters of our Gamaliel appeared at the windows of their bedroom; for then a violent but unequal rivalry ensued between the horse and his driver, each doing his best to win their notice. As for myself, conscious of the eyes that were on me, I would arch my neck, and foam at the mouth, and indulge in such high action, bending my knee nearly to my chin, prancing, curvetting, plunging and kicking, that my inhuman driver, incensed at the admiration I was exciting, and not less anxious to display his own dexterity as a Jehu, would uncoil the thong of his whip to its utmost length, and malignantly flank me in the most sensitive part of my body, and send me howling to my stable a sadder and a humbler brute.

1813. I forget in what month it was in this year that I was taken to see a man pilloried in the Haymarket. He was placed on the parapet above a small house just above Charles-street, and exposed to the merciless peltings of a truculent mob. At the time I felt shocked, to think of so much power being put into their hands to wound and bruise a fellow creature in cold blood. But now I revert to it with horror. Thank God it has been expunged from the Statute Book. It was a disgrace to a civilized community that such a relic of barbarism should have been tolerated so long.

1817. June 18. I was taken to lunch with the Hon. Mrs. Bouverie, in Somerset Place, Somerset House, to see Waterloo Bridge opened by the Regent, the Duke of Wellington, and others. The Duchess, Mrs. Bouverie's intimate friend, was of the party at lunch.

In the year 1821, being considered too old to remain longer with advantage at a private school, and too young for admission at Oxford, my father, who had been assured that my youth (I was fifteen) would not disqualify me for admission into the Scotch University of St. Andrew's, wrote to Walter Scott to ask him his opinion on the subject. He replied that, though he had a very high one, he would rather my father did not take any decisive step until he had seen his son-in-law Lockhart, who had greater familiarity with the place than any he could boast. To this end he proposed that we should go and stay a few days at Abbotsford. Before describing the visit, I may as well state the result of it. It was arranged that I should pass a three years' course at St. Andrew's; but as 'the term' did not commence for three or four

months, that I should spend the interim under the care of a Dr. Gillespie, a personal friend of Lockhart's, a joint contributor with him to 'Blackwood's Magazine,' an excellent scholar, and the son-in-law of Dr. John Hunter, the Professor of Humanity at St. Andrew's.

We left Edinburgh the day before we were expected at Abbotsford, in an open carriage, for Melrose. There we dined and slept. Shortly after eight o'clock next morning we proceeded, by invitation, to breakfast at Abbotsford. As we drew near the house, which had been designated 'a romance in stone and lime,' the thought of soon beholding the Great Magician in 'his habit as he lived,' caused my heart to throb high with joy—a joy not altogether unmixed with awe.

As we turned into the gate, and were being driven round towards the stables, my father jogged my elbow, and told me to look to the right. On doing so, I perceived, at a table in a window, a figure busily engaged in writing, which was none other than the Wizard's self. I saw his hand glibly gliding over the pages of his paper—the hand whose unwearied activity had dispensed pleasure to so many thousands—the hand whose daily perseverance had so excited the astonishment of its owner's opposite neighbour[1] when he lived in Castle Street, Edinburgh—the hand which, years after, when his daughter put the pen into it, refused its wonted office.

As soon as we had disencumbered ourselves of our luggage and our wrappers, we were ushered into a handsome dining-room, in which the breakfast equipage was set, and the loud-bubbling urn was emitting volumes of

[1] Vide Lockhart's 'Life of Scott,' vol. iii. p. 128.

steam. The party gathered there together consisted of Lady Scott, Miss Scott, Charles Scott, and his friend Mr. Surtees.

It was not long before we heard the eager tread of a stamping heel resounding through the corridor, and in another second the door was flung open, and in limped Scott himself. Although eight-and-forty years have passed away since that memorable morning, the great man's person is as palpably present to me as it then was when in the flesh. His light blue, waggish eye, sheltered, almost screened, by its overhanging penthouse of straw-coloured bushy brows, his scant, sandy-coloured air, the Shakspearian length of his upper lip, his towering Pisgah of a forehead, which gave elevation and dignity to a physiognomy otherwise deficient in both, his abrupt movements, the mingled humour, urbanity, and benevolence of his smile, all recur to me with startling reality. He was dressed in a green cut-away coat with brass buttons, drab vest, trowsers, and gaiters, with thick shoes on his feet, and a sturdy staff in his hand. He looked like a yeoman of the better class; but his manners bespoke the ease, self-possession, and courtesy of a high-bred gentleman. Nothing could exceed the winning cordiality of his welcome. After wringing my father's hand, he laid his own gently on my shoulders, and asked my Christian name. As soon as he heard it, he exclaimed with emphasis—'Why, who is he called after?' 'It is a fancy name in memoriam of his mother, compounded of her two names, Julia Ann.' 'Well! it is a capital name for a novel, I must say.'

This circumstance would be too trivial to mention,

were it not, that, in the very next novel which appeared 'by the Author of Waverley,' the hero's name was Julian. I allude, of course, to 'Peveril of the Peak.'

We sat down at once to breakfast; such a one as I had never seen before, and never have seen since. It reminded me of a certain one at Tillietudlam given by a certain Lady Margaret Bellenden. Besides tea and coffee and cocoa, there was oatmeal parritch, wheaten bread, and 'bannocks o' barley meal,' and rolls; and on the sideboard, venison pasty, ham, collared eel, kippered salmon, reindeer tongue, and a silver flagon of claret. Though the bill of fare was tempting, and the keen morning air through which we had driven might be supposed to have given an edge to my appetite, I was so excited by everything I saw around me, that it failed me altogether. I could but sit still and nervously crumble my bread, and listen to the sparkling conversation at the table.

Breakfast ended, Scott told us that 'the lion must retire to his den till lunch time, when he should be at large, though perfectly tame and submissive to orders. Meanwhile,' said he, 'I consign you, Young, to my lady's care, or, if you prefer it, to Charles'. You will find him an experienced master of the ceremonies; and if Julian would like it, I can lend him a gun, and he might bring us home a hare or two for dinner.'

As I was no shot, I preferred accompanying my father round the house and grounds, under the guidance of our *cicerone*, who justified his father's commendations by the readiness with which he gave us chapter and verse for all the many curiosities within and without,

and thus pleasantly wiled away the time till luncheon was announced. The nature of the conversation which took place during the despatch of that meal I am unable to recall; although I have rather an uncomfortable recollection of a speech of Lady Scott's, which startled me by its apparent want of appreciation of her husband. I daresay it was said without any real meaning, but none the less it had a discordant sound which grated on my ears. My father had been admiring the proportions of the room and the fashion of its ceiling. She, observing his head uplifted, and his eyes directed towards it, exclaimed, in her droll Guernsey accent, 'Ah! Mr. Young, you may look up at the bosses on the ceiling as long as you like; but you must not look down at my poor carpet, for I am ashamed of it. I must get Scott to write some more of his nonsense books and buy me a new one!'

As she was in the secret of the authorship of the novels, and was pledged, in common with all the family, to keep it inviolate, it is clear that, when she spoke of his nonsense books, she must have referred to his poems, about which there was no disguise.

Luncheon concluded, it was proposed that we should ride, under Scott's guidance, to Dryburgh Abbey. As soon as he had seen us mounted on his two well-bred hacks, with an alacrity striking in a lame man, he flung his right leg over the back of his iron-grey cob, and summoning around him Maida his deer-hound, Hamlet his jet black greyhound, and two Dandie Dinmont terriers, between all of whom and their master there evidently existed the freemasonry of a common attachment, he

put spurs to his horse and started off at a sharp trot for our destination. He seemed to enjoy the exhilaration of fast riding; for he soon broke into a hand gallop with all the high animal spirits of a boy just out of school. Now and then he would rein up his steed rather abruptly to point out to our notice objects of romantic or legendary interest: here, were sites memorable because of raids and forays committed on them by Border chiefs; there, our attention was called to changes effected in the outline and surface of the country, since my father's last visit, through improved agriculture. Then we listened to his hopeful auguries of the tale his fir plantations would tell when they should have attained to larger growth! When we arrived at Dryburgh, the stores of archæological lore connected with the abbey, which he poured forth with lavish volubility, astounded me; although I must own I was a far more appreciative listener when he told us his racy anecdotes of Lord Buchan's eccentricities and Harry Erskine's wit.

By the time we had reached home, after our delightful ride, the gong was sounding for dressing. On descending to the drawing-room, we found several friends and neighbours of Scott's assembled there. They were all strangers to me, and therefore it is no wonder that I should forget their names. The dinner, in point of profusion, was exactly what I might have expected from the foretaste I had had at luncheon and breakfast. The characteristic feature of the meal was its absence of all stiffness and restraint—indeed, its joyous hilarity; and yet the laws of *bienséance* were never violated. There was, however, one material drawback to my entire

enjoyment of my dinner, in the droning notes of the bagpipe, which never intermitted till the cloth was about to be removed. I can well believe that, to a native Scot, the historical associations of the bagpipe may be most endearing; nor will I deny that, in certain states of the atmosphere, when sound is mellowed by distance, or when it is heard on a march by the hillside, or used as a stimulus to exhausted nerves in action, as was the case at Waterloo, or as a cordial for the drooping hearts of captives, as at Lucknow, it must have a music of its own which none else can equal. But, to unfamiliar and sensitive English ears, its buzzing din interrupting conversation, distracting attention, and irritating the temper, it certainly is a nuisance. Walter Scott was a Scotchman, and loved to keep up feudal habits, and therefore to him it was the very reverse. It was an established *usage de maison* that John of Skye, a grand fellow, in full Highland costume — a lineal descendant of Wallace, by the bye, — should, during the hour of dinner, parade up and down in front of the windows, and squeak and squeal away, until summoned to receive his reward. When the cheese had been removed, and the cloth brushed, a footman stood at the *right* of 'the sheriff' (as his retainers loved to call him), and the piper at the *left*, still bonnetted. The footman poured forth a bumper of Glenlivet and handed it to his master; he, in turn, passed it on to John of Skye. There was a smack of the lips, a stately bow to the company, and the Highlander was gone.

After the gentlemen were supposed to have had their

quantum of wine, they withdrew to the armoury for coffee, where the ladies joined them. In the centre of a small, dimly-lighted chamber, the walls of which were covered with morions, and claymores, and pistols, and carbines, and cuirasses, and antique shields and halberds, &c., &c., each piece containing a history in itself, sat the generous host himself in a high-backed chair. He would lead the conversation to the mystic and the supernatural, and tell us harrowing tales of glamour and second sight and necromancy; and, when he thought he had filled the scene enough, and sufficiently chilled our marrows, he would call on Adam Ferguson for one of his Jacobite relics—such as 'Hey, Johnny Cope, are ye wauking yet,' or 'The Laird o' Cockpen,' or 'Wha wad na fecht for Charlie?'—and these he sang with such point and zest, and such an under-current of implication, that you felt sure in what direction his own sympathies would have flowed had he been out in 'the '45.' When he had abdicated the chair, my father was called upon to occupy it, and he gave us, from memory, the whole of 'Tam o' Shanter.' It seemed to be an invariable custom at Abbotsford, that every one admitted within its circle should utilize the gift within him, so as to contribute to the common stock of social amusement. As I have mentioned my father's recitation of 'Tam o' Shanter,' I may as well introduce here Lady Dacre's lines addressed to him after hearing him read them years before.

TO MR. YOUNG,

On his reading 'Tam o' Shanter' with peculiar spirit.

'The same rude winds wi' mighty sweep
Upheave the waters of the deep,
To dash them on ilk jutting steep
Their fury meets,
And cozie 'mang low flowrets creep,
Stealing their sweets.

And suns that rear the forest's pride,
To bear upo' the subject tide
Britannia's thunders far and wide,
Wi' milder ray
Will glint adown the copsewood side
On ilka spray.

So thou wi' learn'd and tunefu' tongue
Wilt pour, mellifluous, full and strong,
Great Shakspeare's bold, creative song
Wi' master skill
Resistless to the list'ning throng
Thou swayst at will:

And Tam o' Shanter, roaring fou,
By thee embodied to our view,
The rustic bard would own sae true,
He scant could tell
Wha 'twas the living picture drew,
Thou, or himsell.'

When we had retired to bed, my nerves were so much on the stretch, in consequence of all I had seen and heard, that I could not sleep till morning. As I lay pondering on the character and qualities of our host, I could not help thinking how much the circumstances which surround a man, conjoined, no doubt, with organization and temperament, help to mould the poet. Thus, for instance, if he take 'man' for his theme, he will write

best of that class of men with which he has mingled most: while, if he look to 'nature' for his subject, he will paint her best in those of her forms with which he is most familiar. I think there can be no question, that, the early life and bodily training of Scott had much to do with the formation of his mind, and with the character of his compositions. 'A wild and woodland rover,' of so much thew and muscle, spending so much of his youth in the open air, now dashing through the foaming flood after the otter, now stalking the roe-deer, 'free to tread the heather where he would,' could hardly fail to have the range of his sensibility to beauty enlarged and quickened by the romantic scenery around him: while the legendary tales and the historic associations with which the Highlands and the Lowlands teem, would impregnate his ardent fancy with a fecundity of imagery which, while it explains his marvellous descriptive power, and the masculine vigour of his verse, also accounts for its utter absence of passion and of sentiment.

Nothing in Walter Scott struck me more than his ignorance of pictures and his indifference to music. There was not one picture of sterling merit on his walls! A young lady in the house sang divinely: but her singing gave him no pleasure. He was much too honest to affect to be what he was not, or to have what he had not; thus he admitted 'that he had a reasonable good ear for a jig,' but confessed that 'solas and sonatas gave him the spleen.' The late Sir Robert Peel also hated music; and Rogers used to say, when speaking of Lord Holland, that 'he had so little appreciation of art, that

he firmly believed painting gave him no pleasure; while music gave him absolute pain.' Byron, again, like Tasso, cared so little for architecture, that he lived nine months in Pisa before he cast an eye on the Baptistery; and Madame de Staël cared so little for the grandest scenery in the world, that though she lived so long at Copet, she never cared to see the glaciers. In the instances I have cited deficiencies in taste do not much surprise me; but it did disappoint me to find that one who had painted natural scenery with such artistic power and fidelity, and who had composed lays as tuneful as those of 'The Last Minstrel,' could be insensible to the charms of the twin sisters, Music and Painting.

Each day that we remained at Abbotsford, fresh visitors came to dine, or sleep, or both, with two exceptions. Once we dined at six, and went to Melrose by moonlight to see the abbey. Every one who has read 'The Lay' remembers the opening of the second Canto.

> 'If thou would'st view fair Melrose aright,
> Go visit it by the pale moonlight.'

Now, I have so often heard it confidently asserted that the writer of those lines never visited Melrose, himself, by moonlight, that, considering the lapse of years and the lapses of a treacherous memory, I am disposed to doubt the correctness of my own impressions. But that my father, Ferguson, and I, went one night after dinner, in Scott's sociable, to Melrose by moonlight I will swear; and, but for the many statements to the contrary, I would have sworn that I distinctly remem-

bered Scott himself sitting opposite to me in a queer cap with a Lowland plaid crossed over his breast, and saying, after my father had repeated in the churchyard Gray's Elegy, 'Bravo, Young'; but I so often find myself mistaken, where memory is concerned, that I doubt my own evidence. Until I am contradicted, however, I shall believe, that another day we all went to Chiefswood and dined with Lockhart and his sweet wife. I was much struck with Lockhart's beauty. He was in the prime of life: the sorrows of after years had not grizzled his jet black curly locks; nor had time dimmed the lustre of his splendid eye. His deference and attention to his father-in-law, it was delightful to witness. After dinner I had another opportunity of observing Scott's insensibility to music, when detached from association. Two sisters sang duetts in French, Italian, German, and Spanish, with equal address. One had a clear soprano voice, the other a rich contralto. Their vocalization was faultless, their expression that of real feeling. I was so bewitched with their singing, that I could not refrain from an occasional glance at Scott, to see if he were proof against such captivation. But the more they sang, and the better they sang, the more impenetrable did he appear. He sat, absent, abstracted, with lip drawn down and chin resting on his gold-headed crutch, his massy eyebrows contracted, and his countenance betokening 'a sad civility.' At last, Mrs. Lockhart, thinking she had sufficiently taxed the good nature of her gifted friends, uncovered her harp, and began to play the air of 'Charlie is my darling.'

The change which instantly passed o'er the spirit of the poet's dream was most striking. Pride of lineage, love of chivalry, strong leanings to the Stuart cause, were all visibly fermenting in the brain of the enthusiastic bard. His light blue eye kindled, the blood mantled in his cheek, his nostril quivered, his big chest heaved, until, unable longer to suppress the emotion evoked by his native melodies in favour of a ruined cause, he sprang from his chair, limped across the room, and, to the peril of those within his reach, brandishing his crutch as if it had been a brand of steel, shouted forth with more of vigour than of melody, 'And a' the folk cam running out to greet the Chevalier! Oh! Charlie is my darling,' &c.

This honest, irrepressible outburst of natural feeling would have thrown his friend Tom Moore into convulsions; for he once told Lord and Lady Lansdowne, at Bowood, when I was present, that he had been invited, when in Edinburgh, by Blackwood, to one of his suppers at Ambrose's. On going there he found many he knew—Scott, Lockhart, Jeffery, Muir, John Wilson, James Ballantyne, and three or four ladies; and, among their number, two peeresses, who had, only that very day, begged for an invitation, in the hope of meeting Moore. Their presence being unexpected by the majority of the club, the members had dropped in in their morning dress; while the two ladies 'of high degree' were in full evening costume, or, as Moore described it, 'in shoulders.' When supper was half over, James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, appeared. A chair had been designedly left vacant for him between the two aristocrats. His approach was discernible before his

person was visible; for he came straight from a cattle fair, and was reeking with the unsavoury odours of the sheep and pigs and oxen, in whose company he had been for hours. Nevertheless he soon made himself at home with the fair ladies on each side of him: somewhat too much so; for, supper over, the cloth withdrawn, and the toddy introduced, the song going round, and his next door neighbours being too languid in their manner of joining in the chorus to please him, he turned first to the right hand, then to the left, and slapped both of them on their backs with such good will as to make their blade bones ring again; then, with the yell of an Ojibbaway Indian, he shouted forth 'Noo then, leddies, follow me! "Heigh tutti, tutti! Heigh tutti, tutti!"'

Moore expressed himself as horrified at Scott's want of refinement in giving his countenance to such people as Hogg, and taking part in such orgies as the 'Noctes Ambrosianæ.'

On quitting Abbotsford, my father took me to Cults, and left me there, under the temporary charge of the gentleman who, I have already stated, had been recommended by John Gibson Lockhart. Cults was a retired country manse, in rather a pretty and very livable country, where there were no distractions if I wished to study, and capital trout-fishing if I wished for recreation. It was four miles from Cupar, of which, at that time, the late Lord Campbell's father was the rector. Over the gate of the entrance of the manse, carved on the stone lintel, were the following lines:—

'Inveni portum, spes et fortuna, valete!
Sat mihi lusistis, ludite, nunc, alios!'

I have nothing to tell of my temporary *séjour* in this place, except to say that I found in the Doctor an accomplished scholar and a kind friend, whose keen sense of the ludicrous made him a most congenial companion in leisure hours.

On the commencement of term I left Cults for St. Andrew's, and found myself a stranger in a strange place, and, *horrisco referens*, at fifteen years of age, my own master; living in lodgings of my own choice; uncontrolled by any one; with license unlimited to do as I listed, to select my own tutor, and to attend whatever lectures I pleased.

It was, if I remember rightly, in October 1821 that I first went up to college. The session used to last from October till May, so that I had to return to England from May till October for the three years during which I was considered a St. Andrew's scholar—ample time for me to have unlearned all I had acquired, had I been so minded. The transition from the restraints and discipline of boyhood to the life and independence of premature manhood was very startling. It was a great mercy that no harm resulted from the latitude of action allowed me. The town itself, from its proximity to the sea, its healthiness, its remoteness from any place of dissipation, and the quietude of its streets, seemed marked out by the finger of nature as a place to be dedicated to study; and certainly, if any one who went there with the professed object of education, failed to improve his opportunities, it was not from want of efficiency on the part of its professors. I doubt if any one college in either of the great English universities could have boasted, at that time, of

more scholarly names than those of Dr. John Hunter, Professor of Humanity, and Alexander, Professor of Greek; or of men of greater scientific attainment than Dr. Jackson, Professor of Natural Philosophy; Duncan, Professor of Mathematics; Dr. James Hunter, Professor of Logic; Buist, Professor of Hebrew; and Dr. Chalmers, Professor of Moral Philosophy.

Many of these names may be unknown to English ears, but they are all embalmed in the affectionate recollection of those who studied under them.

On my return to St. Andrew's in 1822, after spending the vacation in London, I found that, by going back a week or two before the opening of the classes, I should have a chance of being in Edinburgh when George IV paid his visit there. I took care, therefore, to arrive the day before he was expected in the Scotch metropolis. It would be absurd for me to attempt to reproduce, in detail, scenes which have already been described with such graphic ability by Lockhart. But I may be pardoned, perhaps, for saying that the impression made on my youthful imagination, at the time, was so powerful, that the lapse of eight-and-forty years has failed to blunt the edge of retrospection. I still see, through the mists of memory, the same multiplicity of objects which flashed in rapid review before me as I landed from the steamer and drove through the crowded, busy streets of Auld Reekie. I can hardly, now, disabuse myself of the notion of having been suddenly transported into some continental city during the gayest season of its carnival.

The general aspect of the principal thoroughfares,

sparkling with every imaginable variety of colour and costume—the native beauty of Arthur's Seat, heightened by scores of picturesque tents, which gave it the air of a mountain invested by a hostile force—the rarely frequented road on Salisbury Crags, crowded with soldiers in scarlet uniforms—the grim old castle, with its yawning cannon, its bristling bayonets, and banners flaunting and fluttering from the outer walls—the motley crowds of handsomely-dressed strangers hurrying to and fro—the buoyant step of the Royal Archers, clad in Lincoln Green—the sturdy limbs and lofty bearing of the Highland clans, who had never left their heathery braes save at the bidding of their chiefs—the variegated tartans, the nodding plumes, the parti-coloured plaids of the Camerons and Grants, the McLeods, the Macphersons, the McGregors, the McKays,—all, all now rise before me like the shifting changes of a kaleidoscope; and present such a rich and rare combination of the historic, the poetic, the romantic, and the dramatic, as to have made me doubt whether I was not the dupe of a fantastic dream. If the balance of my mind was upset by the whirl of excitement in which I found myself plunged, I only shared, after all, in the national intoxication under which sober-minded Scotland and her lovely capital literally reeled. What with the gathering of the clans, the influx of English, and the eagerness of country lairds to greet their king, 'the land of brown heath and shaggy wood' appeared to have poured the whole of its mountain and lowland population, like a flood, upon the modern Athens. There were many more heads in the town than there were roofs to cover them. The demand

for beds was greater than the supply. Hundreds of decent folk gave fabulous prices for the rudest accommodation that could be extemporized for them on the common stairs; and many of the rural poor were said to have sold the very beds from under them that they might be able to get but a peep at their sovereign, and pour forth the tribute of their loyal hearts at his feet.

1822. August 14. The Royal yacht, 'The George,' arrived this day in the Leith Roads; but the rain poured down in such torrents and so unceasingly, that Scott was commissioned to put off to the King and humbly request that he would postpone his landing till next day. Lockhart, in his 'Life of Scott,' says, that as soon as the King heard that Scott was alongside, he exclaimed, 'What! Sir Walter Scott! The man in Scotland I most wish to see! Let him come up.'

'He then ascended the ship, and was presented to the King on the quarter-deck; where, after an appropriate speech, in the name of the ladies of Edinburgh, he presented his Majesty with a St. Andrew's Cross, in silver, which his fair subjects had provided for him.' This Lockhart inserts in his book as an extract from the newspaper of the day; but he does not tell of the following speech made by Sir Walter to the King:—'Impatient, Sire, as your loyal subjects are to see you plant your foot upon their soil, they hope you will consent to postpone your public entry until to-morrow. In seeing the state of the weather, I am, myself, forcibly reminded of a circumstance which once occurred to me. I was about to make a tour through the Western Highlands with part of my family. I wrote to the innkeeper of a certain

hostelrie[2], where I meant to halt a day or two, to have rooms prepared for me. On the day appointed it rained, as it does to-day, ceaselessly. As we drew near our quarters, we were met on the hill over his house by our Boniface, with bared head, and backing every yard as I advanced, who thus addressed me:—"Gude guide us, Sir Walter! This is just awfu'! Sic an a downpour! Was ever the like? I really beg your pardon! I'm sure its no fault o' mine. I canna think how it should happen to rain this way, just as you, o' a' men of the warld, should come to see us! It looks amaist personal! I can only say, for my part, I'm just ashamed o' the weather!" And so, Sire, I do not know that I can improve upon the language of the honest innkeeper! I canna think how it should rain this way, just as your Majesty, of all men in the world, should have condescended to come and see us. I can only say, in the name of my countrymen, I'm just ashamed o' the weather!'

August 15. The King and his people were amply rewarded for their patience during the clouds of yesterday, by the sunshine of to-day. The public entry, unique in its arrangements, and in the care which had been bestowed on its details, was a most august and thrilling spectacle. The procession had been got up and was arranged by Sir Walter. Nothing struck me more forcibly than the towering indifference with which the privates of the Highland clans regarded the illustrious visitor, some of them hardly deigning to cast a look at him. Glengarry's men and tail, who preceded

[2] It was the inn at Arroquhar, on Loch Long.

the royal carriages, instead of playing the National Anthem, or some other air appropriate to the occasion, struck up 'The Campbells are coming, oh! oh!' I well remember the undisguised astonishment expressed in the King's face as, on passing the High School, and casting a glance to his left, he beheld, on Arthur's Seat, a huge hill of human life, and the pallor which overspread it as, on looking down the whole perspective of Prince's Street, he saw the sea of men and women surging from one end of it to the other! He rose—threw up his hands and arms; then sank back in his carriage, and burst into tears.

I was not at the theatre when the King visited it; nor at the banquet given to him in the Parliament House; still less likely was it, at my age, and in my humble position, that I should have been at the *levée;* but I was present on the occasion of his public visit to the Castle, and also in St. Giles' church when he went there on the Sunday. When he paid his visit to the Castle, a very picturesque incident took place.

After standing on one spot in the streets for upwards of an hour—my attention divided between the fussy self-importance of sundry provosts and baillies and deacons, who were exulting in their petty brief authority, and the bewilderment of certain of the town council who had not read the programme of the day's proceedings—the approach of the Royal *cortége* was trumpetted forth. Many were the men of mark who, at any other time, would have called for notice, who, on this occasion, passed unheeded by. There were no eyes for any one but him whom all had come to see. When the pro-

cession had filed by, and had moved quite out of sight, there was a pause—then some moments of suspense—interrupted, at last, by the speculations of the crowd. 'D'ye think the King has got to the Castle yet?' Some thought 'he must have got there;' others thought 'he could not;' others, again, said 'they'd gae home! We'll see his sonsie face nae mair, be sure! He'll gang hame to Dalkeith anither way.'—When, with an abruptness that was electrifying, all the cannon planted on Arthur's Seat belched forth their welcome in one deafeaning discharge. The Castle guns were not slow to acknowledge and return the compliment; and, as the smoke cleared off, the first object that met the gaze of thousands of spectators was the King in the centre of one of the embrasures, waving his hat to those below.

Perhaps the finest and most edifying sight of all the many of those few days was the King's visit to the cathedral on the Sunday. To see the same mighty concourse of people, who before had cheered him to the echo whenever he had shown himself, standing as he passed with bared heads, uplifted hats, and mute voices—thus marking their sense of the sacredness of the Lord's Day, and of the higher reverence due to Him by whom king's themselves do reign—was in itself an impressive sermon. By the bye, I must not close this brief notice of a very remarkable event without committing to paper an anecdote which was told me shortly after the *levée* had been held at Holyrood House.

A laird of old family and no mean estate, previously to the day of the reception, had sent in his name for presentation. He arrived, to his own great discomfiture, late on

the scene of action; and, as he was passing through the antechamber, and saw many whom he knew, coming out, he asked them to tell him 'whether his being late was of any material consequence; what he had got to do, &c., as he had never been at Court before,' &c. 'Oh,' said one who had passed through his own ordeal without let or hindrance, 'there is no difficulty about the matter. It is very plain sailing. You have only got just to go in, make your bow—lower, by the bye, than you would to any one else—and pass on, and pass out.'

The old gentleman, constitutionally shy, and rendered doubly so, in the present instance, by the fear of having incurred the royal displeasure by the tardiness of his arrival, like Sir Pertinax Macsycophant, kept 'aye bow-bowing;' and, with ghastly smirk sidling and edging his way towards the door of exit; when Lord Erroll, observing his embarrassment, and pitying it, kindly shouted to him, under his voice, 'Kiss hands! kiss hands!' On which, to the delectation of the King, and the dismay of all around him, the poor startled man faced about, and then retreating backwards, kissed both his hands to the King, as if wafting a cordial recognition from a distance to an old and intimate friend.

1822. September. Most kindly received by Dr. Hunter and Professor Alexander; and, though last not least, by Dr. Chalmers. Of all our professors, Dr. Chalmers has earned for himself the greatest reputation. In point of physique, Chalmers fell short of my expectation. Truly impressive as his character was, when

known, from its moral elevation and godly sincerity, in person he was deficient in dignity and of homely aspect.

In height and breadth, and in general configuration, he was not unlike Samuel Taylor Coleridge. I have, since I knew Coleridge, sometimes thought, that if Chalmers' head had been hidden from sight, I could easily have mistaken him for that remarkable man. His face was pallid and pasty; and, I rather think, showed slight traces of small pox. His features were ordinary; his hair was scanty, and generally roughed, as if his fingers had been often passed through it; his brow was not high, but very broad and well developed.

His skull, phrenologically speaking, argued great mathematical power; but showed deficiency in the very qualities for which he was conspicuous, viz. benevolence and veneration.

There was one feature in his face which struck me as so very peculiar, and, I may say, anomalous, that I have often wondered never to have heard or read any comment upon it from others: I allude to his eye. The eye, by its mobility, its power of expressing the passions, and the spirit it imparts to the features, is usually considered as the index of the mind. Now, I never beheld so mute, impassive, inexpressive an eye as that of Chalmers. It was small, grey, cold, and fishy. When, either in preaching from the pulpit, or lecturing in the class-room, he was excited by his subject; when his heart grew hot within him, and the fire burned; when the brilliancy of his imagery, and the power of his phraseology carried the feelings of his auditory away

with all the impetuosity of a torrent; nay, when he seemed transported out of himself by the sublimity of his conceptions, and the intense reality of his convictions, so as to cause him to defy conventionalities and set at nought the artifices of rhetoric, and make him swing his left arm about like the sails of a windmill; when every fibre of his body throbbed and quivered with emotion; when his listeners' mouths were wide open, and their breath suspended, the cheeks of some bedewed with tears, and the eyes of others scintillating with sympathy and admiration,—*his* eye remained as tame and lustreless as if it had been but the pale reflex of a mind indifferent and half asleep!

Whether Chalmers preached *extempore* or *memoriter* when he was the minister of the Tron Church, Glasgow, or whether he preached from book when he was followed in crowds by the best intellects in London, I have no means of knowing; but I can declare, with confidence, that I never heard him at St. Andrew's—and I have heard him often—that he had not his manuscript in full before him. It is a well-known fact, that Presbyterians think that the duties of the pulpit are the most important which can devolve upon a minister; and that, with few exceptions, they have an invincible repugnance to a sermon conned over and composed in the study, on the ground of its lacking spontaneity and the apparent impress of the Spirit. Therefore it was always a subject of wonder to me how Chalmers managed to reconcile his hearers to his sermon-reading, which, in any other case, would unquestionably have been to them a stumblingblock and an offence.

I have a distinct recollection, one Sunday, when I was living at Cults, and when a stranger was officiating for Dr. Gillespie (who had been summoned to Edinburgh on business), observing that he had not proceeded five minutes with his 'discourse,' before there was a general commotion and stampedo. The exodus, at last, became so serious, that, conceiving something to be wrong, probably a fire in the manse, I caught the infection, and eagerly inquired of the first person I encountered in the churchyard what was the matter, and was told, with an expression of sovereign scorn and disgust—'Losh keep ye, young man! Hae ye eyes and see not? Hae ye ears and hear not? *The man reads!*'

Dr. Chalmers' testimonial, given me on leaving his class, now lies before me. I value it beyond all price. He was a man, in his special vocation, unrivalled in his day. His gifts were manifold, and his acquisitions varied. He was a profound mathematician, a great political economist, a far-seeing politician, a recondite scholar, a considerable astronomer, but, though a most eloquent preacher of the Gospel, not a great theologian. His character might be summed up in the language applied in Scripture to another—'He had wisdom and understanding exceeding much, and largeness of heart.'

The only other St. Andrew's professor, of whom I remember anything worth the telling, was Dr. Haldane. He was one of the most estimable of men; universally respected by all who knew him; and yet, in spite of a pleasing person, a genial manner, a good position, a good house, and a handsome competency, he was well advanced in life before he could make up his mind to

marry. No misogynist was he! Womankind he loved, 'not wisely, but too well;' and yet, when in their presence, his self-possession forsook him, and he became a much oppressed and bashful man. Shortly before I left St. Andrews, the nephew of his patron, Lord Melville, who had been his inmate and companion for three years, was also about to leave. The loss of the society of one whose great ability had led all who knew him to expect he would one day fill high place in the councils of his sovereign, grieved him much. When it was reported that he had fitted up his house afresh, at the very time when appearances were of less consequence to him, it was generally supposed, and currently reported, that he was going to change his state. There is no doubt the rumour was well founded; for, on a given day, at an hour unusually early for a call, the good Doctor was seen at the house of a certain lady, for whom he had long been supposed to have a predilection, in a bran-new coat, wiping 'his weel-pouthered head' with a clean white handkerchief, and betraying much excitement of manner, till the door was opened. As soon as he was shown 'ben,' and saw the fair one, whom he sought, calmly engaged in knitting stockings, and not at all disturbed by his entrance, his courage, like that of Bob Acres, in the 'Rivals,' began to ooze out at the tip of his fingers, and he sat himself down on the edge of his chair in such a state of pitiable confusion as to elicit the compassion of the lady in question. She could not understand what ailed him; but felt, instinctively, that the truest good-breeding would be to take no notice of his embarrassment, and lead the conversation herself. Thus,

then, she opened fire :—'Weel, Doctor, hae ye got through a' your papering and painting yet?' (A clearing of the throat preparatory to speech, but not a word uttered.) 'I'm told your new carpets are just beautifu'.' (A further clearing of the throat, and a vigorous effort to speak, terminating in a free use of his handkerchief.) 'They say the pattern o' the dining-room chairs is something quite out o' the way. In short, that everything aboot the house is perfect.' Here was a providential opening he was not such a goose as to overlook. He 'screwed his courage to the sticking place,' advanced his chair, sidled towards her, simpering the while, raised his eyes furtively to her face, and said, with a gentle inflection of his voice, which no ear but a wilfully deaf one could have misinterpreted, 'Na! Na! Miss J———n. It's no *quite* perfect. It canna be quite that, so long as there's ae thing wanting!' 'And what can that be?' said the imperturbable spinster. Utterly thrown on his beam-ends by her wilful blindness to his meaning, the poor man beat a hasty retreat, drew back his chair from its dangerous proximity, caught up his hat, and, in tones of blighted hope, gasped forth his declaration in these words—'Eh! dear! Eh! Well 'am sure! The thing wanting is, a—a—a—sideboord!'

1824. In May of this year I left St. Andrew's, with infinite regret. In the month of January, while still there, I read the trial of Hunt, Probert, and Thurtell, for the murder of Mr. Weare, which took place in a lane some three hundred yards from Gill's Hill Lane Cottage, where I had stayed a year or two before with my friends the Tomkisons. The dead body was dragged

across two or three intervening fields, and flung into a pond in the grounds. That done the gentlemen adjourned to supper, and ate their pork chops with the blood of their victim still red and unwashed upon their hands.

1825. In this year I was admitted as an undergraduate at Worcester College, Oxford. My father, finding that my heart was set on taking holy orders, and learning that, before doing so, I must go through a preliminary course of three years' study at one of the universities, was at a loss to know at what college to enter me. At this juncture he happened to meet the Duke of York, who, with his usual condescension, asked him how his boy was getting on. 'Why, Sir, I want to send him to Oxford; but I know none of the big-wigs there, and have not an idea which is the proper college to send him to.' 'Oh,' said the kind Prince, 'send him to Christ Church: Christ Church, by all means.' 'I am afraid, Sir, it is too aristocratic a place for my son; he might be led into expenses I could ill afford, and into society above his class.' 'Pooh, pooh!' replied the Duke. You leave it to me. Egad,' he added, 'I know what I'll do. I want an excuse for a ride. You have given me an object; I will ride down to Combe Wood and see Liverpool about it.' Without another word he turned his horse's head, and, followed by his groom, rode all the way to Lord Liverpool's to ask the Premier himself to help us. Lord Liverpool said, 'I assure your Royal Highness, that it is no easy matter for any one—be his rank what it may—to get admittance into Christ Church at present. But if any one in

the kingdom can serve your *protégé* it is Peel. I will write to him by to-night's post. He is the man; for, as Member for the University itself, he is omnipotent; and Dr. Lloyd, the Regius Professor of Divinity, lives in Christ Church. . . . He was Peel's tutor, and is his personal friend.' 'Instead of writing by post to-night, my dear lord,' said the Duke, 'write at once, and I will be the postman, and take your letter to Peel, myself.' Lord Liverpool sat down at once, and wrote. The Duke instantly trotted off to Whitehall Gardens, found Mr. Peel at home, stated his wish 'to serve Charles Young, the tragedian, whom he had known intimately for twenty years,' and obtained a promise that Dr. Lloyd should be written to that night.

In three days' time my father received a letter from Sir Henry Cooke—better known as Kang Cooke—the Duke's aide-de-camp, to say that rooms at Christ Church were not to be had, for love, or interest, or money; and that, therefore, Dr. Lloyd had secured rooms for me at Worcester College, where Dr. Whittington Landon, Dean of Exeter, and Provost of the college, would be glad to receive me on the following Monday.

On that day I went; and, as no one will care to hear of the university career of one who neither distinguished nor disgraced himself while there, I will simply state that, after taking my degree of B.A. on the 17th of December, 1827, I went up to London to read, under a private tutor, for Holy Orders.

1827. December 22. As my father was driving me in his mail phaeton to Brighton, two carriages and four passed us. The first was quickly pulled up, and a

voice called from the window, 'Young! Young!' It was the Duchess of St. Alban's, who, after detaining my father at her carriage door for full ten minutes, desired that I might be presented to her—which I was.

1827. December 25. At Brighton. Dined at Pedder's, who told the following story:—

'Some few years ago, a gentleman, a bachelor, residing in lodgings on the first floor of a respectable but small house in this town, appeared before the bench of magistrates, with a charge against the maid of his lodging of having robbed him of a ring.

. It appeared that he occupied the front drawing-room on the first floor, and slept in the back; that, one night, having undressed by the drawing-room fire, and wound up his watch, he deposited it, with his chain, two seals, and a ring attached to it, on the chimneypiece, and jumped into bed in the next room. In the morning, on dressing himself and going to the chimneypiece for his watch, he discovered that the ring, which he valued, was gone. As he was in the habit of sleeping with the folding doors between the rooms ajar; and was always a light sleeper, he felt confident that no one had entered the room since he had left it over night, except the maid, who had come in early, as usual, to dust and sweep the room, and lay the table for breakfast. The servant was so neat in her person, so pretty, gentle, and well conducted, that he felt loth to tell her his suspicions; but the moral certainty he entertained of her guilt, and the great value he set on the ring, determined him to conquer his scruples.

On hearing herself charged with the theft, she started and stared, as if doubting the evidence of her ears; indignantly denied the charge, burst into tears, and told her mistress that she would not remain another hour under her roof; for that her lodger had taxed her with dishonesty. The landlady espoused the cause of her maid, and used such strong language against her accuser, that his blood, in turn, was roused; and he resolved to bring the matter to a determinate issue before the magistrates. Pedder said, he was on the bench; and that, prepossessed as he and his coadjutors were by the girl's looks and manners, they felt quite unable to resist the weight of circumstantial evidence produced against her, and never had a moment's hesitation in committing her for trial at the next assizes.

Five or six weeks after she had been in jail the prosecutor went into Shaw's, the pastry cook's, in the Old Steyne, for an ice. While he was pausing, deliberately, between each spoonful, the sun burst forth in all its strength, and darted one of its beams along the floor of the shop, bringing into light an object which glistened vividly between the joists of the flooring. He took out his penknife, inserted the point of it between the boards, and, to his utter amazement, fished up his lost ring. He ran back to his lodgings, and, on referring to his diary, he found that, on the evening of the very night on which he had left his watch and its appendages on the chimneypiece, he had been at Shaw's having some refreshment; and he conjectured that, as half the split ring from which his seals hung, had been, for some time, a good deal wrenched apart, it must have come into con-

tact with the edge of the counter, and thus liberated the ring from its hold; that it had fallen on the ground, been trodden under the feet of some of the visitors to the shop, and in this way been wedged in between the boards of the flooring. Stung to the quick by self-reproach, at the thought of having tarnished the good name of an innocent girl, by false accusation, and of having exposed her to the unmerited sufferings of prison life, he instantly took a post-chaise and drove off to the jail in which she was confined, asked every particular about her from the governor, and found him enthusiastic in his admiration of her, and utterly incredulous of her guilt. 'She's the gentlest, sweetest-tempered creature we have ever had within these walls; and nothing shall make me believe she is a thief,' said he. 'No more she is,' was the eager answer. 'She has been falsely charged by me, and I have come to make her every reparation in my power.' In one brief word, he offered her his hand, and married her.

1828. February 2. Went up, once more, to Oxford, to keep my Master's term, and to attend the Divinity Lectures of Lloyd, the Regius Professor of Divinity.

February 4. After my first lecture to-day, to my surprise, Dr. Lloyd came up to me, and asked me to follow him to his house. On entering his library, the first thing he did—he was Bishop of Oxford—was to fling off his wig. 'You smile at my getting rid of that article,' said he, 'but the fact is, as you see, I am of a full habit of body; and, for the first three months after appointment, every bishop, unless he is as thin as a whipping-post, suffers terribly from determination of

blood to the head, in consequence of the pressure of the spring of his wig on the temporal artery; and *my* determination is never to wear my wig, except when I am obliged to do so.' (N.B. It is a curious fact that the first bishop who ever dispensed with the wig, *was* a Bishop of Oxford—Richard Bagot.) 'Mr. Peel wrote to me about you when first you came up, three years ago. Why did not you go up for honours? Eh? You've lost a good friend in the Duke of York. He was well disposed towards you,' &c.

1828. March 20. Bade farewell, finally, to Alma Mater.

May 1. Started for the Isle of Man. Left it, heartily sick of it, on

May 8. For Liverpool and London.

June 28. Left for Rotterdam.

July 1. Arrived at the Hague.

July 2. Dined with Sir Charles Bagot. George Tierney and others there.

July 3. Dined again with Sir Charles Bagot. Lady Bagot wrote me several letters of introduction; among others, one to her sister, Lady Burgersh, at Vienna. Sir Charles is a handsome, thoroughbred gentleman, and a capital *raconteur*. On my speaking of the exceeding cleanliness of the Dutch, he said, 'In spite of all the scrubbing and scraping you see bestowed on their houses, they are not personally a cleanly people. The attention paid to doors, and windows, and brass knockers, is a matter of imperious necessity. Water and paint are used to ward off the injurious consequences of the humidity of the atmosphere.' We spoke of the village of Broek, reputed the cleanest in the world.

On my saying I was going there, 'Well, then,' he said, 'you had better get a letter of introduction from my banker to a friend of his, who lives there; for in consequence of the greater number of dwellings there being the private residences of merchants, or retired tradesmen, it is not easy for strangers to see the interiors without the help of some friend. The inmates of most of the houses leave their shoes or sabots at the door, and put on slippers before they enter. This is *de rigeur*, and they expect every one else to do so too. The Emperor Alexander of Russia and suite once visited Broek; and, on presenting themselves at the door of a certain house, they were most ungraciously received by the owner, who told them that, unless they conformed to the rule of the place, they should not enter. "Doucement," said one of the Emperor's suite, "you don't know whom you are speaking to! This"—pointing to him—"is the Emperor of all the Russias!" "I don't care who he is! Unless he take off his long boots, he shall not enter—no, *not if he were the Burgomaster of Saardam himself!*"'

1828. July 6. Mrs. Aders, an old London friend of mine, who was in the habit of spending her summers at a chateau she had on the Rhine, hearing I was going for a twelvemonth's tour on the continent, begged me to visit her at Godesberg on my road south. I had read so much of the beauty of the place, and heard so much of the cultivated society she contrived to attract around her, that I was only too glad to avail myself of her invitation. When I had been under her roof for a fortnight, fearing to outstay my welcome, I announced my intention of

leaving on the morrow. The declaration was received with flattering indignation. I was accused of being *ennuyé* with the place and the people in it. On my expatiating on the enjoyment I had had in my visit, I was challenged to prove the sincerity of my protestations by consenting to prolong my stay another fortnight. 'You will not regret doing so,' said my hostess, 'for I expect those here to-morrow whom I am sure you would like to meet. Who they are I shall not tell you, till I introduce you to them.' She then reiterated her invitation with such sincere cordiality, that I felt no longer any hesitation in accepting it.

In the evening of the following day, having overwalked myself in the morning, I retired early to my room, and had not been many minutes in bed before the cracking of postilions' whips, the rumbling of carriage wheels, the ringing of bells, the slamming of doors, and the other discordant noises common to a late arrival, told me that the expected visitors had come.

Next morning I was down, and in the breakfast-room betimes, awaiting with curiosity the entrance of the strangers. After a while, Mrs. Aders made her appearance, and told me they were so fatigued, that they had asked leave to have their breakfasts sent up to their bedchambers. Our meal concluded, I once more tried to ascertain the names of the new comers. But my hostess evaded the question, and withdrew to her boudoir; and I was compelled to adjourn to the saloon, that I might despatch my letters before I was interrupted. I had scarcely entered the room, and was

trying to improve a bad sketch I had made the day before, when an old gentleman entered, with a large quarto volume beneath his arm, whom I at once concluded to be one of the anonymous gentry about whose personality there had been so much mystery. As he entered, I rose, and bowed. Whether he was conscious of my well-intentioned civility I cannot say, but at all events he did not return my salutation. He appeared preoccupied with his own cogitations. I began to conjecture what manner of man he was. His general appearance would have led me to suppose him a dissenting minister. His hair was long, white, and neglected; his complexion was florid, his features were square, his eyes watery and hazy, his brow broad and massive, his build uncouth, his deportment grave and abstracted. He wore a white starchless neckcloth tied in a limp bow, and was dressed in a shabby suit of dusky black. His breeches were unbuttoned at the knee, his sturdy limbs were encased in stockings of lavender-coloured worsted, his feet were thrust into well-worn slippers, much trodden down at heel In this ungainly attire he paced up and down, and down and up, and round and round a saloon, sixty feet square, with head bent forward, and shoulders stooping, absently musing, and muttering to himself, and occasionally clutching to his side his ponderous tome, as if he feared it might be taken from him. I confess my young spirit chafed under the wearing quarter-deck monotony of his promenade, and, stung by the cool manner in which he ignored my presence, I was about to leave him in undisputed possession of the field, when I was diverted from my purpose by the

entrance of another gentleman, whose kindly smile, and courteous recognition of my bow, encouraged me to keep my ground, and promised me some compensation for the slight put upon me by his precursor. He was dressed in a brown-holland blouse; he held in his left hand an alpenstock (on the top of which he had placed the broad-brimmed 'wide-awake' he had just taken off), and in his right a sprig of apple-blossom overgrown with lichen. His cheeks were glowing with the effects of recent exercise. So noiseless had been his entry, that the peripatetic philosopher, whose back was turned to him at first, was unaware of his presence. But no sooner did he discover it than he shuffled up to him, grasped him by both hands, and backed him bodily into a neighbouring arm-chair. Having secured him safely there, he 'made assurance doubly sure,' by hanging over him, so as to bar his escape, while he delivered his testimony on the fallacy of certain of Bishop Berkeley's propositions, in detecting which, he said he had opened up a rich vein of original reflection. Not content with cursory criticism, he plunged profoundly into a metaphysical lecture, which, but for the opportune intrusion of our fair hostess and her young lady friend, might have lasted until dinner time. It was then, for the first time, I learned who the party consisted of; and I was introduced to Samuel Taylor Coleridge, William Wordsworth, and his daughter Dora.

The reported presence of two such men as Coleridge and Wordsworth soon attracted to Mrs. Ader's house all the illuminati of Bonn—Niebuhr, Becker,

Augustus Schlegel, and many others. It is matter of lamentation to me, now, to think that I have not preserved any traces of the conversations at which I was privileged to be present. But, alas! my ignorance of German, and my inaptitude for metaphysics, debarred me from much information that, but for those accidents, I might have obtained. I recall nothing but a few fragmentary remarks, which, for a wonder, I *could* understand. Schlegel was the only one of those I have named who spoke English, so that his were the only remarks I recollect, and they hardly worth repetition. I fancy I see him now, twitching his brown scratch wig, and twisting a lock of artificial hair into a curl, and going to the glass to see how it became him. He talked admirably, yet not pleasingly, for whatever the topic, and by whoseever lips it was started, he soon contrived to make himself the central object of interest. The perfect self-satisfaction with which he told of his involuntary successes with the fair sex, was both amusing and pitiable. He said that when he lived with Madame de Staël at Copet, he supplied her with all the philosophical materials for her 'L'Allemagne.' Coleridge told him that there never had been such a translation of any work in any language as his of Shakspeare. Schlegel returned the compliment, scratched *his* back in turn, and declared that Coleridge's translation of Schiller's 'Wallenstein' was unrivalled for its fidelity to its original, and the beauty of its diction. Both of them praised Carey's 'Dante' highly. Schlegel praised Scott's poetry. Coleridge decried it, stating that no poet ever lived of equal eminence, whose writings furnished so few quot-

able passages. Schlegel then praised Byron. Coleridge immediately tried to depreciate him. 'Ah,' said he, 'Byron is a meteor. Wordsworth, there' (pointing to him) 'is a fixed star. During the first *furore* of Byron's reputation, the sale of his works was unparalleled, while that of Wordsworth's was insignificant, and now each succeeding year, in proportion as the circulation of Byron's works has fallen off, the issue of Wordsworth's poems has steadily increased.'

I observed that, as a rule, Wordsworth allowed Coleridge to have all the talk to himself; but once or twice Coleridge would succeed in entangling Wordsworth in a discussion on some abstract metaphysical question: when I would sit by, reverently attending, and trying hard to look intelligent, though I did not feel so; for at such times a leaden stupor weighed down my faculties. I seemed as if I had been transported by two malignant genii into an atmosphere too rarefied for me to live in. I was soaring, as it were, against my will, 'twixt heaven and the lower parts of the earth. Sometimes I was in pure æther—much oftener *in the clouds*. When, however, these potent spirits descended to a lower level, and deigned to treat of history or politics, theology or belles lettres, I breathed again; and, imbibing fresh ideas from them, felt invigorated.

I must say I never saw any manifestation of small jealousy between Coleridge and Wordsworth; which, considering the vanity possessed by each, I thought uncommonly to the credit of both. I am sure they entertained a thorough respect for each other's intellectual endowments.

Coleridge appeared to me a living refutation of Bacon's axiom, 'that a full man is never a ready man, nor the ready man the full one:' for he was both a full man and a ready man.

Wordsworth was a single-minded man; with less imagination than Coleridge, but with a more harmonious judgment, and better balanced principles. Coleridge, conscious of his transcendent powers, rioted in a license of tongue which no man could tame.

Wordsworth, though he could discourse most eloquent music, was never unwilling to sit still in Coleridge's presence, yet could be as happy in prattling with a child as in communing with a sage.

If Wordsworth condescended to converse with me, he spoke to me as if I were his equal in mind, and made me pleased and proud in consequence. If Coleridge held me by the button, for lack of fitter audience, he had a talent for making me feel *his* wisdom and my own stupidity: so that I was miserable and humiliated by the sense of it.

I remember reading, once, in a life of Plato, that if ever Aristotle were absent from his master's lectures, Plato would say to his other scholars, 'Intellect is not here to-day;' and if Coleridge could have divined the confusion of my mind, when he was trying to indoctrinate me with his own extravagant speculations, he would probably have tapped my skull and applied the same words to me, though in a less flattering sense.

While he confined himself to his 'judgments, analytic and synthetic,' I had a glimmering conception

of his meaning; but when he gave tongue on 'a priori knowledge and a posteriori knowledge,' and spake of 'modality,' and of the 'paralogism of pure reason,' my feeble brain reeled, and I gasped for escape from the imaginary and chimerical to the material and the practical.

I had occasional walks with Coleridge in the garden, and many with Wordsworth over the fields. The former was an indifferent pedestrian, the latter a practised one. I revert with great delight to a long expedition I one day made with Wordsworth alone. He had heard of the ruins of an old Cistercian abbey, Heisterbach, on the side of the Rhine opposite to that on which we were staying. He asked me, playfully, to join him, in these words:

> 'Go with us into the abbey—there;
> And let us there, at large, discourse our fortunes.'
> *Shakspeare.*

Hitherto I had only seen Wordsworth in the presence of Coleridge; and had imagined him constitutionally contemplative and taciturn. To-day I discovered that his reticence was self-imposed, out of consideration for the inordinate loquacity of his brother poet.

Coleridge always speechified or preached.

> 'His argument
> Was all too heavy to admit *much talk*.'

Wordsworth chatted naturally and fluently, out of the fullness of his heart, and not from a wish to display his eloquence. As I listened to him in this

happy walk, I could not but apply to him one of Hooker's wise saws, 'He who speaketh no more than edifieth is undeservedly reprehended for much speaking.'

Idolatry of nature seemed with Wordsworth both a passion and a principle. She seemed a deity enshrined within his heart. Coleridge studied her rather as a mighty storehouse for poetical imagery than from innate love of her for her own sweet sake. If once embarked in lecturing, no landscape, however grand, detained his notice for a second: whereas, let Wordsworth have been ever so absorbed in argument, he would drop it without hesitation to feast his eyes on some combination of new scenery. The union of the great and the small, so wonderfully ordered by the Creator, and so wondrously exemplified on the banks of the great German river, had little attraction for the author of 'The Ancient Mariner.' The grander features of a landscape he took in at a glance; and he would, with signal power of adaptation, dispose them into a magic world of his own. The rolling mist, as it hung suspended over the valley, and partially revealed the jagged tower and crag of Drachenfels; the river shooting out of sight the burden on its bosom with the velocity and force of an arrow; the presence of elemental power, as exhibited in the thunderstorm, the waterfall, or the avalanche, were stimulus enough to stir the pulses of his teeming brain, and set his imagination afloat with colossal speculations of hereafter. With him terrestrial objects soon expanded into immensity, and were quickly elevated above the stars. The more

Rasselas-like mind of the recluse of the Lakes, on the other hand, who 'loved the life removed,' would direct itself to the painstaking investigation of nature's smallest secrets, prompt him to halt by the wayside bank, and dilate with exquisite sensibility and microscopic power of analysis on the construction of the humblest grasses, or on the modest seclusion of some virgin wild-flower nestling in the bosom, or diffidently peering from out the privacy of a shady nook composed of plumes of verdant ferns. In that same stroll to Heisterbach, he pointed out to me such beauty of design in objects I had used to trample under foot, that I felt as if almost every spot on which I trod was holy ground, and that I had rudely desecrated it. His eyes would fill with tears and his voice falter as he dwelt on the benevolent adaptation of means to ends discernible by reverential observation. Nor did his reflections die out in mawkish sentiment; they lay 'too deep for tears,' and, as they crowded thickly on him, his gentle spirit, subdued by the sense of the Divine goodness towards His creatures, became attuned to better thoughts; the love of nature inspired his heart with a gratitude to nature's God, and found its most suitable expression in numbers.

The melody of Coleridge's verse had led me, as in the case of Scott, to credit him with the possession of the very soul of song; and yet, either from defective ear, or from the intractability of his vocal organs, his pronunciation of any language but his own was barbarous; and his inability to follow the simplest melody quite ludicrous. The German tongue he knew *au fond.*

He had learned it grammatically, critically, and scientifically at Göttingen: yet so unintelligible was he when he tried to speak it, that I heard Schlegel say to him one evening, 'Mein lieber Herr,. would you speak English: I understand it; but your German I cannot follow.' Whether he had ever been before enlightened on his malpronunciation of German, I know not; but he was quite conscious that his pronunciation of French was execrable, for I heard him avow as much. He was a man of violent prejudices, and had conceived an insuperable aversion for the *grande nation*, of which he was not slow to boast. 'I hate,' he would say, 'the hollowness of French principles: I hate the republicanism of French politics: I hate the hostility of the French people to revealed religion: I hate the artificiality of French cooking: I hate the acidity of French wines: I hate the flimsiness of the French language: — my very organs of speech are so anti-Gallican that they refuse to pronounce intelligibly their insipid tongue.'

He would inveigh with equal acrimony against the unreality and immorality of the French character, of both sexes, especially of the women; and, in justification, I suppose, of his unmeasured invective, he told me that he was one day sitting *tête-à-tête* with Madame de Staël, in London, when her manservant entered the room and asked her if she would receive Lady Davey. She raised her eyebrows and shrugged her shoulders, and appeared to shudder with nausea, as she turned to him and said, 'Ah! ma foi! oh! mon cher ami! ayez pitié de moi! Mais quoi faire? Cette villaine femme.

Comme je le deteste! Elle est, vraiment, insupportable!' And then, on her entry, flung her arms around her, kissed her on both cheeks, pressed her to her bosom, and told her that she was more than enchanted to behold her.

Query. Have our neighbours across the water a monopoly of such conventional duplicity? or has honest John Bull his own proper share of it?

I have heard Coleridge say, more than once, that no mind was thoroughly well organized that was deficient in the sense of humour: yet I hardly ever saw any great exhibition of it in himself. The only instance I can recall in which he said anything calculated to elicit a smile, during the two or three weeks I was with him, was when he, Wordsworth, and I, were floating down the Rhine together in a boat we had hired conjointly. The day was remarkably sultry; we had all three taken a considerable walk before our dinner; and what with fatigue, heat, and the exhaustion consequent on garrulity, Coleridge complained grievously of thirst. When he heard there was no house near at hand, and saw a leathern flask slung over my shoulder, he asked me what it contained. On my telling him it was Hock Heimar, he shook his head, and swore he would as soon take vinegar. After a while, however, finding his thirst increasing, he exclaimed, 'I find I must conquer my dislike—eat humble pie, and beg for a draught.' He had no sooner rinsed his mouth with the obnoxious fluid, than he spat it out, and vented his disgust in the following impromptu:

'In Spain, that land of monks and apes,
The thing called wine doth come from *grapes*:
But, on the noble river Rhine,
The thing called *gripes* doth come from wine.'

It must not be assumed that the reciprocal admiration entertained by the two poets for each other's gifts made them blind to each other's infirmities. Wordsworth, in speaking of Coleridge, would admit, though most regretfully, the moral flaws in his character: for instance, his addiction to opium, his ungrateful conduct to Southey, and his neglect of his parental and conjugal obligations. Coleridge, on the other hand, forward as he was in defending Wordsworth from literary assailants, had evident pleasure in exposing his parsimony in the same breath in which he vaunted the purity and piety of his nature.

After the trio had left Godesberg, and were returning homewards via Amsterdam and Rotterdam, they paid a visit to Haarlem. Mrs. Aders received a letter from Coleridge, dated from that place, in which he told her that they had not arrived many minutes at their hotel before one of the principal waiters of the establishment entered the room, and asked them if they would like to accompany a few other persons in the house to hear the celebrated organ played, as a party was then in the act of forming.

'Oh,' said Wordsworth, 'we meant to hear the organ! but why, Coleridge, should we go with strangers?' 'I beg your pardon,' interrupted the waiter, who understood and spoke English well, 'but it is not every one who is willing to pay twelve guilders (£1); and as the

organist will never play privately for less, it is customary for persons to go in parties, and share the expense between them.' 'Ah, then, I think I will not go: I am tired,' said Wordsworth. 'Then you and I will go together, Dora,' answered Coleridge. Off they went, arm in arm, leaving Wordsworth behind, reclining on a couch. They had not been long in the Church of St. Bavon, listening to the different stops which the organist was trying to display to the greatest advantage—the solo stops, the bell stops, the trumpet stop, the vox humana stop—before Coleridge was made sensible of the unwelcome intrusion of a strong current of air throughout the building. He turned his head to see the cause; and, to his amusement, descried his gentle friend, noiselessly closing the door, and furtively making his way behind one of the pillars, from whence he could hear without being seen, and thus escape payment. Before the organist had concluded his labours, Wordsworth had quietly withdrawn. On the return of his friend and his daughter, he asked them how they had enjoyed their visit to St. Bavon, but said nothing of his own!

When Wordsworth was in London, during the height of the season, he was aware it would be expected, after his appointment to the laureateship, that he should present himself at one of the *levées* of the sovereign. As his means had never been large, it was rather a proof of wise economy, than of meanness, that he should have shrunk from the idea of buying a costly court-suit for one day's wear. In this dilemma Rogers came to his rescue, and told him that, as he should never go to court

again, he was welcome to make what use he could of his clothes, bag-wig, sword, buckles, &c. By the help of a little tailoring he was enabled to avail himself of Rogers' kindness, and attend the *levée*. When it was over, he called in St. James' Place, and accompanied Rogers to Miss Coutts'. As they were walking together up the footway (under the gardens of the Arlington Street houses) which leads into Piccadilly, and is directly opposite to Stratton Street, Wordsworth's attention was arrested by the prepossessing looks of a little girl, who was sitting on the grass alone. He stopped and talked to her, and asked her of her parents, her home, whether she went to school, &c., and being well pleased with the ingenuous answers that she gave him, he put one hand on her head, and with the other dived down into the recesses of his coat pocket, and drew forth a little copy of his minor poems, telling her to look at him well, and note his person; to be sure also to observe well the time of day, and the spot; and to recollect that that little book had been given to her by the author, the celebrated William Wordsworth!

N.B. The narrator of this story was Rogers himself.

I hope that no one will infer from my inserting these two anecdotes of Wordsworth, that, because I am not his unqualified eulogist, I therefore wish to throw ridicule or discredit on so great and good a man. I know the stories to be true, and, if true, they should be told; for such details serve to elucidate character: and what man so strong that has not his weak side? There is no greater monster than a faultless man. Personal partiality has often tempted biographers, who have meant

to be honest, to yield to a *suppressio veri*, from fear of doing injustice to their subject. Now I conceive that none but a purblind hero-worshipper would deny that the real wrong is knowingly to allow a mistaken impression of a character to go forth uncorrected. There are shades as well as lights in the idiosyncracy of every man on earth.

I regard Wordsworth as having been so essentially eminent and virtuous, that no man can better afford to have the truth spoken of him.

When Coleridge, Wordsworth, and his daughter, had left Godesberg, I felt that I had no longer excuse for lingering in quarters where I had already tarried but too long, and therefore I proceeded to visit some friends at Frankfort. After a few days' stay there, I went on to Heidelberg, with the object of studying German.

With the exceeding beauty of the spot I was enchanted, although the manners of the students disgusted me. I had seen something of them in Bonn, but in Heidelberg they out-Heroded Herod. When Coleridge heard that I was going to Heidelberg, he said, 'If I were not pledged to the dear Wordsworths, I would go with you, for I long to see Tiedemann, the great anatomist; and with that arch-heretic Paulus, I want to measure swords—I mean in argument. And by the bye, talking of measuring swords, let me give you a piece of advice, which, as coming from one who has himself been a student at a German university, you should not despise. You will, ten to one, be wantonly insulted by some of the students, who will challenge you on the slightest pretext. Instantly

accept; but name pistols as your weapons.' I did not forget this advice, which was well-timed, for I had not been long in Heidelberg before I was struck with the offensive rudeness of the students, who, with their fancifully embroidered frocks, and bare throats, and long hair, and long pipes, and swaggering strut, seemed to infest the main street with the express object of provoking a quarrel with passers by, challenging them, and thus at their expense 'renowning.' I owe it to Coleridge's advice that I did not get into a serious scrape. A young man, without the slightest provocation, deliberately jostled me off the *trottoir* into the middle of the street, and then charged me with having been the assailant. He was so insolent and so voluble, that, being unable to speak his language, I knocked him down. He sprang up, and challenged me to meet him at the Heischgasse, the inn for duels. With an indifference which, God knows, I did not feel, I bowed to him, and told him in French I would meet him at the appointed place, and bring my pistols with me, at eight on the morrow. He then called me a coward, said he only fought with the weapon established by German usage, the rapier; and, to my unbounded satisfaction, retired. Luckily no other students were by, or they might have made us proceed to extremities.

While in Heidelberg, I used to take daily lessons in German, from a certain Dr. Hühle, who had been for some years the minister of the German Lutheran chapel in the Strand. Although, personally, of irreproachable reputation, his discourses had been so distasteful and unprofitable to his congregation, that, not knowing how

otherwise to get rid of him, they clubbed together to purchase him an annuity. They then deputed some of the more influential of their members to wait on him and assure him of a fact (hem!) of which he seemed to be strangely unconscious—viz. that his health was rapidly declining, owing to his exertions in their behalf. They begged him to retire, before it was too late, to his birth-place in Germany, where, breathing his native air, they hoped he would end his declining years in that tranquillity which he had so nobly earned, and to which they hoped their little offering might, in some degree, contribute. On that pittance he retired to Heidelberg, where, with the help of teaching English, he managed to eke out a sufficient livelihood for his slender wants.

He was, without exception, the dirtiest and dingiest man I ever set eyes upon. He lodged at a tanner's; and I sometimes found it no easy matter, in mounting his stairs, to pick my way through the blood-stained skins which were spread upon them to dry, and which had just been purchased from the butcher. On my first visit to him, I was saucy enough to ask him how he came to select such a house for his quarters. 'Surely,' said I, 'however odorous you find the smell of the tan-yard, the smell of the reeking skins of newly-slaughtered beasts must be very disagreeable?' 'Nod at all, Saar. I took dese lodgings on brincible. Know you not vat your myriad-minded poet says? Ven Hamlet asks de Clown by de grave shide, "How long vill a man lie i' de earth ere he rot?"—de Clown say, "Iv he be not rotten before he die, he'll last eight or nine years. A tanner vill last you nine years." And vy? Because, for de

same reason vich kept flesh-butchers from catching de cholera ven all else in deir neighbourhood had it.'

I said he was the dirtiest man I ever saw. I may safely add, he was the vainest. I found him, on a particular occasion, seated in a filthy old dressing-gown, with a pipe in his mouth, enveloped in a cloud of tobacco-smoke, overlooking, sorting, and making selections from, a large pile of sermons and manuscripts. I said to him, 'Have you never published any of your many compositions?' Looking over his pipe at me, with an air of great importance, he thus addressed me:—'Saar! You are not de erste persone who have asked me dat question mit surbrise. Der Herr von Nöhden, die Librarium of die Breeches Mooseum at London, von day said to me ver plain—"Mein goote freund, vy do you not bublish?" I shook mein head. "Oh," said dat great man, "you musht bubblish! You musht indeed! I vill speak out! You musht evacooate your brain, or, by ——! you vill bursht!"'

1828. August 2. My stay in Heidelberg, which at first promised ill for my peace of mind (for I was in daily dread of being insulted by one or other of the ill-conditioned young men improperly called 'students'), was afterwards rendered most agreeable, mainly through the hospitality of two or three English families then residing there. The kindness of the Tobins, Count and Countess de Salis, Dr. Wiss (Tom Campbell's nephew), Mr. Mitchell, and, above all, *longo intervallo*, the Rigby family, I remember with gratitude. The present accomplished and amiable Lady Eastlake was one of the Miss Rigbys, and the authoress of 'Letters from the Baltic,'

and many of the most charming articles ever published in the 'Quarterly.'

1829. February 5. My father was on a visit the other day to Mr. Johnnes Knight's at Welwyn. Among other *beaux esprits*, Theodore Hook was there. In the course of the evening he was asked to improvise for the amusement of the company. 'With all my heart,' said he, 'if you will only give me a subject which will fire my muse. Remember how often I have played Punch, and how many subjects I have turned into song for you before. Therefore be lenient, and give me something new, but easy.'

After thinking over several subjects, it was at last suggested that he should take for his theme the very village in which they were all assembled—Welwyn.

Without one minute's pause for reflection, he ran his fingers over the key-board of the pianoforte, and sang the following lines impromptu:—

IMPROMPTU ON WELWYN, BY THEODORE HOOK.

1.

'You ask me where, in peaceful grot,
I'd choose to fix my dwelling?
I'll tell you; for I've found the spot;
And mortals call it Welwyn.

2.

Its shade a quietude imparts,
All other shades excelling;
The county where it stands is Herts,
And hearts are lost at Welwyn.

3.

I feel my own throw off its load
When passing by the Bell Inn!
And why?—Because I know the road
Will lead me on to Welwyn.

4.

And when arrived beneath those trees,
Secure from storm or felling,
The charms of Beauty, Friendship, Ease,
All welcome me at Welwyn.

5.

In other times, ere mute his tongue,
His 'Thoughts' there 'Young sat telling;
Now I, although I am not Young,
Give all my thoughts to Welwyn.

6.

And when my sorrows or my grief
I wish to be repelling,
I always pray for such relief
As kindness gives at Welwyn.

7.

Shall I implore those heathen dons
On high Olympus dwelling?
No, faith! I'll write to Mrs. Johnnes
To ask me down to Welwyn.

1829. February 7. My father told a story to-day which he heard from James Welch, a solicitor of Wells, too good to forget.

A mile or two from some town in Somersetshire there was a manufactory—I think, of cloth—the treasurer and cashier of which lived some distance from it in a cottage of his own. He was known to pass to and fro every Saturday with a large sum of money in specie

on his person, with which to pay the workmen their weekly wages.

A man in the neighbourhood, pressed by want, under a sudden impulse, determined, as a means of extricating himself from his difficulties, to waylay and rob him.

As there had been no premeditation or malice aforethought in the case, he had not provided himself with any offensive weapon. He wrenched, therefore, a strong rail out of some palings which skirted the roadside. Before he could extract a long nail by which the rail had been fastened to the boarding, the very man he was waiting for came by. He followed him stealthily, and beat out his brains. His victim despatched, he was alarmed by the distant tramp of horses' feet, and was barely able to drag the body into the nearest ditch, and cover it over with dried leaves and rubbish, when two horsemen came in sight. As there was no time for him to possess himself of the spoil, he decamped as fast as he could to a farmyard, about a mile off, where he knew the hay harvest was not yet concluded. Seeing no better place of retreat, he climbed up, by the help of a ladder, to the top of one of the large ricks which had been left to settle before being thatched, and burrowed his way into it backwards, leaving out enough of his head to admit of his breathing. He had no alternative but to spend the night there, meaning, at early dawn, after rifling the body left in the ditch, to make for some point near the coast. Thirty years after, when he had confessed his guilt, he described, with terrific force, the unutterable horror of that night, haunted, as he was, with remorse, and in momentary dread of

detection; buried up to his chin in fermenting, newly-made hay, and menaced, for an hour or two, by flights of angry, hungry crows, which, shortly after his arrival in his quarters (attracted by the smell of blood), had swooped down upon him, and kept hovering about, cawing and screaming, and wheeling and whirling, round and round, within a foot of his face, and only deterred from pecking at his eyes by the sudden movement of his head and an occasional gruff whoop, which daunted them. About four in the morning he extricated himself from his feverish hot-bed, and retraced his steps towards the ditch in which his victim and his treasure were secreted. The murdered body was undisturbed. He ransacked the large pockets of the coat, which were heavily laden with gold and silver. He found, also, a belt filled with bank-notes strapped round his waist, and under his waistcoat. With these he fled—on—on—till he reached the sea-port for which he was making. On his arrival he jumped into the first packet which was starting for America. In due time, and without any untoward accident, he arrived at the place for which he was bound—set up a school there, and soon acquired a first-rate reputation as a teacher. At the end of thirty years of uninterrupted success, during which he amassed an independence, he thought he might safely return and settle in his native country. I think the first county to which he repaired was Yorkshire. He had not been long there before he felt irrepressible yearnings to revisit his birthplace, a spot fraught with miserable reminiscences, yet endeared to him by the associations of early days, ere bloodguiltiness had poisoned

his existence. Satisfied that, from the cessation of intercourse with friends for thirty years, the effects of time on his person, the wear and tear of an arduous profession, and the change produced by his altered dress and manners, he might defy detection, he repaired to the village in which he had once dwelt.

As a precaution against risk, he thought it prudent to shun frequented thoroughfares, and to approach the cottage he had once called 'home' by a by-path across the fields. In following the road he had selected, he had to pass through the village churchyard. On entering it, he was much struck by the vast improvements effected since his absence. Old crumbling walls had been rased to the ground; neat iron railings had been substituted in their place; villas of pretension now reared their chimneys where there had been only barns, hovels, and cowsheds; the church itself had been restored, and its yard extended and beautified.

As he sat on a tombstone, smoking his pipe, and ruminating on the strange metamorphoses of thirty years, he noticed that the sexton was busy digging a grave. He drew nigh; and, finding him to be a stranger, entered freely into conversation with him. While thus engaged, the grave-digger threw up several human bones, of which the listless visitor took but little heed. Presently he jerked from his shovel, at his very feet, a human skull. That did not disturb him, though it was remarked by the sexton that he suddenly ceased talking. Bitter memories sat heavy on his soul! All at once his eyes began to open, and then became transfixed: his cheeks grew deadly pale, his body trembled, from the

crown of his head to the sole of his foot. And why? An inanimate skull could have no terrors for him. It could tell no tales! no! But there was that protruding from the back of the skull which kindled the dormant fires of conscience within him, as if they had been fires of hell. A nail! He stood petrified and breathless; 'Cold fearful drops stood on his trembling flesh,' and, as his gaze became more rivetted, he beheld — horror of horrors! — the skull turn slowly round, without any visible agency, and direct its empty sockets upon him. He shrieked out, in irrepressible agony of spirit, 'Guilty! guilty! O God!' and fell insensible to the earth. When his faculties were restored, he told those whom the sexton had summoned from the parsonage to his help, that 'this was none other than the Lord's doing.' He made an ample confession before the authorities, was tried, convicted, and executed.

The seemingly miraculous incident, the moving of the skull, was explained on natural grounds. A dormouse, revived by the outer air, had woke up from his slumbers, and, in running from one side of his resting-place to the other, had caused the movement which had so disturbed and harrowed the conscience of the guilty one.

1829. March 21. This day the Duke of Wellington and the Earl of Winchelsea fought a duel. Neither hurt.

1829. April 2. The Duchess of St. Alban's sent me a ticket for the concert given in behalf of the Spanish refugees.

1829. June 11. Left London on a visit to friends in Scotland. Stayed in Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Stirling, until

1829. June 24. When I saw the contest between the Caledonian and Bannockburn societies. At five p. m., left by coach for Callendar, and slept at Macgregor's hotel.

1829. June 25. I saw the Pass of Lenny, the Brig o' Bracklinn, and left at three p. m. for The Trosachs. On the road, there rushed out from a wretched hovel of mud and peat, not six feet high, a revolting looking creature, half man, half brute—a hirsute, red-haired, semi-nude 'natural' or 'innocent,' who ran by the side of the chaise, gibbering and demanding alms. I was mentioning him in the evening to my friends, when one of them remarked, that he had been once travelling the same road in the same sort of vehicle, when he saw the same daft animal dart from his lair and on the sound of approaching wheels, vault over a little burn that rippled its course between him and the high road, run abreast of the carriage at a jog trot, gnawing a bare bone the while with as much apparent relish as if it had been substantial meat. 'How are ye the day, Sawney?' asked my informant. Disdainful silence! 'What ails ye, man?' Still no answer. 'I gie ye the day, and ye wunna speak to me!' The poor creature, more used to the kicks of travellers than their halfpence, turned round, with a look significant of his insight into the interested motives of the questioner's civility, and answered him at last. 'Ou aye, ou aye! Mighty ceevil we are the day! To-day it's, How are

ye? To-morrow 't will be, Gae wa' wi' ye! There's aye plenty o' freends when there's onything going!'

1829. June 26. Stayed with my friends, who had taken the inn at Arroquhar till August 6, 1829, when I left for Edinburgh. Put up at Gibb's hotel, and found my uncles there ready to receive and welcome me.

1829. August 9. Edwin Landseer spent the evening with us, on his road home from a visit to the Duke and Duchess of Bedford, at Rothiemurchus.

August 25. Left Edinburgh for the Lakes.

September 2. Reached London.

September 10. I had a long walk round and round Fitzroy Square with Macready. I was charmed with him. He is a reader, a thinker, and an actor.

1829. September 18. Spent the evening with Tom Campbell, the poet, and his nephew, Dr. Wiss. We talked much of Mrs. Siddons, for whom his admiration is unbounded.

1830. January 10. Ordained deacon by Bishop Gray, at Bristol, having had letters dimissory to him from the Bishop of Chichester, in whose diocese my cure is situate.

1830. February 11. Heard William Cobbett lecture. Strong sense, masculine English, extravagant prejudice, political economy, currency, radicalism, universal invective, — all jumbled together! Personally, a homely, independent, vigorous farmer, dressed in blue coat, brass buttons, broad-brimmed hat (a white one), drab breeches, top-boots.

1830. February 16. Saw the English Opera House burnt to the ground. A sad sight.

1830. June 16. I went with Frederick Reynolds, the dramatist, to call on Godwin, the author of 'Caleb Williams' and 'Political Justice.' As regards his outer man, a mild, kindly old gentleman. I did not stay long enough to have a taste of his mental quality. I recollect his saying that there was no poem Shelley read so often, or with such enjoyment, as 'The Book of Job.' Afterwards called on Jack Bannister, the handsomest old man alive. Hair white as snow! He is the only man now living who has played with Garrick! He was taught by him, and gives one an inkling of what he must have been, by his imitation of him.

1830. June 17. Went to Sir Thomas Lawrence's with Tomkison. On our way, after, to the Royal Academy, Tomkison told me that he took Sir Thomas, not long ago, to see some paintings of a very promising young artist, in whom he felt interest. Lawrence said many encouraging things to the young man, which he received with becoming modesty. As he was leaving, the youthful aspirant to fame said to Sir Thomas,—'You have been kind enough to praise what you have seen! Would you give me some piece of advice which may help me in my pursuits for the future.' 'I do not know that I have anything to say, except this,' said Sir Thomas: 'You have round your room two or three rough, clever, but coarse, Flemish sketches. Were I you, as a young man desirous to rise in my profession, I would not allow my eye to become familiarized with any but the highest forms of art. If you cannot afford to buy good oil-paintings of the

first class, buy good engravings of great pictures; or, have nothing at all upon your walls. You allow, in intercourse with your fellows, that "evil communications corrupt good manners." So it is with pictures. If you allow your mind to become familiar with what in art is vulgar in conception, however free and dashing the handling, and however excellent the feeling for colour, your taste will, insensibly, become depraved. Whereas, if you habituate your eye only to look on what is pure and grand, or refined and lovely, your taste will, insensibly, become elevated. An artist of well-earned reputation, who owed his position in his profession entirely to his own genius, and who had never seen any of the works of the greatest painters, went with me to see one of the grandest collections on the continent. It was arranged according to the different schools. It began with the German—the Albert Durers, the Quentin Matsys and Holbeins. It then proceeded with the Flemish and Dutch—the Vandycks, the Breughels, the Ostades, the Teniers, the Gerard Dows, the Rysdaels, and the Rubenses. He was so enchanted with the vigour of pencil, the audacity of invention, the mastery of form, and the superb feeling for colour which characterized the works of Rubens, that I had difficulty in dragging him away from them. We then visited the Spanish school, with its Murillos and Velasquez, &c.; the Bolognese school, with its Guercinos and Caraccis, and Carlo Dolces and Guidos; then the Venetian school, with its Tintorettos, and Giorgiones, and Paul Veroneses, and Titians; and, lastly, the Umbrian, with its Peruginos, Francias,

Michael Angelos, and Raphaels. When the custodian came to tell us it was the hour for the gallery to close, my friend's taste had been so educated by what he had seen, and his appreciation for art had been so developed, that, after contemplating the heavenly and chastened expression of the highest Italian types, on his re-passing the Rubenses, which a few hours before had so delighted him, he positively shuddered at their grossness, and hastened away from them as if he were in a low neighbourhood.'

1830. July 24. Ordained priest, this day, by Carr, Bishop of Chichester.

1830. October 31. Appointed sub-chaplain of the Palace, Hampton Court; my chief, the Hon. and Rev. Dr. Gerald Wellesley, the Duke of Wellington's brother, being non-resident.

1830. November 2. I sat a long time with Constable the artist, and watched him paint. He is a most gentle and amiable man. His works will have greater justice done them by posterity, when they have become mellowed and toned down by time. His theories of art are original and instructive. I was surprised to see the free and frequent use he makes of his palette knife in painting; often, where he wants to impart force and breadth to his subject, preferring it to his brush. He told me that, if he lived in the country, and could afford it, he would never paint a landscape anywhere but in the open air. He told me that he believed most artists sketched their subjects out of doors, and finished them in; and that he could always distinguish the parts of a picture which had been painted *al*

fresco from those which had been elaborated in the studio.

My uncle, George Young, mentioned to me a beautiful instance of Constable's imperturbable sweetness of temper. He called on him one day, and was received by him in his front room. After half an hour's chat, the artist proposed to repair to the back, to show him a large picture on which he was engaged. On walking up to his easel, he found that one of his little boys, in his absence, had dashed the handle of the hearth-broom through the canvas, and made so large a rent in it as to render its restoration impossible. He called the child up to him, and asked him gently if he had done it. When the boy admitted his delinquency, he took him on his knee and rebuked him in these unmeasured terms:—'Oh, my dear pet! See what we have done! Dear, dear! What shall we do to mend it? I can't think—can *you?*'

1830. December 13. I sat two hours with Jane and Anna Maria Porter, the authoresses of 'Sir Edward Seward's Narrative,' 'The Scottish Chiefs,' 'The Field of the Forty Footsteps,' &c. &c. They are very feminine and ladylike, and utterly devoid of pedantry or Bas-Blen-ism, or any other ism, except rheumatism, to which one of them is a martyr. I am glad to learn their excellent brother, Sir Robert Kerr, is coming home soon.

1831. January 10. I dined with Colonel and Mrs. Schenck. No one there but Merrewether, the Rector of Hampton. Colonel Schenck is a Dutchman, and, originally, came over here with the Stadtholder, with whom

he was a favourite. At Kingston-on-Thames he was fortunate enough to form an acquaintance with a Mrs. Rolls, the widow of a rich brewer, and to marry her. They are a very original couple, and are a striking contrast to each other. He is tall, with eyes so prominent as to excite fears in the minds of his friends that, in some sudden accession of anger, they may drop out of their sockets: she is short, with eyes so sunk in their lids, that it would not surprise one if they, some day, disappeared behind them altogether. He is thin: she is fat. He is choleric: she is phlegmatic. He is as loquacious as a magpie: she is as mute as a mouse. In her movements she is as measured as a tortoise: whereas he is as mercurial as quicksilver itself. Certainly, if contraries in wedded life best assimilate, this couple ought to be the very model of connubial bliss. The gallant Colonel had a habit, if any sentiment were broached in his presence in which he did not acquiesce, of discharging an indignant 'What?' with such electric abruptness, rapidity, and repetition, as to cow the timid, and effectually to silence the bravest, if they wished to avoid a quarrel. It was not often that his meek lady ventured to hazard a remark, even on the weather; but I *have* known her so bold; and if she chanced to say it was warm, when he thought it was chilly, he would fire a volley of 'Vat? vat? vats?' into her, and roll her over directly. It is difficult to convey, on paper, an idea of the irresistible power of one of those vocal discharges — each vat? vat? vat? increasing in intensity on repetition, and delivered with a rapidity and precision, against which there was no standing up. It

was a case for fight or flight. And, as one did not go out to dinner to engage in single combat, one laid down one's arms, and surrendered at discretion. Not long since I was dining with these good people, in company with the Rector of Hampton and three or four others. The coldness and *hauteur* of our national temperament was severely dwelt on by the Colonel, and unfavourably contrasted with the more genial natures of the Dutch. From men and manners, he descended to soil and climate. 'Here, surely,' said I, 'you will award us the preference? I am sure, after having become almost naturalized, and having married and settled here, you would be sorry to tear up the attachments and associations you have formed, and re-establish yourself in Holland.' I had no sooner hazarded my thoughtless remark, than I foresaw the explosion that would come. 'Vat? vat? vat? VAT? I tell you vat, Sir! Mrs. Schenck is breaking very fast! Just look at her! I see a change in her every month! Look at her, I say!' (She was flushed with dinner, and looked likely to outlive him, unless she had an apoplectic fit). 'She's vasting avay fast; and, as soon as I have paid friend Merrevedder de fees, and put her under de mould, I am off, to live and die in my bootiful Hague!'

Let me do justice to Mrs. Schenck, who was by far the more amiable of the two, though not without her own weaknesses. I was rather a favourite of hers; and when my forthcoming marriage was made known among my friends, she went to pay her congratulatory call on my future mother-in-law. After speaking of me in favourable terms, she wound up her eulogium of me in

these words:—'Ah! my dear madam, you may rely on it, your daughter is going to have a treasure! I never knew any man, in my life, so easily satisfied. Although he dines out so much, and at such grand houses, yet, if I only give him a basin of clear soup, a bit of fish, a slice of chicken and tongue, a snipe, a tart, a head or two of asparagus, and a glass of good wine (it must be dry), he is as contented as if he had dined at Bushey. Well, I do congratulate you, once for all; so good bye; and you may as well bear in mind what I told you, eh?' My mother-in-law elect, not exactly knowing what she alluded to, asked her. 'Why, don't forget—his sherry *must be* dry!'

CHAPTER VI.

1831. January 15. To-day, Horace Seymour came to me to request my attendance, ministerially, on a private of the 9th Lancers, who had shot himself in the night, but not, I hope, fatally.

It would appear that, for some misconduct or other, he had been put in confinement all day; and, for precaution's sake, during the night, as he was known to be a man of violent temper, his feet had been chained together, and a sentry placed on each side of him. As soon as his brother soldiers, who were to watch him, and who were on good terms with him, and had no reason to apprehend anything from him, heard him snoring, they fell asleep themselves; and, when he had ascertained that they were not, like himself, shamming, he gently drew a pistol from the belt of one of them, put it to the pit of his stomach, and pulled the trigger. He succeeded in wounding himself dangerously. A piece of the cloth of his waistcoat and trowsers was propelled by the ball into the lungs; but the ball itself struck against the edge of the lowest of the small ribs, glanced from it, traversed round, and sank in the fleshy part of the back, from whence it was extracted. I begged, and obtained, leave to keep the bullet as a curiosity; for,

incredible as it may appear, instead of its having bruised or broken the rib, the rib had indented a groove in it.

1831. April 13. I was this day, for the first, and I sincerely hope the last, time presented at the *levée* at St. James's. It was no 'vaulting ambition' on my part which caused me to 'o'erleap myself,' but a Royal summons. The fact is, Sir Horace Seymour, one of William the Fourth's equerries, had called on me and told me that the King had said to him, 'I hear you have got a new clergyman as chaplain in Gerald Wellesley's place. Why has he never been to pay his duty to me?' Sir Horace told his Majesty he was sure that I had kept away from diffidence. 'Nonsense! Tell him Hampton Court chapel is a royal one; and, as he is now its minister, I expect to see him here at my next *levée*.'

After this, I had no alternative but to submit—and go.

Sir George Seymour was kind enough to take me in his carriage, and Sir Horace to present me. Before going into the large waiting room, where all the presentees were waiting for the doors to be thrown open, I expressed my fears to Sir Horace that I should be guilty of some solecism in good manners, from my utter ignorance of court usages. He ridiculed my nervousness, and promised to stand by me and pilot me through the quicksands and shoals by which I conceived I must be surrounded in such a place. 'Follow in the wake of others, and imitate their example. Bow lower than you would to any one else; and, when you have kissed hands, mind you don't turn your back,' were the simple instructions given me. My turn came in due time, and in spite of all the cautions I had had, the very

instant I had kissed hands I turned my back upon the sovereign and hurried off. I had no sooner thus committed myself, and was mourning my delinquency, than Sir Horace came hurrying after me, and laughingly caught hold of my shoulders, saying, 'Take heart; your retreat has been covered by a Surrey baronet, who, on seeing the Royal hand outstretched, instead of reverently kissing it, caught hold of it and wrung it lustily.'

Still further to comfort me in my despondency, he told me that, a few days previously, at a former *levée*, a city alderman, more familiar with a yard measure than a sword, in backing from the presence, got the martial weapon so entangled between his legs, that he was tripped up by it and thrown prostrate on the floor. As he lay floundering there, the Sailor King, in utter defiance of all the established rules of regal reserve and dignity, whispered, with infinite glee, to those around him, 'By Jove, the fellow has cut a crab,' and then burst into a hearty peal of laughter.

1831. May 3. I dined with a large party at 'The Pavilions,' at General Moore's. His charming residence, on the skirts of the Home Park in one direction, and of the Thames in another, and immediately opposite Boyle Farm (celebrated for its Dandy's Ball), was once occupied by the late Duchess of Gloucester. It was assigned to its present tenant in recognition of important services rendered by him to the Duke of Kent, when his life was endangered in the Pigtail Mutiny at Gibraltar.

In the evening there was a ball, at which I was witness to an introduction between two gentlemen, which

tickled my sense of the ludicrous acutely. A Colonel W—— had been dining with an old brother officer, who had but just returned from India, and whom he had not seen for some years. He brought him in the course of the evening to the ball at the Pavilions. The Colonel was not exactly inebriated, but somewhat elevated. With high broad shoulders, epaulettes up to his ears, a stiff, military carriage, and a salute rather than a bow, he presented his friend to the General in the following coherent terms:—

'General Moore! let me introduce to you a friend of mine!' Then, waving his hand from one to the other, in the approved fashion, he said, 'General Moore! Captain Cox!—General Cox! Captain Moore!' The rapidest instances of promotion and reduction I ever heard of!

1831. June 10. I dined with Admiral Sir George Scott. Our party consisted of Lord Mount Edgecumbe, the Hon. Mr. Harbord, Mr. and Mrs. Quentin Dick, Mr. and Mrs. Dawkins, Mr. and Mrs. Lambert, Archdeacon Cambridge, John W. Croker, Jesse, and Theodore Hook. I chronicle this dinner because of an unlucky *contretemps* which befell me there. After the cloth was removed, many a joke was cracked at my expense, in consequence of my recent blunder at the *levée*, of which Hook had heard. As a parallel to it, I told my story of the Scotch laird at Holy Rood. One of the party, piqued at the mirth excited by my story, said, in a somewhat supercilious tone, 'Si non è vero é ben trovato,' on which my host came unexpectedly to my rescue, and at the same time, covered

me with confusion by stating: 'Incredible as you may think what Young has told you, I can vouch for its truth; for the gentleman alluded to was my own uncle.' Pleasant for me!

1831. June 16. I heard Paganini. The *furore* there has been about this man has bordered on fatuity. The prices paid for seats to see and hear him have been fabulous.

On the principle, I presume, of 'omne ignotum pro magnifico,' the great violinist has shut himself up in close confinement since his arrival in this country, and refused to receive any one but his *entrepreneur* and his dentist. In both cases the relaxation of his rule was a matter of necessity, and not of choice. With the gentleman who had engaged him he could not avoid making certain preliminary engagements for his *début*. Still less could he dispense with the help of the dentist; for, as nature had failed him in her supplies, art was called in to aid him. Sorely discomfited, on arriving in London, by the state of his teeth, and hearing that, among the brethren of the profession, Cartwright was *facile princeps*, he sent for him; and, after having such teeth as he had filed and scraped, he asked him if he could undertake to supply him with such as he had not by the following Thursday. The commission was, unhesitatingly, accepted and faithfully executed. On Paganini's asking Cartwright what he owed for the service he had rendered him, the dentist assured him that he felt honoured by having had it in his power to administer to the comfort of such a man; and that the only remuneration he could think of claiming at

his hands would be his giving him the pleasure of his company at dinner the next day.

After such extraordinary liberality, Paganini felt that he had no alternative but to accept the invitation so gracefully given. It happened that, ten minutes after the great lion of the hour had left the door in Burlington Street, the Duke of Devonshire entered it, by appointment, to have his teeth looked at. Cartwright asked his noble patient, in the course of his manipulations, if he had yet been fortunate enough to hear Paganini. The Duke said that he had tried to get him at Devonshire House, but had been unable to induce him to go, his reason for refusal being that it would not suit him to play in private till after his appearance in public. 'Well,' said Cartwright, 'there is no rule that has not its exception, and I shall be very much surprised, my Lord Duke, if I do not hear him to-morrow.' 'How so?' exclaimed his Grace. 'Because he dines here; and I feel sure will bring his instrument with him.' 'Good gracious,' said the Duke, 'I wish you would ask me to meet him.' Of course, Cartwright immediately did so. The Duke told every one he called on in the afternoon that he was going to meet the great lion next day, and where. By a curious coincidence, the Duke of ——, and the Duke of ——, and the Duke of ——, and the Duke of ——, instantly discovered that their teeth were much out of order; and the next morning, between ten o'clock and one, four dukes had been under Cartwright's hands, and received invitations to his table for the same day. The consequence was, that when Paganini arrived at

seven p. m. to dinner, in a hackney-coach, expecting to meet a professional friend or two of his host, he found himself sitting down with the most aristocratic party he had ever met in his life, and among them the very magnate whom he had refused to honour with his fiddle.

1831. June 18. Dined with Mr. Jesse. Met, as one always does, a most agreeable party at his house. None among them shone more brilliantly than James Smith, one of the joint authors of 'Rejected Addresses.' His talk—for conversation it was not—was very racy and witty, and his memory nothing short of marvellous. He quoted pages of Pope and Goldsmith; and sang some of his facetious songs to his own accompaniment. Jesse gave me a curious instance of his ready wit. When he was preparing for the press his 'Gleanings in Natural History,' James Smith one day unexpectedly burst in upon him. The moment he saw him, he said, 'My dear Smith, you have come in the very nick of time, as my good genius, to extricate me from a difficulty. You must know that to each of my chapters I have put an appropriate heading: I mean by that, that each chapter has prefixed to it a quotation from some well-known author, suited to the subject treated of—with one exception. I have been cudgelling my brains for a motto for my chapter on "Crows and Rooks," and cannot think of one. Can you?' 'Certainly,' said he, with felicitous promptitude, 'here is one from Shakspeare for you!'

'The cause (caws), my soul, the cause (caws).'

After dinner we were talking of divers incongruities

in language, genders, and grammar as a science. I had the effrontery to say that it had always struck me that grammars might be very much simplified in their construction; and that there was one error common to the grammars of the one or two languages with which I had any familiarity which I should like to see corrected—namely, the giving the rule before the definition; that this was putting the cart before the horse; and I fancied that, if a number of instances were given first, from which the scholar saw that 'an adjective agreed with its subjective in gender, number, and case,' he would deduce the rule almost for himself: whereas, according to the present system, the pupil must accept the rule as arbitrarily defined, without understanding it, until the definitions made it clear. There was so much quotation from Horne Tooke, and Harris, and Priestly, and Lord Monboddo, that I began to feel I was getting out of my depth, and therefore made a diversion by remarking the singular fact that though the sun in most languages was masculine, in German it was feminine; and the moon, usually feminine, masculine. 'By the bye,' said I, 'if I recollect rightly, in Latin, the names of rivers are generally masculine.' 'I forget,' said James Smith, 'but that can't be the invariable rule in English, for the two great American rivers must be feminine—Miss-souri and Miss-sisippi.'

1831. July 2. Dined with John Wilson Croker. Our party consisted of Sir Dudley Hill, Dorrington, Captain Pennell, Theodore Hook, James Smith, and Jesse. A curious and rather grave discussion arose on the prayer in our Evening Service, 'Lighten our darkness;'

in which Croker shone, and showed greater seriousness of mind than I was prepared for. Later in the evening, there was a wonderful rebound from gravity to levity; for Theodore Hook was in a state of rampant spirits, and would keep calling, as if by an involuntary slip of the tongue, though, I am sure, on purpose, Sir Dudley Hill, 'Sir Hudley Dill,' and Miss Matilda Jesse, 'Miss Jatilda Mess.'

1831. November 19. Dined with Lord and Lady George Seymour, the Honourable William De Roos, Mr. Frederick Seymour, the Honourable William Temple (Lord Palmerston's brother), and Count Danniskiold. The Count is a Dane of high rank, an accomplished man, and one of the most elegant dancers in Europe. He speaks English admirably, and rarely makes a blunder. However, he made an amusing one last night. He was being bantered on having paid marked attention to one of the Miss C——'s, a young lady in the neighbourhood, reputed rich, but rather plain. On some one saying, 'You can't admire her looks, Count!' he replied, in a deprecating tone, 'Come, come—you are a leetle hard upon me. She may not be beautiful, but, I must say, I tink she has a sweet expression in some of her eyes.'

1831. December. Shortly after taking up my residence at Hampton Court, I went to call on Mrs. Boehm, at her apartments in the palace. She was the widow of a very wealthy West Indian merchant, who had retired from business, and had purchased the estate of Ottershaw. Their benevolence to the poor, their reputation for hospitality, and their proximity to Oatlands, soon recom-

mended them to the notice of the Duke and Duchess of York, who conceived regard for them, and introduced them into the very highest circles.

On being shewn into the vacant drawing-room, and after admiring a very large full-length portrait of a handsome lady playing the harp, which I afterwards heard was meant for Mrs. Boehm's self in younger days, I observed an ornament in the centre of her table, remarkable rather for its material value than for any originality in its design. It was a pillar of solid gold; I should think, of some twelve inches in height, with a square base, if I recollect aright. I was stooping to decypher the inscription, when its owner herself entered. Perceiving how I was engaged, she begged me to suspend any further investigation until she had told me its history.

'You must understand, Mr. Young, that the object you were looking at was presented to me by his Royal Highness the Prince Regent in commemoration of an event of great historical importance which occurred under my roof when I lived in St. James's Square. I allude to no less a fact than the first news of the success of our arms at Waterloo.'

On my manifesting some curiosity to hear the details of a scene of such rare and exceptional interest, the good lady, nothing loth, with an air of pride at the recollection of departed glories, mingled with mortification at their collapse, proceeded with her narrative.

'Ah! Mr. Young, very few of his Majesty's subjects ever had a more superb assembly collected together than I had on the night of the 21st of June, 1815. That dreadful night! Mr. Boehm had spared no cost to

render it the most brilliant party of the season; but all to no purpose. Never did a party, promising so much, terminate so disastrously! All our trouble, anxiety, and expense were utterly thrown away in consequence of—what shall I say? Well, I must say it—the unseasonable declaration of the Waterloo victory! Of course, one was very glad to think one had beaten those horrid French, and all that sort of thing; but still, I always shall think it would have been far better if Henry Percy had waited quietly till the morning, instead of bursting in upon us, as he did, in such indecent haste: and even if he had told the Prince alone, it would have been better; for I have no doubt his Royal Highness would have shown consideration enough for my feelings not to publish the news till the next morning.'

She then went on to give me a formidable list of the distinguished persons who had reflected the lustre of their presence on her party; laying special stress on the names of two or three Princes of the Blood Royal. In her somewhat discursive account, she stated that, while in the act of receiving her visitors to the dinner which preceded the ball, as she was standing by the Prince Regent, the groom of the chambers, in a loud and pompous voice, shouted forth 'Their Royal Highnesses the Duke of Sussex and Prince Augustus of Sussex!'—(since better known by the humbler title of Sir Augustus D'Este). On hearing this announcement, the Regent, with eyes flashing and colour heightened, turned his back on his brother of Sussex, and said to the Duke of York, who was standing next to him, 'Frederick, tell Adolphus from me, that if he ever

allows that young man to assume that title again, he and I do not speak to each other.'

'After dinner was over, and the ladies had gone upstairs, and the gentlemen had joined them, the ball guests began to arrive. They came with unusual punctuality, out of deference to the Regent's presence. After a proper interval, I walked up to the Prince, and asked if it was his Royal Highness's pleasure that the ball should open. The first quadrille was in the act of forming, and the Prince was walking up to the dais on which his seat was placed, when I saw every one without the slightest sense of decorum rushing to the windows, which had been left wide open because of the excessive sultriness of the weather. The music ceased and the dance was stopped; for we heard nothing but the vociferous shouts of an enormous mob, who had just entered the Square, and were running by the side of a post-chaise and four, out of whose windows were hanging three nasty French eagles. In a second the door of the carriage was flung open, and, without waiting for the steps to be let down, out sprang Henry Percy—such a dusty figure!—with a flag in each hand, pushing aside every one who happened to be in his way, darting up stairs, into the ball-room, stepping hastily up to the Regent, dropping on one knee, laying the flags at his feet, and pronouncing the words "Victory, Sir! Victory!" The Prince Regent, greatly overcome, went into an adjoining room to read the despatches; after a while he returned, said a few sad words to us, sent for his carriage, and left the house. The Royal brothers soon followed suit; and in less than twenty minutes there was not a soul

left in the ball-room but poor dear Mr. Boehm and myself. Such a scene of excitement, anxiety, and confusion never was witnessed before or since, I do believe! Even the band had gone, not only without uttering a word of apology, but even without taking a mouthful to eat. The splendid supper which had been provided for our guests stood in the dining-room untouched. Ladies of the highest rank, who had not ordered their carriages till four o'clock a.m., rushed away, like maniacs, in their muslins and satin shoes, across the Square; some accompanied by gentlemen, others without escort of any kind; all impatient to learn the fate of those dear to them; many jumping into the first stray hackney-coach they fell in with, and hurrying on to the Foreign Office or Horse Guards, eager to get a sight of the List of Killed and Wounded.'

At first sight there may appear to be a discrepancy between the statement of the Dowager Countess Brownlow, in her Reminiscences, and Mrs. Boehm's to me; but they are by no means incompatible with each other. The arrival of the chaise at Mrs. Boehm's door had taken place before Lady Brownlow received the message from her aunt, Lady Castlereagh, to dress and join her.

When she arrived, therefore, the sensation in the ball-room had taken place, and the Prince was in the next room listening to the despatches. He returned, 'came in and said a few sad words,' and retired. If, however, the difference of statement between my version and Lady Brownlow's, still appear to any irreconcileable, I can only say, from my knowledge of the clearness of

Lady B.'s intellect, and the unfailing fidelity of her memory, her ladyship's account may be safely accepted in preference to mine.

1831. July. I cannot resist mentioning incidents which occurred on last Sunday and the two previous ones.

At the western extremity of Hampton Court chapel there is a gallery, which is divided into three compartments: one being for peers, one for peeresses, and the centre one, which is the largest, for the royal family. Beneath this gallery is the ante-chapel, on both sides of which are ranged the soldiers of the cavalry regiment which happens to be quartered at the barracks. In the body of the chapel the gentlemen are ranged on one side, the ladies on the other.

Three Sundays ago, the weather being very hot, a handsome young lady, a Miss B——y, not a resident in the palace, but living in the vicinity, fainted. Considerable commotion arising among those near her, Sir Horace Seymour, the most powerful and handsomest man in the place, walked across the chapel, raised the prostrate fair one in his arms, carried her to his apartments, deposited her on a sofa, left her to the charge of his housekeeper, and straightway returned to his seat.

Strange to say, on the two following Sundays, a young lady, each time a different one, fainted; and on each occasion, as if by prescriptive right, the same gallant knight performed the same kind office for the sufferers, and then returned to his post.

On the last of these three fainting Sundays, Lady George Seymour, a very clever and high-spirited lady,

the milk of whose kindly nature was getting soured by these periodical visitations, came to me in the vestry, after service, and said, 'I say, Mr. Young, this nonsense must not be allowed to go on. This fashion for fainting will degenerate into an epidemic, if it is not put a determinate stop to. With your permission, I will affix, before next Sunday, this notice in the cloister, at the door of entrance:—

'NOTICE.

'Whereas a tendency to faint is becoming a prevalent infirmity among young ladies frequenting this chapel, notice is hereby given, that, for the future, ladies so affected will no longer be carried out by Sir Horace Seymour, but by Branscombe the dustman.'

I cannot say that this notice was ever carried out; but the threat of it getting wind, the desired effect was produced, and 'the plague was stayed.'

Lord George Seymour, the father of the present Sir Hamilton Seymour, and his two nephews, Sir George and Sir Horace, have, and have long had, apartments in the palace. Mr. Frederick Seymour, the other brother, resides in Brighton. I doubt whether England can produce any three brothers of equal blood, bearing, breeding, and beauty.

The combined sweetness and manliness of Sir George's countenance is materially marred by a ghastly wound through lip and chin, received from a splinter while gallantly boarding an enemy's ship off St. Domingo; but it cannot obliterate the moral beauty of its expression. In spite of this disfigurement, he captivates every

one who approaches him, not more by his high-breeding than by the benevolence of his manners, which are, after all, but the outward reflex of a truly noble and amiable disposition.

Frederick Seymour, the youngest of the brothers, is, beyond all question, the handsomest of the three;

> 'His features clear, as by a chisel shaped,
> Made manhood godlike, as a Greek's of old.'

Attached to neither of the services, military or naval, his name is less distinguished than that of either Sir George or Sir Horace, though there is no reason for supposing that he would have been a whit behind them in gallantry, if he had had the opportunity of displaying it.

Sir Horace, critically speaking inferior to Sir George in expression, and to Frederick in feature, in stature and in chivalric grandeur of deportment eclipsed them both. In height, he was six feet four inches, and, like Poins, 'a proper fellow of his hands.' His mien was princely; and his smile so gracious, and his reputation for daring so established, that he rarely entered a drawing-room without fluttering the pulses of that sex who are even more sensitive to bravery than to beauty. With George IV he was an extraordinary favourite. He entertained such an admiration for his handsome looks and figure, that, whenever he designed any alteration in the uniform of his regiments—which was very often—he always had the patterns fitted to his figure. And he had such an exalted estimate of his courage, and so little reliance on his own, that he delighted to have him near his person. He would submit to

negligences, ignorances, oversights, and shortcomings from him which he would not have tolerated from one of his own brothers.

On one occasion, for instance, either at the Cottage at Virginia Water or at the Pavilion (I forget which), Seymour, in waltzing, knocked over a magnificent China jar of great price. To the astonishment of all present, instead of the Regent's giving way to wrath, he merely put his hand gently on the offender's shoulder, smiled, and said, with infinite good humour, 'My dear Horace, what a careless fellow you are!' He tried hard, on the eve of his coronation, to induce Mr. Dymoke, through the intercession of Lord Willoughby d'Eresby, to waive his rights as champion, in favour of his *protégé*; but to no purpose.

The late Marquis of Anglesey, who had had abundant opportunities of witnessing Horace Seymour's feats of personal prowess (for he had been his body aide-de-camp at Waterloo), declared one day at dinner, at Admiral Bowater's, that, in the final pursuit at Waterloo, at least, after the last great charge, he saw him, in imitation of the French (whose swordmanship, by the bye, he has often extolled to me), charge 'at point' and pink out of their saddles, by sheer force of arm and length of sword, six or seven cuirassiers, one after the other.

The Marquis of Anglesey, then Earl of Uxbridge, at a particular crisis in the battle of Waterloo, seeing the Cumberland regiment of Hanoverian hussars considerably in the rear on the Brussels road, ordered them forward, and posted them in a position as little exposed as

possible. 'But, as soon as the shot began to fly about them a little, the colonel and his whole regiment took themselves out of the field. Lord Uxbridge,' says Siborne, 'ordered Captain Horace Seymour (as he then was) to go to the colonel, and insist on his return. Colonel Hake told him he had no confidence in his men, who were mere volunteers, and that their horses were their own. The regiment continued moving to the rear, notwithstanding Captain Seymour's repeating the order to halt, and asking the second in command to save the honour and character of the corps by placing himself at its head, and fronting the men. Finding his remonstrances produced no effect, he laid hold of the bridle of the colonel's horse, and commented on his conduct in terms such as no man of honour could have been expected to listen to unmoved. This officer, however, appeared perfectly callous to any sense of shame, and far more disposed to submit to these attacks upon his honour, than he had been to receive those of the enemy upon his person and his regiment. Upon rejoining the Earl of Uxbridge, and relating what had passed, Captain Seymour was again directed to proceed to the commanding officer, and to desire that, if he persevered in refusing to resume his position in the line, he would at least form the regiment across the high road out of fire. But even this order was disregarded, and the corps went altogether to the rear, spreading alarm and confusion all the way to Brussels.'

Mr. Siborne is considered such high authority, that I suppose his statement may be relied upon; though

I have heard from a member of the family that Seymour caught hold of the recreant colonel by the collar, threw him out of his saddle, and offered to lead the men into action himself: but that they had been so infected by the cowardice of their colonel, that they instantly turned tail and gallopped off to Brussels *ventre à terre.*

It is rather a singular coincidence that Sir Horace should have been the first to see Picton fall, and the first to hear from Lord Uxbridge's lips of the shot which rendered the amputation of his leg necessary. In stating the first of these circumstances, Siborne mentions that Picton's death, 'which was instantaneous, was first observed by the Earl of Uxbridge's aide-de-camp, Captain Horace Seymour, whom he was at the moment desiring to rally the Highlanders. Captain Seymour, whose own horse was just then falling, immediately called the attention of Picton's aide-de-camp, Captain Tyler, to the fact of the general having been wounded; and in the next moment the hero's lifeless corpse was, with the assistance of a private soldier of the nearest regiment, borne off from his charger by that officer.'

With regard to the circumstances attending Lord Uxbridge's wound, I find my recollection of Sir Horace's account of it to me again at variance with that of Siborne's statement. In saying this, however, I must repeat, that my memory has always been a very bad one; and that, therefore, the representation of one, who has taken conscientious pains in verifying facts, as Siborne has done, is not to be impugned.

My impression is, that Sir Horace told me it was late in the evening, after the Prussians had come up, and when he was riding off the field in company with Lord Uxbridge, that his companion said to him, 'I 'm hit!' 'Oh! surely,' said Seymour, 'it is fancy.' 'No: I am hit, and by a spent ball. Get off your horse, and judge for yourself.' Sir Horace then dismounted, and Lord Uxbridge guided his finger to the spot. 'Feel—feel,' said he; and as Seymour did so, his finger went into a small hole, in which, he said, he could distinctly feel bits of bone grating against each other like so many small shells.

With help, he lifted him from his saddle, and forthwith conveyed him to the neighbouring village of Waterloo, where his leg was amputated. During the operation Lord Uxbridge indulged in jokes at his own expense; saying, he should lose ground in the esteem of the ladies by the loss of his leg; 'for,' said he, 'as legs go, it was not a bad one.'

In one of my many rides with Sir Horace, I asked him if the pictures of Lord Uxbridge, with his drawn sword, charging at the head of his cavalry, and leading them into action, were to be considered as truthful, and to be taken *au pied de la lettre*. 'Yes,' said he. 'But was it right for one in such a responsible position to put himself forward as he did?' 'Perhaps not,' he replied, 'strictly speaking. It was wrong. But the fact was, he put himself into unnecessary peril; not, I fear, so much from a desire to animate his followers by his example, as because he sought death, being at that time weary of life; he was so miserable

in his domestic relations. I will give you a proof of it. At one moment, when it was pouring with rain, he tore off his oil-skin from his busby, that his rank in the service, defined by the ornament in front of the cap, might make him the more conspicuous a mark. Just before the great charge of —— [I think he said the Life Guards at Genappe], he cried out to me with a fierce recklessness of tone, "Now, Horace, which of us will be in among them first?" He dug his spurs into his horse's sides, and took the lead of us all.' Whether this was the charge of which Sir Andrew Barnard used to speak, I cannot say. But he declared that, in one charge, he saw Sir Horace dash into the very centre of a dense body of cavalry, and, by the weight of his horse, the length of his sword, and the strength of his arm, cleave his way clean through them. On turning round to see where he was, he found himself alone in the enemy's lines. Of course he thought the game was all up with him. But, favoured by the smoke in which he was enveloped, he turned his horse's head; and, resolved to sell his life dearly, charged through them back again from behind. The enemy's troops, seeing one man alone among them, at first were puzzled to know whether he were friend or foe; and, impressed by his handsome uniform, his stature and bearing, instinctively fell back, and made a lane for him to pass through. While taking advantage of their doubts or their courtesy—whichever it may have been—he descried his friend D—— standing by some guns, a prisoner. It was the work of a second for Seymour,

flinging back his left leg, and crying out 'Quick, quick! jump! I've a stirrup to spare,' to catch hold of D—— by the breech, throw him across the pommel of his saddle, as if he had been a sack of corn, and gallop off with him. Both escaped, as if by miracle, for many shots were fired after them, as soon as the French discovered their mistake.

I heard Sir George Seymour tell the following story of his brother's bravery when I was once staying with him at Lord Yarborough's at Appuldurcombe:—

'On one of the four days, the 15th, 16th, 17th, or 18th, I cannot say which, there was, as if by common consent, as thorough a suspension of hostilities as if there had been an armistice. A stream ran between the opposing forces, to which the troops on either side eagerly repaired, for the purpose of slaking their raging thirst; and those who had recently been engaged in deadly combat were good-humouredly chaffing each other, when a gigantic soldier came forward from out the French ranks and challenged any man in the English to meet him in single combat. "Do you hear that, Horace?" said one of a group of cavalry officers who were collected together. "Yes, I hear it!" said he, with clenched teeth. In another second he leaped his horse across the brook, dashed in among the French ranks, and in the sight of both armies fought with and slew the boastful Goliath.'

This dauntless Paladin, where his affections were involved, could be as gentle as a woman. When first I made his acquaintance, he had but recently lost his beautiful wife. No man ever suffered, under such bereavement, more poignantly. For many weeks he

was nearly beside himself. At her burial, his violence was uncontrollable. He flung himself wildly on her coffin, and it took six strong men to drag him out of her grave. Long after her death he refused to see any but the members of his own family and myself. Although in his earlier days he had a reputation for gallantry, which was not confined to the battle-field, he became, after marriage, the most loyal and devoted of husbands. If any surviving members of his family should chance to cast their eyes on these pages, I hope, in consideration of the lapse of nearly forty years, they will forgive me if I mention a little illustration of the tenderness of this *beau sabreur*. He, one day, thrust into my hand one of his boy's lesson books, on which there was indented a nail mark of their mother's, which defined the limit of a task prescribed. I never shall forget the passion with which he kissed it, and then rushed to his bedroom to vent in solitude the anguish of his heart.

Years after, when time, and faith, and resignation had blunted the keen edge of retrospection, Sir Horace was fortunate enough to gain the love of a second wife, in the person of the present Dowager Lady Clinton. He died, I believe, in St. James's Place, London, leaving behind him one daughter and two sons. The daughter is the present Dowager Countess Spencer. The younger son is Admiral Beauchamp Seymour. The elder, who united in his person the beauty of his mother and the chivalry of his father, died a hero's death, in defending the prostrate body of Sir George Cathcart against the brutality of the Russian soldiery.

There was one other person at Hampton Court with whom I was brought into contact—a man of considerable mark, from whom I received notice and hospitality, viz. the well-known Secretary of the Admiralty, John Wilson Croker.

1832. March. John Wilson Croker was a faithful public servant, and a passionate partisan. For one-and-twenty years he sat at the Admiralty Board, its influential and indefatigable secretary. For five-and-twenty years he was an active member of the senate; prompt and effective in debate; a master of detail; one of the pillars of the Tory party. For forty years he filled a prominent position, if not an elevated one, in the world of letters, in which, if he had the reputation of meting hard measure to others, it was certainly measured to him again. Perhaps few men, who lived within the last half century, contrived to provoke a greater amount of personal hostility than Croker. He was a man of vast and versatile ability, of singular astuteness, of great powers of application, of a high sense of duty; but possessed an asperity of temperament, which caused him to take a pessimist view of everything which came within his keen but narrow scrutiny.

Against the consistency of his political career I doubt if anything could be advanced by his bitterest antagonists;

> 'He was constant as the Northern Star,
> Of whose true, fixt, and resting quality
> There was no fellow in the firmament'

of St. Stephen's. During a transition period, when even

such men as the Iron Duke were forced to sacrifice their convictions, and bend to the pressure of imperious necessity, Croker stood firm as rock. Believing, as he honestly did, that reform, if carried, would be the inevitable precursor of revolution, he adhered doggedly to the old traditional policy to which he had been attached; and opposed, with might and main, the doctrines of progress, which he felt persuaded would tend to the subversion of the monarchy, and the undermining of our most venerable institutions—especially the Church. I remember, in speaking of the perils of the Establishment, his saying,

'C'est un vieux batiment, si on y touche, il crulera.'

The virulence with which he assailed political opponents, and the merciless energy with which he slashed and tomahawked the writings both of friends and foes in the pages of the 'Quarterly,' begot an accumulation of antipathy to him which would have crushed a man of ordinary sensibility; but made only a transitory impression on his hardy and impenetrable nature.

The majority of the present generation, who have derived their impression of him either from Mr. Disraeli's able but sarcastic delineation of him under the character of Rigby, or else from the reports of those who have writhed under the lash of his incisive invective—will naturally think of him as one of the least loveable of men. But, however he may have abused his critical acumen to the pain and prejudice of others, in private life he exhibited qualities deserving of respect and admiration. To the poor and friendless he was generous:

when not blinded by party feeling, he was conscientious: in the face of perpetual opposition, he was courageous. He was a tender husband and an indulgent father. He had stuff enough in him for the making of a great statesman, though he hardly ever attained to that rank in public estimation. It is a notorious fact, that during the debates on the Reform question, he took the wind out of Peel's sails. The fact was, that shortly before the bill came into committee, Croker had been confined to his bed for many days by serious indisposition. During that time, as he lay on his back, he studied the contents of every schedule, dissected them with anatomical precision, and sniffed out every unsavoury clause that could be objected to. The consequence was, that when he had arisen from his bed, and found himself again on the floor of the House of Commons, he displayed such intimate knowledge of his subject, that Peel, who, from the multiplicity of his avocations, had not had leisure to devote the same study to the question, gladly gave to him the *pas*, and allowed him not only to bear the burden and the heat, but to win the honours, of the battle. He so signalized himself on this occasion by his adroitness, that he astonished the most rancorous of his opponents, and greatly enhanced his reputation with the leaders of his party. From that time Peel never neglected to consult him on every great question that came before him. I told him that I had heard as much, and asked him if it were true. 'Yes,' said he, 'he always asks my advice, and never takes it.' From that time the Duke of Wellington gave him more and more of his confidence; and, on his coming to

power, offered him high place in his administration; but his health had been so shattered by the extraordinary excitement and exertion which he had undergone during the Reform agitation, that his wife exacted a promise from him that he would never accept office, or sit in a reformed House of Commons. His dread of the consequences to the country through the admission of the Reform Bill was quite genuine, though, as the event has proved, greatly exaggerated.

I heard him tell Theodore Hook and the late Mr. Jesse, at his own table, that he had warned Lord Palmerston, the very last day he saw him in the House of Commons, of the probable fruits which he might expect to reap from the seed he had sown: in plain words, the consequences of what he designated as his unpatriotic conduct in having aided in the passing of the Reform Bill through Parliament. 'Well, Palmerston, you have raised the whirlwind, but you will never live to ride on it, nor direct the storm which will follow. I leave this House for ever, a sadder, if not a wiser, man! All I pray for is a few brief years of political peace before I lay my head on my pillow and give up the ghost. You will go on your way exulting for a while; but probably will be, one day, impeached, and have to lay your head upon the block.' False prophet as he has proved, his predictions were sincere.

I was one day dining with him at his house at Moulsey, when he dilated at great length, and with much gloom, on the disasters he had augured for England to King William the Fourth. 'When William the Fourth,' he said, 'was Duke of Clarence and Lord High Admiral,

I was, of course, as Secretary to the Admiralty, brought into frequent and intimate relations with him. I found him invariably frank and straightforward. He did not resent my being so too. You may remember—for it is matter of notoriety—that I opposed him tooth and nail, when he amused himself at the public expense by squandering such heavy sums, as he did, on salutes, &c. &c.[1] One day, after he had succeeded to the throne, he sent for me, telling me that he wished to talk over the bill with me. I was greatly struck by the magnanimity with which he permitted me to speak my mind. Think of my having dared to say as follows:—"Sire, when you yielded your high sanction to this bill, you admitted the justice of numerical representation in preference to representation according to property and intelligence. With all due deference to your Majesty, this was a lamentable error. In making this unreasonable concession to your subjects, you have played the part of the old Charlies, the very men who, salaried as they were to be the guardians of the public peace, and the conservators of public property, used to let in the thieves. Thus has your Majesty, the natural guardian of the constitution, and the conservator of monarchical principles, by opening the door to a vicious principle, let in the thieves.

[1] He did all sorts of strange things, and incurred all kinds of foolish expenses. He insisted on going aboard every ship that went to sea, before she sailed: he was perpetually going down to Portsmouth and Plymouth to give colours to regiments and dépôts in garrison who wanted none, &c., &c. When the Duke had resigned, he said, 'I must say to you, Croker, that in all the differences which have led to my retirement, you are the only member of the board who has behaved to me like a gentleman.'—Vide 'Lord Palmerston's Journal,' in pages 295 and 298 of his 'Life,' by Sir Henry Bulwer.

I see you smile, Sire. You may not live to see the consequences of your own acts, but they are none the less inevitable. If I strike a defenceless woman on the breast, I may see no signs of my own cruelty for years; but in course of time my blow produces cancer, and she dies. And I conceive that when you affixed your sign manual to the Reform Bill, you, unwittingly no doubt, struck so deadly a blow against the breast of poor Britannia, that, ere long, it will engender a political cancer which will gradually eat out the very vitals of our beautiful constitution, republicanize our most venerable institutions, and upset the throne itself into the mud!"'

I suspect few people now alive are aware of the commencement of Croker's career in London. Horace Smith, James's brother, and one of the joint authors of 'Rejected Addresses,' told me that he, his brother, and Cumberland, formed the staff of the 'Morning Post' when Colonel Mellish was its sole proprietor. On a certain quarter-day, when he was in the habit of meeting them at the office and paying them their salary, he took occasion to pass on them unqualified commendation for the great ability they had brought to bear upon his journal. He assured them that the circulation of the paper had quadrupled since their connection with it; 'but—but—that he was, nevertheless, under the necessity of dispensing with their pens for the future.' The two Smiths were so utterly unprepared for such a declaration, that they were tongue-tied. Not so the testy Cumberland, who took care to make himself as clearly understood as if he had been the veritable Sir Fretful Plagiary.

'What,' he asked his employer, 'the D——l do you

mean? In the same breath in which you laud your servants to the skies, and express your sense of obligation to them, you discharge them even without the usual month's warning!'

Mellish, quite unmoved, replied—'You must know, good Sirs, that I care for my paper, not for its principles, but as an investment; and it stands to reason, that the heavier my outgoings, the less my profits. I do, as I have said, value your merits highly; but not as highly as you charge me for them. Now, in future, I can command the services of one man, who will do the work of three for the wage of one.'

'The deuce you can,' said Cumberland. 'He must be a phœnix. Where, pray, may this omniscient genius be met with?'

'In the next room! I will send him to you.'

As he left, a young man entered, with a well-developed skull, a searching eye, and a dauntless address.

'So, Sir,' screamed out Cumberland, 'you must have an uncommon good opinion of yourself! You consider yourself, I am told, three times as able as any one of us; for you undertake to do an amount of work, single-handed, which we have found enough for us all.' 'I am not afraid,' said the young man, with imperturbable *sang froid*, 'of doing all that is required of me.' They all three then warned him of the tact, discretion, and knowledge of books and men required—of the difficulties by which he must expect to find an enterprise of such magnitude beset, &c. &c. They began then to sound his depth; but on politics, belles lettres, political economy, even the drama, they found him far from

shallow. Cumberland, transported out of himself by his modest assurance, snatched up his hat, smashed it on his head, rammed snuff incontinently up his nose, and then rushed by Mellish, who was in the adjoining room, swearing and saying as he left, 'Confound the potato. He's so tough, there's no peeling him!' The tough potato was John Wilson Croker.

1832. April 26. This day married Elizabeth Ann Georgiana Willis, daughter of the late James Legge Willis, of Freshwater House, and Atherfield, in the Isle of Wight. It is curious that her direct ancestor, Sir Richard Willis, and her maternal ancestor, the Hon. Colonel Legge, were both devoted adherents of Charles the First (indeed, the latter voluntarily accompanied him to prison, when he was confined in Carisbrook Castle); and that my paternal ancestor, Simon Mayne, whose signature to the death warrant of Charles is now hanging in my study; should have helped, alas! to execute him.

1832. April 27. Went abroad for six weeks with my wife.

1832. July 9. Mlle. Mars played in London. I did not see her; but I hear that, despite her charm and talent, she is too old to play the youthful characters she does. This reminds me of an anecdote I heard of her the other day, when in Paris. She was playing the part of Mlle. Marie, in the play of ————. In the course of the dialogue she had to say 'J'ai seize ans,' on which several persons in the pit hissed. She came forward, and curtsied, and said, with much feeling, 'Messieurs et Mesdames, Mlle. Marie à seize ans; Mlle.

Mars hélas! à soixante ans.' By the bye, Miss Louisa Cockburn, sister of the Lord Chief Justice, told us of a piece of ready wit, the other day, on the part of the driver of a fiacre. On discharging him, he demurred at her payment; but finding her inexorable, became insolent. She threatened to take his number; on which he laughed in her face, exclaiming, 'Eh ben! Prenez mon numero: et mettez le dans la lotterie, si ça vous plait.'

1832. September 6. Sir Augustus D'Este has been dismissed from the post of Equerry to the King; and Sir Horace Seymour has been appointed in his stead.

1832. September 21. Sir Walter Scott is dead. The decay of his bodily and mental powers, too perceptible when he was last in London with Lockhart, had prepared his friends for such an event; and the dilapidation of his fortunes, in spite of his heroic efforts to retrieve them, almost reconcile one to it.

1832. October 5. My uncle told me to-day a curious fact. We were talking of the nervous system as a *terra incognita*, and the fine field open to a philosophically-minded man, who would devote himself exclusively to that branch of anatomy. To show that high-wrought nervous susceptibility and true courage were compatible with each other, he mentioned that, years ago, he was dining in company with Sir Henry Cooke, when he was asked by him the nature of a certain operation. My uncle took up an apple, and to make his description the more real, made a bold incision through the skin. Before he had got half through his illustration, Cooke had slid off his chair under the table in a swoon. On being brought to, he expressed himself greatly ashamed

of his effeminancy; and yet, at Waterloo, after the battle was over, he had ridden up to a spot where bodies were lying up to his horse's hocks in every imaginable form of ghastly horror, and had merely noticed how magnificently the artillery had been planted, and how nobly they had kept their ground. The force of imagination, in seeing the apple cut, had affected his nerves far more seriously than the grim reality inflicted on the human body!

1832. October 6. Lady Dacre, whom I met lately at her sister's, the Honourable Mrs. Talbot's, tells me that my wife's father was a man not only of varied accomplishment, and a perfect encyclopædia of general knowledge, but also a man of considerable nerve. Instance the following anecdote:—

He was one day returning from Kingston through the Home Park, in which the residents in the Palace had permission to walk, when he found himself hotly pursued by a savage buffalo. Mr. Willis had no stick with him, and had nothing to trust to but his own presence of mind. He, luckily, remembered having heard that a buffalo, if faced, and steadily eyed, would never run at a person. As soon, therefore, as the animal got near him, he turned round and looked him full in the eye. As he stopped, the buffalo stopped. He then began slowly and cautiously to beat a retreat, never once relaxing the fixity of his gaze. The more the assailed found the effect of his eye on his assailant, the bolder he grew; so that for nearly half a mile he kept falling back, yet without the slightest acceleration of his pace. For each step that the infuriated beast

advanced, Mr. Willis made a corresponding retrograde movement. These artful dodges lasted till he felt his back in contact with the private gate of the iron palisades which separate the public gardens from the park. This was the most critical moment of all; for his body was then within six feet of the brute's horns. Mr. Willis, with eye still rivetted on his adversary, put his right hand into his trowser pocket, drew out from it his key, and, with infinite difficulty and after much random fumbling and bungling about the lock behind him, he succeeded in turning it. When he had done so, he rushed towards the creature, setting up at the same time a terrific shout. The suddenness of the action, and the change of tactics from the defensive to the offensive, and the unaccustomed noise, so startled the animal, that he turned round; and before he could rally from his surprise, the gate had been opened, and Mr. Willis had locked it in his face.

Some little time before I resided at Hampton Court a more ludicrous affair than that had taken place, in which a bull had been a very distinguished performer. A lady I knew well, Mrs. R. W——, sister to a former Lady T——, was walking on the road in Bushey Park, between the splendid avenue of chestnuts, when an overdriven bull rushed through the Teddington gate, followed by a miscellaneous mob of butchers' boys. Mrs. R. W—— was walking on in front, alike unconscious of what was behind and near her, and of the exceeding offence she was giving by her crimson shawl, when she found herself suddenly in the air, and in another second enacting the difficult part of Europa at short notice,

With singular presence of mind, she flung her arms round the brute's neck, and there clung, until released from her perilous position at the gate of the barrack-yard (in front of the Palace) by the sentry, who, with the help of his pursuers and their staves, brought him to bay, and made him 'stand and deliver' up his fair captive.

1832. On October 6 of this year I was dining with Lord George Seymour, when I heard a story analogous to the Sir H. Cooke one. A young man, of good family and considerable expectations, was appointed to the diplomatic staff of our ambassador at Petersburgh. On his first appearance at dinner on the day of his arrival, the principal topic of conversation was the forthcoming *fête* of the year, about to be celebrated, if I am not mistaken, in the church of St. Isaac.

The ambassador, turning, affably, to the young stranger, congratulated him on his good fortune in having arrived in time for the celebration. 'I doubt,' said he, 'if in any other court in Europe you can see a more august ceremonial than that at which you will be present next week. By the bye, don't forget that there is a seat set apart for you in my box as one of my staff.'

The young man bowed respectfully, but with an air of indifference.

The following day, having had an interview with his chief concerning the contents of certain papers and letters which he had been desired to copy, on retiring, he thus addressed him:—

'My Lord, you were kind enough yesterday to promise me, what most persons in my position would

deem a great treat, viz. a seat in your box, from which to witness this festival of which every one is talking. Will you think me very odd if I ask permission to absent myself on the occasion?'

Ambassador.—'I should, indeed! What possible reason can you assign for such caprice?'

Attaché.—'There will, I conceive, be military music. If so,—I must be frank with your Lordship, at the risk of provoking your ridicule, or even of incurring your displeasure,—I cannot be present! I have the strongest possible objection to all military music.'

Ambassador.—'Oh, you object on religious grounds to martial music in the house of God, do you?'

Attaché.—'My Lord, however inappropriate I may think military music in the house of God, my unwillingness to be present there arises from lower and more selfish motives. You will smile, my Lord, when I tell you that I have an insuperable antipathy to the sound of a drum. I have lived so retired a life on my father's estate in the country, that I had never heard it but once in my life, and that was the other day, after a night spent in Paris on my road hither. I had fully intended staying there some days, but while in bed at the Hotel Bristol, I heard the tramp of a regiment of soldiers marching down the Rue Castiglione, to the sound of military music. I rushed to the window to see them, when suddenly I heard the *rappel*. Owing, I presume, to some nervous sensibility, peculiar to my organization, I felt a torture so excruciating that I despair of describing it. I staggered to my bed, a faintness came over me, and my respiration became

so seriously affected that I thought I must have died on the spot. I rang the bell violently for help, and after taking some sal-volatile and brandy, recovered sufficiently to pack up my things, ask for my bill, pay it, and hasten hither as fast as I could. You can now make allowance for my weakness in wishing to escape the recurrence of a similar infliction a second time.'

The noble Lord laughed heartily at what he heard, and declared that, if he allowed him to yield to such weakness, he should consider he was helping to make him a confirmed hypochondriac. 'My dear fellow,' he went on to say, 'did you ever tell your parents of this silly infirmity of yours?' 'No, my Lord.' 'Then I am sure they will applaud me for not countenancing such folly; therefore I tell you distinctly, I shall expect you to accompany me to the function.' The young man felt it his duty to bow to his chief's decision, and therefore determined, at all hazards, to go. As the great day drew nigh, he told his *confrères* of the serious apprehensions by which he was beset; but got no more consideration from them than from their principal. At last the dreaded day arrived. The procession formed. Seats in the cathedral were set apart for ministers of state, the nobility, and the *corps diplomatique*. As the latter defiled by, the youngest *attaché*, according to the laws of precedence, took the last and lowest seat. When every one had been placed, space was kept by the military for the procession, which was composed of ecclesiastics of different grades, princes, prelates, and officers of distinction. Suddenly, outside the western

gate, was heard the clang of cymbals, the blast of trumpets, and the rub-a-dub of the great drum. On hearing it, the ambassador, with a smile of ironical significance, looked past his followers to see the effect produced on his sensitive *protégé*. He was on the floor of the box—dead! On a post-mortem examination, it appeared that the shock to his finely-strung nervous system had caused a rupture of one of the valves of the heart.

CHAPTER VII.

1832. October 7. Dr. B—— was calling on my uncle to-day in Brighton. The subject of conversation on the *tapis* was the lamentable defects of our police regulations compared with those of Paris. Dr. B—— said that he considered he owed his life to the system of espionage prevalent in that town; and told the following tale in proof of it:—

Dr. B—— was a retired physician, who, having realized a handsome competency, dedicated much of his leisure to the cultivation of science. While engaged in a botanical tour through Switzerland, he received intelligence from Paris of the sudden death of one of his most valued friends. A letter from his widow informed him that he had been appointed, by her deceased husband, co-guardian and trustee with her to her son and daughter. She expressed an earnest hope that, as soon as he conveniently could, he would join her in Paris, and give her the benefit of his counsel under very trying circumstances. Thus appealed to, he conceived he had no alternative but to set out for Paris without further delay. On applying at the Messagerie, at Geneva, for a place in the diligence, he found every one both in the *intérieur* and in the *coupé* bespoken, so

that he had no choice but to sit with the *conductcur* in the *banquette*, whose good-will he soon won by his affability and freedom from *hauteur*. The journey was accomplished without any impediment, until, as they were approaching the *barrière* at the entry into Paris, the *conducteur*, breaking off in the midst of a lively conversation he was having with Dr. B——, and directing his voice to the 'insides,' halloed out, 'Messieurs et Mesdames, préparez vos passeports.' Dr. B——, in obedience to this summons, thrust his hand, first into the breast pocket of his greatcoat, and then into the hind pockets of his frock, in search of his passport; but, to his consternation, could find it nowhere. What had become of it, he never was able to discover. He thought it might have dropped out of his greatcoat, when he had flung it carelessly over the roof of the vehicle; but, whatever the cause of the misfortune, the effect was to involve him in a dilemma which might have jeopardized his liberty. In his distress, he thought it best to tell the *conducteur* what had befallen him, and throw himself on his good-nature. On being appealed to, he told him that the only chance by which he could hope to escape the notice of the official at the *barrière* would be, by having recourse to the following ruse:—'Lie down,' said he, 'at the bottom of the *banquette*, under the leathern apron which has hitherto covered our knees; and while I step down from my seat on the left side, and the *gens-d'arme* is occupied in collecting passports from the passengers in the *intérieur*, creep out from under your covert on the right side, and mingle unhesitatingly with the crowd. I will engage the atten-

tion of the receiver of the passports till you are out of sight. He will not suspect me of conniving to deceive him—first, because I have never yet shown a disposition to do so; secondly, because he would never think me such a fool as to run the risk of discharge and imprisonment for the sake of serving a total stranger.'

Dr. B—— adopted the friendly suggestion, and found it successful. As soon as the diligence had cleared the *barrière*, he jumped up again into his seat without any comment from the driver, who concluded that the *conducteur* would never have sanctioned his descent from his place unless he had previously surrendered his passport. On reaching his destination, Dr. B—— rewarded the guard munificently for his services, and promised never to betray him.'

After he had taken possession of his bedroom at his hotel, he had a hasty dinner, and then made the best of his way to the residence of his late friend's widow. He found her and her daughter plunged in deep distress, though greatly comforted by his arrival. The mother, after furnishing him with details of her husband's last moments, disclosed to him the fruitful cause of her anxieties. The chief of them arose from her apprehensions as to the future of her only son—a young man barely one-and-twenty, not deficient in good qualities, but likely to be seduced into evil courses through infirmity of purpose. She described him as having become negligent of his sister at the very time when she most needed his sympathy, and as having grown impatient of maternal control. His deterioration of character she attributed to the influence of certain young

men of high rank and low *morale*, who had acquired undue ascendancy over him, and had inoculated him with a passion for play. She implored her co-trustee to exercise every influence he could bring to bear upon her wayward boy, to wean him from so ruinous and degrading a propensity. Dr. B——, conscious of the delicacy and difficulty of the task imposed upon him, consented to undertake it, on one condition only, viz. that she would not attempt to oppose the tactics he might choose to adopt, however incomprehensible they might seem, but confide in his discretion and good faith. To this proposition she assented, begging him, at the same time, to dine with her next day, so that he might have an opportunity of reviving acquaintance with the young man, whom he had not seen for some years.

The youth himself, aware of the high place Dr. B—— had filled in his father's esteem, and of the relation in which they now stood to each other—viz. that of ward and guardian—anticipated no great satisfaction from the meeting. His reserve, however, rapidly melted away under the genial warmth of his mentor's cordiality. When his mother and sister had left the dinner table, the Doctor entered into conversation with his young friend with a vivacity that fascinated him. He proposed that they should go the next night to the opera, and afterwards look in at Frascati's, the great gambling-house of those days. As soon as the Doctor's back was turned, the mother was surprised to hear her son launch forth loudly in his praise, declaring that he was a 'trump,' and that he no longer wondered at his father's partiality for him. Dr. B——, having little reliance on the permanent effect

of moral lectures delivered by an old man to a young one of vicious tendencies, preferred to gain his confidence by affecting community of tastes, and pretending afterwards to be penetrated with remorse, trying by argument to induce him to join him in the abandonment of a habit, the disastrous consequences of which he took care to paint in appalling colours. With the object of achieving so praiseworthy an end, he was content, if necessary, to sacrifice fifty or sixty napoleons.

The following night, after the opera, they sallied forth for the gambling-table. Dr. B—— rushed up to it with well-feigned avidity, and staked his money freely; persuaded, in his own mind, that, from his utter ignorance of games of chance, he must soon be a loser. To his amazement, he met with an uninterrupted flow of good fortune; so that, when he rose at 3 a.m. from the table, to his own disconcertment, and the envy of his companion, his trowser and coat pockets were so full of louis d'or, that it was only by holding them together he kept them from rolling out upon the floor. When invited, rather peremptorily by the *croupier*, to remain, and give his adversaries their revenge, he pleaded the hour in excuse for not doing so, promising, however, to return the next evening.

He bade his young friend 'good night,' jumped into a fiacre, drove to his quarters, hurried to his room, and without giving a thought to the amount of his ill-gotten gains, poured them into the drawer of his toilet table, and plunged into bed.

The next morning, before he had risen, he heard a tap at the door, followed by the entrance of two *gens-*

d'armes. They marched up to the side of his bed, while one of them, referring occasionally to a note-book, thus addressed him :—

'Your name, Monsieur, is Dr. B——. On the 10th of this month you slept at ———. On the 11th you slept at La Cygne, in Lucerne. On the 13th you slept at the Hotel Sécheron. On the 14th you left Geneva in the *banquette* of the diligence, which started at ——— o'clock. You were last seen eating your breakfast with the other coach passengers at the road-side inn at 'Les Rouses' on the Jura; but from that place we have lost sight of you. We know, however, that three days ago you entered this town without a passport, and we are at a loss to conceive how, in spite of the strictness of our police regulations, you succeeded in doing so. Luckily for you, we know your antecedents. We know that you have been travelling with no political object, but simply for your own pleasure. We know that you dined with Madame —— and her son and daughter in the Champs Elysées two nights ago. We know that last night, in company with the son of your old friend, you visited, first the opera, and then Frascati's, and that you won largely. Now, we are authorized by our minister to say, that if you will deal unreservedly with us, and will tell us by what dexterous manœuvre you managed to pass the *barrière* without a passport, you shall not only be supplied with a fresh one, *en régle*, but shall be ensured protection while you remain in this city. You will readily perceive that we make these enquiries without any idea of punishing you for your infraction of the law, but with the object of warding off a repetition of the same

trick at the hands of less scrupulous gentry than yourself.'

Without compromising the conductor, who had so generously befriended him, he then told them the whole truth, declaring his conviction that the audacity of the act was the chief cause of its success.

The men, satisfied of the truth of his representation, then went on to say—'Now, Sir, you have been open with us; we, in turn, will be open with you. You are in danger. Did you observe, last night, a German gentleman—a very stout one—with one or two decorations on his breast? He had won less than you had; but he refused to continue play; and, consequently, after you had left, he was shot dead as he was going down the stairs. We warn you, return, without fail, to-night to Frascati's, and lose back every sous you have won, or your life is not worth four-and-twenty hours' purchase.'

In consequence of these alarming intimations, Dr. B—— told his young friend what had happened; and begging him to keep out of harm's way, adjourned at night to Frascati's in no very enviable frame of mind.

He played with studied, determined recklessness. No spendthrift ever wished more earnestly to win than he did to lose; but the more daring his ventures, the more startling were his winnings. About the small hours of the morning, to his immeasurable satisfaction, the wheel of fortune turned against him: still, his losses bore no proportion to his gains. Morning was breaking; he was unwilling to stay, yet afraid to go. At last he screwed up his courage to the sticking-place and hurried out of

the room; but, so full was his mind of the fate of the German baron the previous night, and of the warnings of the police, that, instead of walking down the stairs, he slid down the banisters, thinking, by that undignified mode of descent, he should present a more difficult mark for any murderer who might be lying in ambush for him. Whether it was thought prudent to reserve punishment for him to another night, he knew not; but, to his ineffable delight, the instant he alighted in the hall, he was met by a tall, cocked-hatted functionary, in whom he recognized one of his bed-room visitors, who handed him into a *cabriolet*, which was at the door, and escorted him to his hotel without uttering a word.

I am sorry that a story promising so well, should have no more sensational *dénouement;* but Dr. B—— told it us merely to prove the high state of efficiency of the Parisian police at that time. He felt so satisfied that he owed his life to their timely warning, and to the never-flagging vigilance with which they followed him about the streets, that he went to the head of the police-force and begged to be allowed to deposit in his hands a considerable sum of money in token of his sense of their attention. He was sternly and flatly refused, and reminded that the entire organization of the force was for the protection of person and property; and told that, if the system of rewards for the mere execution of duty was once permitted, the demoralization of the body would infallibly ensue.

In the year 1833, while living in Hampshire, no one showed my wife and myself more constant hospitality than the late Right Honourable Henry Pierrepont, the

father of the present Lady Charles Wellesley. In his youth he had been the intimate associate of Lord Alvanley, Beau Brummell, and Henry, afterwards Lord de Roos. This little select clique was known as par excellence 'the Dandies,' who were not more distinguished for their taste in dress than for their powers of wit and repartee. On one of our many delightful visits to Conholt, Mr. Pierrepont had but just returned from Strathfieldsaye, as we arrived. He had been there to meet the judges, whom the Duke was accustomed to receive annually, previously to the opening of the assizes. After dinner, Mr. Pierrepont was asked by the Duke of Beaufort, who, with the Duchess, was in the house, if he had had an agreeable visit. 'Particularly so,' was the answer. 'The Duke was in great force, and, for him, unusually communicative. The two judges and myself having arrived before the rest of the guests, who lived nearer Strathfieldsaye than we did, the Duke asked us if we were disposed to take a walk, see the paddocks, and get an appetite for dinner. We all three gladly assented to the proposition. As we were stumping along, talking of Assheton Smith's stud and hounds, one of the judges asked the Duke if we might see Copenhagen, his celebrated charger. "God bless you," replied the Duke, "he has been long dead; and half the fine ladies of my acquaintance have got bracelets or lockets made from his mane or tail." "Pray, Duke, apart from his being so closely associated with your Grace in the glories of Waterloo, was he a very remarkable—I mean, a particularly clever horse?"

'*Duke.*—"Many faster horses, no doubt; many handsomer: but for bottom and endurance never saw his fellow. I'll give you a proof of it. On the 17th, early in the day, I had a horse shot under me. Few know it; but it was so. Before 10 o'clock I got on Copenhagen's back. There was so much to do and to see to, that neither he nor I were still for many minutes together. I never drew bit, and he never had a morsel in his mouth, till 8 p. m., when Fitzroy Somerset came to tell me dinner was ready in the little neighbouring village — Waterloo. The poor beast I saw, myself, stabled and fed. I told my groom to give him no hay, but, after a few go-downs of chilled water, as much corn and beans as he had a mind for, impressing on him the necessity of his strewing them well over the manger first. Somerset and I despatched a hasty meal; and as soon as we had done so, I sent off Somerset on an errand. This I did, I confess, on purpose that I might get him out of the way; for I knew that if he had had the slightest inkling of what I was up to, he would have done his best to dissuade me from my purpose, and want to accompany me.

"The fact was, I wanted to see Blucher, that I might learn from his own lips at what hour it was probable he would be able to join forces with us next day. Therefore, the moment Fitzroy's back was turned, I ordered Copenhagen to be re-saddled, and told my man to get his own horse and accompany me to Wavre, where I had reason to believe old 'Forwards' was encamped. Now, Wavre being some twelve miles from Waterloo, I was not a little disgusted, on getting there,

to find that the old fellow's tent was two miles still farther off.

"However, I saw him, got the information I wanted from him, and made the best of my way homewards. Bad, however, was the best; for, by Jove, it was so dark that I fell into a deepish dyke by the roadside; and, if it had not been for my orderly's assistance, I doubt if I should ever have got out. Thank God, there was no harm done, either to horse or man!

"Well, on reaching head-quarters, and thinking how bravely my old horse had carried me all day, I could not help going up to his head to tell him so, by a few caresses. But, hang me, if, when I was giving him a slap of approbation on his hind-quarters, he did not fling out one of his hind legs with as much vigour as if he had been in stable for a couple of days! Remember, gentlemen, he had been out, with me on his back, for upwards of ten hours, and had carried me eight-and-twenty miles besides. I call that bottom! ey?"'

In this simple and unpretending manner did the great man vaunt the merits of his horse, and forget altogether the infinitely greater fatigue (for his was mental as well as bodily) which he had himself undergone.

When one reflects on the Atlas-weight of responsibility which rested on that one man's shoulders; on the strain of brain those ten hours on the battle-field must have cost him (with the future destinies of Europe hanging suspended in the balance); and, then, on the anxiety with which his stout heart must have been charged during that midnight ride, one begins

to realize, though faintly, the singleness of purpose which actuates the patriot, the public servant, and the hero, when engaged in the discharge of duty.

There is a prevalent impression on the minds of many that the illustrious Duke never saw Blucher until the 18th, when they met under the well-known solitary tree. The above story, derived from such an unexceptionable source, and repeated four-and-twenty hours after it had been told, must refute that notion. If any sceptic, however, still have doubts upon the subject, I would refer him to the review of Siborne's 'Waterloo' in the 'Quarterly Review;' where he will see in a note, at the bottom of one of the pages, a distinct allusion to the meeting between the chiefs of the allied armies and of the Prussian, on the night of the 17th. That article may be relied on as containing nothing but fact. For, shortly after it had made its appearance, I was staying at West Stoke, near Chichester, with Sir Horace Seymour and the present Dowager Lady Clinton; and Sir Horace assured me that Mr. Sidney Herbert, afterwards Lord Herbert of Lea, who had just been staying with him, had told him that the article in question had been written by the then Lord Ellesmere, better known in the political world as Lord Francis Egerton, almost at the dictation of the Duke of Wellington. In other words, the Duke had supplied Lord Francis with his data, and he had put them into shape, and then submitted the article for the Duke's inspection and correction. So that there was not a word in it which had not been endorsed by the Duke himself.

The interesting circumstances I have just detailed I do not think have ever been brought to public notice before. I do not feel anything like the same certainty as to the story I am now going to tell. I believe many know it. Still, I do not despair of its interesting more, to whom it is new, especially as I received my account of it from an authority which, if known, could hardly be called in question.

For full a quarter of an hour, during one of the greatest crises of the battle of Waterloo, when the great Duke had work enough on his hands to have employed a staff of double the dimensions of that allotted to him; and when he had, in addition to his regular aides-de-camp, volunteer ones, in the persons of the then Duke of Richmond, Lord William Lennox (a youth not sixteen), and Lord Bathurst (then Lord Apsley), all flying about the field for him with messages oral or written, he found himself alone—and alone at the very moment that he most needed help. While traversing the horizon with his telescope, he had descried the commencement of a movement, on the part of Sir James Kempt's brigade, which he foresaw, if not promptly countermanded, would be likely to operate fatally on the successful issue of the battle. He had no one at his elbow by whom he could make the desired communication with the gallant brigadier. In this trying dilemma, he turned himself round in his saddle, and beheld, some hundred yards behind him, a single horseman, so quaintly attired as almost to excite a smile on his countenance. He wore a green cut-away coat (known in those days as a duck-hunter),

drab vest, drab breeches, and mahogany-tinted top boots. He bestrode a black short-jointed Flemish cob. He carried an English hunting-whip in his hand; and had on his head a civilian's hat, with a colonel's feather stuck in it.

The instant the Duke caught sight of him he beckoned him to him; and in his curt pithy manner asked him who he was? what he was there for? how he had passed the lines? &c. &c. His answer was concise and direct enough. But I prefer to tell it, as it was told to me by one who, in 1819, four years after the battle, had heard all the particulars from the lips of both parties concerned.

He told the Duke that he was a commercial gentleman—in other words, a bagman—travelling for a great wholesale Birmingham button manufactory; that he had been engaged in showing 'specimens' to a retail house in Brussels, when his ears were assailed by the reverberation of heavy ordnance, and having had an intense desire all his life to see a battle, he begged leave to suspend his negotiation, abruptly left the shop, rushed to a horse-jobber, hired from him the best animal he could find, up to his weight, and made the best of his way to the scene of action. On coming, at a turn of the road, on a particular wood he found two regiments, with piled arms, bivouacking[1]. On attempting to pass,

[1] I had the honour of telling this story to the late Lord Raglan (when Lord Fitzroy Somerset). He had never heard it, and, at first, could hardly believe it, *as* he had never heard it; but afterwards, from enquiries he made, and from the person's name which I gave him as my authority, he said 'he had no doubt it was true.' On my expressing to his lordship that

he was challenged by one of the sentries, and roughly ordered to 'be off.' While the bagman was trying to propitiate him, and other soldiers, looking on, were disputing the propriety of yielding to his solicitation, one of the officers, who heard the altercation, went up and asked what was the matter. The stranger begged that he might be allowed to explain his position; and, in doing so, pleaded so strenuously, yet respectfully, for leave 'to see the fun,' that the officer in question determined, if practicable, to grant his request. Before doing so, however, he warned him of the probable risk to his own person. 'Oh,' said he, 'I will brave the risks, if only I may gratify my curiosity.' Turning to a corporal, who was standing near him, he asked him 'what were his orders.' 'Nothing under a colonel's feather to pass, captain.' 'Well,' said the good-natured officer, 'we will soon settle that matter. Send out a man or two, and let them search among the bodies of the dead for a colonel's feather.' In a few minutes one was found, brought, and inserted into our Birmingham friend's hat; and the sanction he craved was granted.

The bagman, carefully noting the lie of the ground, and guided by his natural intelligence, pushed on towards the only elevated spot he could perceive. As he beheld the clouds of smoke and the lurid sky, and sniffed

I could not fancy, when troops were so much needed, that there could have been two regiments near at hand, and yet not called into play, he said, 'Oh, yes; there were two regiments, and one was the 54th, which formed part of the force kept in reserve for the protection of the road to Brussels, and they never were engaged on the field.'

the scent of powder and of carnage as he got nearer and nearer, and heard the clash of steel and the stunning roar of artillery, he became wildly excited, and, 'eager for the fray,' put spurs to his horse and galloped like a madman on and on, till suddenly he saw before him, on the summit of the hillock for which he was making, a figure, the very sight of which sobered his impetuosity, caused him instinctively to draw in his bridle-rein, take breath, and halt, as if petrified, in his course. The figure that met his eyes was seated on horseback rigid as a statue! The cocked-hat, the military cloak, with its short cape, drooping in long folds from his shoulders, the arms raised and extended, the hands holding in their grip a field-telescope, with which an eagle-glance was busily scanning the fiery hosts below and beyond, told him he was within ear-shot of the foremost man in Europe. As he took out from his coat pocket his handkerchief, and nervously wiped his heated brow, an indefinable sense of awe set his pulses throbbing. He felt guilty. He felt a trespasser. He felt he was where he had no right to be. He was thinking whether he had not better beat a retreat, and retire to some spot where he would be screened from observation, when the object of his dread turned round and asked him his business there. The Duke was pleased with his answers, and determined to turn his metal and sense to good account.

'You are a funny chap! Why, you ought to have been a soldier! Would you like to serve your country, if I gave you the opportunity?'

'Yes, my lord.'

'Would you take a message of importance for me, if I sent you with one?'

Touching his hat in the approved military fashion—'If I were trusted by you, my lord, I should think it the proudest day of my life.'

The Duke, who at that time was no duke, but Lord Wellington, put into the man's hand his field-glass, and directed him where to look. 'Those troops you see yonder are the Enniskillens; those beyond are the Royals. There, you see those grey horses, they are the Scots Greys. They are commanded by Lord Edward Somerset. There, again, is the 42nd. Between (pointing to certain spots) such-and-such a regiment lies Sir James Kempt's brigade, the 28th, the 32nd, the 79th Highlanders, and the 95th Rifles. I have no materials for writing[2] by me, so mind you are very accurate in delivering my message.' He then, having entrusted to him a brief, emphatic order (which he made him repeat, that there might be no mistake), he ended the interview with these words:—'Tell him, by G—, if he perseveres in carrying out what he has begun to do, the game will be all up with us!

'I daresay you have often joined in a fox-hunt in England.'

'Often, my lord.'

'Well, in the hunting-field, you don't think much of a

[2] I heard the Duke say once, that he used to hang from one of the button-holes of his waistcoat a number of slips of parchment on which he wrote his orders, in size and shape something resembling the parchment labels used for travelling in these railway days; but they were all by that time exhausted by the multiplicity of messages he had had to send out.

man who is always "skirting." But I shan't think much of you in the battle-field, at least as my aide-de-camp, if you do *not* skirt. Your business is to execute my orders with as little risk to yourself as may be; because, if you put yourself in danger, you imperil the safe delivery of my message, and so jeopardize the success of the fight. Mind, then, don't go near the smoke; but pound away on that nag of yours until you reach the rear of Kempt's troops. Then, tell the first man you can get speech with, that you come from me, and must be taken to the general, and it will be all right.'

The orders were barely delivered, before the stranger was off at the top of his horse's speed to execute them. The Duke watched his progress with marked interest and approval for some little time; when, presently, his approbation gave way to apprehension, and apprehension to indignation, as he observed his messenger doing the very thing he had specially warned him against—viz. dash through the very thick of the smoke with all the fearlessness of an old cavalry officer. While the Duke was riding up and down, uneasily ruminating on the chances of his message ever reaching its destination, he was joined, first, by Sir Alexander Gordon; then by Sir Augustus Frazer; and then by Sir Horace Seymour, bearing a message from Lord Anglesey. As soon as they had all come up, within a minute or two of each other, the Duke said, 'I have been wanting one of you gentlemen sadly. In your absence, I have been so hard pressed for an aide-de-camp, that I have had to appoint a new one in the person of a Brummagem bagman.' He then told them of the mission on which he had sent him.

Each proffered his services. The Duke declined them. 'Perhaps I may want one of you,' said he; 'we'll wait a few minutes. I'm disposed to have faith in Brummagem. He's no fool!' He then dismounted from his horse, passed his horse's bridle into Seymour's hand, took from his despatch-box, which was on the ground, the 'Sun' newspaper, opened it to its full extent, spread it over his face, leaned his head on a sack of forage, and in another instant was asleep[3]. All three aides-de-camp stood silent by. At the expiration of five or six minutes' interval, he sprang up on his feet, opened his field-glass, and cried out, in a tone of unusual vivacity—'By Jove! It is all right. Kempt has changed his tactics. He has got my message; for he is doing precisely as I directed him. Well done, Buttons!'

The Duke, one evening after dinner, told my informant that he considered the counteraction of Kempt's original movement almost the pivot on which the fortunes of the battle turned; and certainly next in importance to the closing of the gates of Hougomont by Sir John McDonnell, Captain Wyndham, Ensigns Gooch and Harvey; and last, not least, Sergeant Graham of the Coldstreams. Indeed, so indebted did the Duke feel to the hero of our tale for the intelligence and intrepidity he had displayed, that the instant the Prussians had come up, and he had ordered our harassed troops, who had sustained the chief brunt of the French attack, to lie down and rest, and leave the pursuit to the last

[3] It is a notable coincidence, that both Napoleon and Wellington had the same enviable faculty of commanding sleep at will, and of being refreshed by a very few minutes' slumber.

comers, he had him cried, first on the field, then in the village of Waterloo, then at Brussels, and, last of all, at Paris—but to no purpose.

For many years the Duke never could gain tidings of him, until one day, at dinner at his own table, happening to mention the circumstances, and express his regret at never having been able to learn anything of him since the event, one of his guests told him that he knew the man, and had heard him allude to the part he had played, very cursorily, and without boastfulness. The Duke instantly took down the man's address, wrote to him, and within a week obtained for him a commissionership of Customs in the west of England, in recognition of his services.

CHAPTER VIII.

1833. Towards the end of September, I wrote to Charles Mathews the elder, invited him to come and stay with us, and suggested to him the expediency of his giving an 'At Home' at Andover. I received the following answer from him :—

'*Crick, Sept.* 29, 1833.

'MY VERY DEAR JULIAN YOUNG. — Spare your reproaches ; I am one of the most unfortunate of mankind. I am one of Fortune's ninepins, made to be knocked down ; though I doubt if there could be found eight fellows that could be so easily tipped over. I have been on crutches here a fortnight and a bit. I literally, now, hardly know the cause. The effect was a violent inflammation in my foot, so as to prevent all attempt at putting it to the ground. I have had the opinion of two or three "medicable" men, as one of them calls himself, and they have differed. "Chacun a son *gout*," says one. Verbum sat ! There 's Latin and Greek for you, as another would say : at all events, you must accept this as an apology for my brutal conduct to you. My

position at first would not admit of writing; and since my partial recovery, I have been so uncertain as to my movements, that I could not answer your kind letter as to either my private visit or my public performance. I shall not be able to move from hence for another week, and I found it at first impossible to get to you until after I had finished at Oxford, my great mart. This is now fixed for October 22nd. I have now some idea of proceeding from thence to Andover, Salisbury, Weymouth, and into Devon. The 10th is quite out of the question, and so, indeed, would have been 'three or four nights;' and the frequenters of Weyhill fair would not have attended me; nor should I wish it. I only perform for one rank of persons. The lower orders hate and avoid me, and the middle classes cannot comprehend me. One night I will give thee, if the last of October will suit. Mrs. M. leaves me to-morrow for London. She desires her kindest regards to Mrs. Young and yourself; and begs me to convey her thanks and appreciation of your kindness in including her in your invite. Charles is still in Scotland, in high enjoyment — fishing, shooting, and sketching, and is a regular Highlander, even to kilt and all.

'Pray remember me kindly to your pretty wife, and believe me most sincerely yours,

C. MATHEWS.'

Towards the end of October, Mathews came to us for a few days, and gave one of his 'At Homes' in Andover. I attended it, and was greatly amused. I must give a specimen of its fun. He is representing a

hackney-coachman who has summoned a gentleman to the police office for inadequate fare. Imagine the whole delivered with an unflagging volubility of utterance, hardly admitting a pause for breath,—a feat which only Mathews or his son could easily perform.

'Please, Sir, as I vas standing on the stand, this young man comes up to me, and says, says he, Coach un-'ired? says he—Yes, Sir, says I—Very vell, says he: you drive me to Pimlico, says he—Vel, I gets on my box, and drives him to Pimlico; and ven I gets there—I don't live here, says he—I did not say you did, says I—Yes you did, says he—No I didn't, says I—Very vell, says he; then you drive me to Temple Bar—Ven I gets there, Vy, young man, says he, you don't know vere nobody lives, says he—Yes I do, says I—No you don't, says he—You drive me direct, says he, to 'Ammersmith Bridge, says he—Vell, I drives him to 'Ammersmith Bridge; and ven I gets there, he says, says he, Vy, I don't patronize these here bridges: I von't pay them tolls, says he—I didn't say you vould, says I—Yes you did, says he—Vell, vere shall I take you to, Sir, says I?—Vy, take me to the Burlington Harcade, Piccadilly, says he—Vell, I takes him to the Burlington Harcade, Piccadilly; and ven I gets there, he says, Vy, young man, you're wrong agin, says he: I don't live here—I didn't say you did, says I—Yes you did, says he—No I did not, says I—Very vell, says he; you go to Knightsbridge Barracks, says he—No I shan't, says I; my 'osses is blowed—Then I von't pay you your fare, says he—Vy not? says I—Cos I ain't got no money,

says he—Vot! ain't you got no money at all, says I —No! says he; so far from it, on the contrary, quite the reverse—Vell, then, vere am I to take you to, says I—Vy, take me to the Devil, says he. So I brought him to your Vorship.'

This bit of nonsense reminds me of a journey I took, about this time, from Andover to London, by a coach then known as 'The Light Salisbury,' and driven by a man familiarly designated 'Pop.' We had despatched our coach dinner at Bagshot, and I had just resumed my seat upon the box, when the driver, without apparent rhyme or reason, burst out into a fit of uproarious laughter. I asked him the cause of his mirth. He explained it:—'Lor, Sir, I don't think I ever shall be able to stop at Bagshot without having one of these attacks. The mere recollection of what took place here a week ago is sure to set me off. Our coach, you see, had stopped as usual for dinner (twenty minutes allowed), when a dandy chap, as had eaten his, and was standing on the off fore wheel, about to step up on to one of the front seats, was reminded by the waiter, napkin in hand, that he had not paid for his dinner. "No," he replied, with perfect coolness, "I am aware of that: I've left my purse behind me; but I will return and pay for it to-morrow." The waiter ran in for his master, and in another instant the landlord ran out, told him he was a swindler and a scoundrel, and that nothing but his dislike of trouble prevented him from giving him a taste of the treadmill. "Instead, however," said he, "take that, and that," kicking him violently behind. The

gentleman retorted in a languid and indifferent manner, saying, "That is very ungentlemanlike conduct, and makes me think very poorly of you. Because I have accidentally left my purse behind me, you attack me in the very seat of honour! But, never mind; I shall not condescend to have words with a vulgar fellow like you. In spite of this violence, I owe it to myself as a gentleman to return here to-morrow and pay you what is your due."' The irate Boniface put his finger to his nose, to express his conviction that he was not to be imposed upon by such assurances. 'Judge, then,' said Pop, 'at my surprise to see, the very next day, our friend get up on the outside of the coach, in Piccadilly, and pay me his fare to Andover. When we arrived at Bagshot to dinner, he got down, and instantly demanded to see the landlord. When the landlord saw him, he could hardly believe his own eyes. "Well, Sir," said the dandy, "you see I am true to my word. I have taken the trouble to come all the way from London here, that I may discharge my debt to you." Then, putting his hand into his trowsers pocket, he demanded to know how much he owed him. The innkeeper, overwhelmed at the recollection of his own rudeness, the day before, and touched to the quick by the gentleman's nice sense of honour, begged him to step in and have his dinner first, and then pay for the two dinners afterwards. It was with some difficulty that the traveller could be induced to accede to his request. However, the landlord evinced such compunction for the past, that he would not allow the waiter to serve him, but waited upon him, as

respectfully as he could, himself. When he had helped him, he withdrew, and consigned him to the care of his subordinate. When the traveller had satisfied his appetite, bearing no malice for past indignities, he made his way back to the coach, poised himself on one leg upon the front wheel, pulled up his coat tails, and cried out, to the delight of all present, "Waiter, fetch your master, and tell him I am sorry to trouble him, but I must request him to come and kick me again, for again I find I have got no money."'

1833. October 3. The following sketch of three old 'lean and slippered pantaloons,' parishioners of mine, is not in the least exaggerated. The conversation, which I am about to describe as having taken place between one of them and myself, is given verbatim. I wrote it down instantly, in Charles Mathews' presence, and at his request. It requires not only imitation, but ventriloquism, to give a just idea of the ludicrous degrees of feebleness of voice displayed in the 'childish treble' of the youngest, and his mimicry of the still weaker voice of the eldest.

James Baker was a moping old malcontent—sour, selfish, and stricken in years. I think he was seventy-eight. His outer man was distinguished by a dirty and dilapidated smock-frock, a battered straw hat, and brown gaiters 'a world too wide for his shrunk shanks.'

Solomon Cox was eighty-three, nearly bent double by infirmity and age, and tottered and trembled as he walked: he leaned heavily on his crab stick, wore a hideous fur cap, of Norwegian extraction, and looked

every inch what he really was, the very incarnation of 'hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness.'

Thomas Nash was but seventy-five, and was looked down upon by his two veteran companions; not more on the score of his comparative youth, than of his manners, which they deemed volatile and puerile. He was blessed by nature with a genial and mercurial temperament. He was the cricket on their hearth. It was impossible to see him, with his quaint three-cornered Uncle Toby hat, his snuff-brown coat, with its broad skirts and plated buttons, each larger than a crown-piece, without discerning in these vanities the expiring embers of a slowly-smouldering dandyism. His step had a rickety jauntiness about it ill-suited to a man with one foot in the grave; and in his eye there lurked a latent waggery, which told of buoyancy of spirit 'in the old dog yet.'

These three lived together on the outskirts of a breezy spot called Hay-down, in a wretched mud-wall hut, allotted to them by 'the parish.' Reader, if you have ever known in the circle of your miscellaneous acquaintance, three sisters, one of whom has been beautiful, another comely, and the third positively plain, but who, classed together, have been spoken of as 'the three beautiful Misses ——,' you will be able to understand how two members of this antiquated trio, crooning over their scanty bit of fuel, and mumbling and moaning over their hard lot, and looking as if they had just stepped out of one of Teniers' pictures, owed the little interest they inspired in their squire or minister, rather to their association with their

amiable and attractive chum, than to any attraction of their own. The following dialogue between Thomas Nash and myself is characteristic.

J. C. Y. 'Well, Thomas, how d'ye find yourself to-day?'

Nash. 'Very well, I thank your reverence. A fine day it is for drying the clots.' (In that part of the world they dry the droppings from cows and use them as firing.)

J. C. Y. 'How is Baker?'

Nash. 'Much of a muchness, please your reverence; a grumbling in coorse. He's always at that fun. One time 'tis bowl's[1], then 'tis the rheumatics: and now, he says, 'tis the prelatics (paralysis) or summut. But he's one as 'ull always have summut the matter. He'd be miserable if he had not!'

J. C. Y. 'And is Solomon Cox all right?'

(His answer reminded me of Dogberry to Leonato in 'Much Ado about Nothing.' 'Goodman Verges, sir, speaks a little off the matter: an old man, sir, and his wits are not so blunt as, God help, I would desire they were; but, in faith, honest as the skin between his brows.')

Nash. 'Lor' bless you, Sir, he's but an old crittur at the best. He's a'most weared out.'

J. C. Y. 'Well, well, no wonder. Think of his years!'

Nash. 'Lor', Sir, 'taint age as does it: 'tis en-vy! I'll tell you summut, master. You mun know, we three old coves have a lug[2] o' ground atween us; and I've

[1] Bowels.

[2] A lug is a quarter of an acre.

gotten a main-few[3] 'taters, and a sight o' nice young peas besides; and he've got none. He were fretting about this amazing t' other day, saying it warn't fair, and one thing or another, for that I could get about a sight better nor he; that he'd got no 'nure[4] for his'n; and that I was always a-scraping and scraping every mossel o' cow-dung I could clap my eyes on: so he'd no chance. Well, I rather pitied the old gennelman; so I says, says I, "I'll tell you what it is, Master Solomon,—you wants pre-se-verance. Now, I don't want to take no revantage[5] on you; so I'll tell you what I'll do:—I'll gie you a day on't; I'll show you my beat; I'll rig you out wi' my dung-bag and scraper; and if that ain't fair, I don't know what is!" Well, Sir, I put him in the way o' what I calls my "preserves," and started him handsum. We seed nothing on him till tea-time; and as soon as he cum in, I slapped him on the back and said, cheery-like, "Well, mate, what sport?—what sport, I say?" Blessed if the old gennelman, instead o' saying summut pleasant, did not sink down in his chair, seem faint-like, and then fall to a-crying, like a good 'un. When I could get him to speak at last, he broke out in these werry words:—"Arter the 'ansum manner in which you've cum forward, Thomas Nash, I won't say nothing. But *this* I must say, if I were to die for it next minute; you've that scoured the country up and down, there ain't nothing worth a rush to be got. Here have I been a matter of five hours a-beating and

[3] 'A main few' in Hants, Wilts, and many other counties, signifies 'a good many.'

[4] Manure.

[5] Advantage.

a-beating about, and I've never seed but one poor clot, and I would not have he: there were no walley[6] in it."'

Charles Mathews, senior, when this dialogue took place, was indoors at the time; and when I went in and told him of it, he roared with laughter. I never saw him afterwards that he did not make me repeat it—though I think I can chronicle still droller things of him.

1833. October 18. 'E'en from my boyhood up' I knew old Charles Mathews, the comedian, intimately. The present generation has too often heard of him, and therefore naturally thinks of him, as a great *mimic*. I claim for him higher pretensions—viz. that of being the most wonderful *imitator* of his age.

A man may be the most amusing 'mimic' that ever 'set the table in a roar,' and yet be gifted with no great powers of intellect. The mind has very little to do with the matter; for the mimic's success depends principally on liveliness of perception, and the possession of certain physical and corporeal qualifications, neither rare in their manifestations, nor indicative of any mental superiority in their possessor.

The chief requisites in the mimic are quickness of observation, sensibility of ear, flexibility of voice, mobility of feature, and suppleness of muscle. His sphere is a very limited one; for it is generally confined to the mere adventitious accidents of singularity of elocution or oddity of demeanour. The mental and the

[6] Value.

moral of the inner man are beyond his province. That Mathews had no rival as a mimic I am not prepared to assert; for, in 'taking off' his brethren of the sock and buskin, I think Frederick Yates was his superior; but as an imitator he was unapproachable.

The two words, 'imitation' and 'mimicry,' are often used indiscriminately, as if they were convertible terms. Now, whatever analogy there may be between them, there is a distinction between them which is definite and definable. *Imitation*, in the abstract, is the attempt to resemble a model. The object of *mimicry* is to burlesque and caricature salient peculiarities; and, therefore, it is the faculty of imitation abused. There is no more operative principle implanted in man than the propensity to imitation; and if the Deity, in giving us so ungrudgingly of the disposition, had failed to impart to us the power, it would have been like tormenting us with a restless ambition to fly, and yet withholding from us the use of wings. We are gifted with the faculty of copying a model, in order that the tendency of which we have spoken may be something better than a futile aspiration; but this faculty, like every other appertaining to us, is under the control of our own will, and may be perverted by us in a variety of ways, and then, indeed, imitation degenerates into mimicry.

No doubt, an irrepressible sense of the ludicrous, combined with the pleasure of making others laugh, frequently tempted Mathews to indulge in the lower vein of mimicry; but it was his singular power of transfusing the thoughts and spirit of men distinguished for their

intellectual ascendancy over others into his own, which stamped him indelibly with the seal of genius.

The old Duke of Richmond, the grandfather of the present, was very partial to Mathews, and so thoroughly appreciated this *specialité* of his, that during his Lord Lieutenancy of Ireland, whenever he had him to dinner and wished to treat his guests to a specimen of his talent, as soon as the cloth was removed, he would propose his health, not in his own name, but now as Lord Erskine, now as Lord Ellenborough—at one time as Sheridan, at another as Curran; and under whichever metamorphosis it might be, he would make a speech so closely after the manner of each as to electrify his hearers. It was not so much the alacrity with which he would spring to his feet and assume the countenance, voice, and gesticulation of the person he was expected to impersonate, as the individuality of thought and style of speech which reminded his audience of Erskine and Ellenborough, and the felicity of language and profusion of trope and metaphor, which made them fancy they were listening to the voice of Sheridan or Curran.

In Lady Blessington's 'Conversations with Byron,' she mentions that Walter Scott once asked Byron if he had ever heard Mathews imitate Curran; and, on his regretting that he never had, Scott added—'It was not an imitation, it was a continuation of the man.' So highly, too, did Coleridge estimate his powers, that on somebody, in his presence, calling him a mere mimic, he said, 'You call him a mimic: I define him as a comic poet acting his own poems.'

He certainly was unique in his way, and full of incongruities. I never knew any man so alive to the eccentricities of others, who was so dead to his own. I never knew a man, who made the world laugh so much, who laughed so seldom himself. I never knew a man who, when *in* society, could make the dullest merry, so melancholy *out* of it. On the other hand, I never knew a man so prompt to resent calumnious imputations on others; or so ready to forgive those who had done himself wrong. In his imitation of others, he was never actuated by malevolence; but no man was more hasty in attributing unamiable motives to any who made *him* the subject of mimicry. He was very fond of imitating Dignum the singer, and used to tell how, when he took him off to his face, he would say, 'Oh, Mathews! you are a wonderful person; but it is wicked, it really is, to mock natur—you should not do it, 'pon my life.' And yet he himself was furious with Yates for taking the like liberty with him.

The intrinsic worth of his character, the purity of his life, his liberality to the necessitous, his simplicity, his untarnished integrity, his love for his wife and son, his fidelity to his friends, his loyalty to his patrons, his chivalrous defence of those he thought unjustly defamed, could not fail to win for him the thorough respect of all who knew him. On the other hand, genius and gentleman as he was, his nervous whimsicality, his irritability about trifles, his antipathies to particular people, places, and objects, rendered him justly vulnerable to ridicule and censure. I have seen him scratch his head, and grind his teeth, and assume a look of anguish, when

a haunch of venison has been carved unskilfully in his presence. I have seen him, though in high feather and high talk when in a sunny chamber, if transferred to a badly-lighted room, withdraw into a corner and sit by himself in moody silence. He was strangely impressionable by externals. I have known him refuse permission to a royal Duke to see over his picture gallery on Highgate Hill, because the day of his call was cloudy. He was such a passionate lover of sunshine, that I have seen him 'put out' for a whole day by the lady of a house at which he was calling pulling down the Venetian blinds. 'There are not many days in the year,' he would say, 'when the sun shines at all in this country; and when he *is* disposed to be kindly and to pay us a visit, down goes every blind in his face, to show him, I suppose, how little we value his presence.' Whenever he went out to dinner, in the good old days when moderator and sinumbra lamps were unknown, and wax candles were in fashion, he was wont to carry in his breast pocket a pair of small silver snuffers, so that, when the wicks were long and dull, he might be able to snuff them, and thus brighten up the gloom that was gathering round the table. I have known him, without the slightest cause, appropriate remarks to himself which were intended for others, and fret his heart-strings over imaginary wrongs for hours. I have known him frenzied with rage, on discovering that a tidy housemaid had picked up from the floor of his bedroom a dirty pair of stockings which he had left there 'as a memorandum,' on the same principle on which people tie knots in their handkerchiefs. And yet,

with all these unhappy infirmities, I never knew a man more formed to inspire, and who succeeded more in inspiring, personal affection, or who, though exposed to many temptations, was so unsoiled by them.

I have already implied, if I have not asserted, that he was liable to alternate fits of elation and depression. At one time he was so alarmed about himself, that he begged his razors might be always kept by his man, and never left in his room, lest, under some malign impulse, he might destroy himself. When the black cloud was on his spirit, he was taciturn; and if addressed, laconic and sour in his replies. At such times he would speak as if he were a fatalist; he would vow that nothing ever went right with him; that he was the most ill-starred of men; and then, in confirmation of his assertion, would say—'I never, in my life, put on a new hat, that it did not rain and ruin it. I never went out in a shabby coat because it was raining, and thought all, who had the choice, would keep in doors, that the sun did not burst forth in its strength, and bring out with it all the butterflies of fashion whom I knew, or who knew me. I never consented to accept a part I hated, out of kindness to an author, that I did not get hissed by the public, and cut by the writer. I could not take a drive of a few minutes with Terry, without being overturned, and having my hip-bone broke, though my friend got off unharmed. I could not make a covenant with Arnold, which I thought was to make my fortune, without making his instead. In an incredible space of time (I think thirteen months) I earned for him twenty thousand

pounds, and for myself one. I am persuaded, if I were to set up as a baker, every one in my neighbourhood would leave off eating bread!'

I mentioned how easily his equanimity was disturbed by trifles, such as bad carving, ill-lighted rooms, &c. The same feeling extended to other things. If he were paying a call, for the first time, on a new acquaintance, and saw a picture hanging out of the perpendicular, he would spring up to put it straight; if a lady, in her dress, showed a deficient sense of harmony in colour, it irritated him greatly, &c., &c. The following anecdote will further illustrate his morbid sensibility to things which most people would deem insignificant.

He had an appointment with a solicitor. They were to meet at a particular hour at a small inn in the city, where they might hope to be quiet and undisturbed. Mathews arrived at the trysting-place a few minutes too soon. On entering the coffee-room, he found its sole tenant a commercial gentleman earnestly engaged on a round of boiled beef. Mathews sat himself down by the fire and took up a newspaper, meaning to wile away the time till his friend arrived. Occasionally he glanced from the paper to the beef, and from the beef to the man, till he began to fidget and look about from the top of the right-hand page to the bottom of the left in a querulous manner. Then he turned the paper inside out, and, pretending to stop from reading, addressed the gentleman in a tone of ill-disguised indignation, and with a ghastly smile—'I beg your pardon, Sir, but I don't think you are aware that you have no mustard.' The person thus

addressed looked up at him with evident surprise, mentally resenting his gratuitous interference with his tastes, and coldly bowed. Mathews resumed his paper, and, curious to see if his well-meant hint would be acted on, furtively looked round the edge of his paper, and finding the plate to be still void of mustard, concluded the man was deaf. So, raising his voice to a higher key, and accosting him with sarcastic acerbity, he bawled out, with syllabic precision—'Are—you—a-ware—Sir—that—you—have—been—eat-ing—boiled—beef—with-out—mustard?' Again a stiff bow and no reply. Once more Mathews affected to read, while he was really 'nursing his wrath to keep it warm.' At last, seeing the man's obstinate violation of conventionality and good taste, he jumped up, and, in the most arbitrary and defiant manner, snatched the mustard-pot out of the cruet-stand, banged it on the table, under the defaulter's nose, and shouted out—'Confound it, Sir, you SHALL take mustard!' He then slapped his hat on his head, and ordered the waiter to show him into a private room, vowing that he had never before been under the roof with such a savage; and that he had been made quite sick by the revolting sight which he had seen in the coffee-room.

Another of the plagues by which he deemed himself to be peculiarly beset, was the pestering offers of attention, from mercenary motives, of urchins in the streets.

I met him one day in Regent Street, mounted on his pretty milk-white pony. Although I was a favourite, I saw that my stopping him was not altogether ac-

ceptable. It was soon explained. The young Arabs of the street were round him, and at each side of his bridle, with their 'P'lease, want your 'orse 'olded;' and, with the sort of expression on his face, which one would have expected, perhaps, to see, if he had been on the plains of Egypt, with a swarm of Bedouins swooping down upon him, he shook himself off from me, with the words, 'The plague's begun,' uttered in a tone of despair, and gallopped off as fast as intervening cabs and carriages would allow him.

During the entire period of his stay with us he was delightful: always ready to fall in with our quiet and monotonous mode of life, and appearing pleased with everything and everybody with whom he was thrown in contact. At the termination of his night's performance at Andover, I was made aware of one of his whims, of which I had, till then, been quite unconscious. I mean his singular and inexplicable aversion to the touch of money. A certain man, who, for prudential reasons, I will not name, always travelled with him, as his secretary and check-taker. He received all the money taken at the doors. On leaving the Town Hall with Mathews, I asked him if he were content with the receipts. 'Oh,' said he, 'I don't know what they are: I leave it all to B——. I am quite at his mercy. I never know what really is taken at the doors. I only know what I receive. I hope and believe B—— is honest; but, even if he is not, I could not wrangle about money. I do so hate the very touch of it.' 'What!' I exclaimed, with genuine incredulity, 'hate money!' 'I did not say I hated money,

but that I hated *the touch* of money — I mean coin. It makes my skin goosy.'

One more of his oddities I must mention. He used often to declare, that he never could understand why it was that, when other people so frequently had cause to complain that they could not find things they lost, he never could lose anything he wished to get rid of. I must plead guilty to having twice ministered, with malice prepense, to this superstition of his.

On leaving any house where I may have been staying, I have a confirmed habit of looking into every drawer, washstand, table, &c., so as to ensure myself against leaving anything behind me. Mathews once left me at a country inn, where we had been together. When I was about to take my departure, with my usual precaution, I took care to ransack every possible and impossible nook or cranny, behind which any article of mine might have fallen; and, in doing so, observed, secreted behind a huge old mahogany dining-table, with deep flaps, which was placed against the wall of our sitting-room, a dress shoe, so dapper in shape, and so diminutive in size, that I had no difficulty in recognizing it as one of my friend's. Rejoiced at the opportunity of having a bit of fun, I enclosed it in a brown-paper parcel, and despatched it after him. Instead of thanking me for my trouble, he wrote to me, and told me that, I was 'his evil genius; that, having worn out the companion pump, which was that of the foot of his lame leg, the one I had forwarded to him was of no earthly use to him; that, in the faint hope of getting rid of

it, he had placed it where I had found it; and that, in consequence of my inquisitive and officious disposition, he had been compelled to pay for the recovery of this useless article as much as would have purchased an entirely new pair.'

About a month after he had left us, at Amport, I happened to go to my wardrobe in search of an old pair of trowsers which I reserved for gardening purposes. As I was putting them on, I felt that there was something in them. My first impression was, that, when I had last worn them, I had left my purse in them. But, on inserting my hand into the pocket, I drew out an oddly-shaped object, neatly wrapped up in Bath note paper, with these words inscribed on the outside, in the quaint but vigorous handwriting I knew so well, 'To be lost, if possible.' On opening the little packet, I found inside it a circular nail-brush, worn to the bone. It would seem that, on looking over the articles of my wardrobe, he thought the trowsers he had selected were too shabby for me ever to put on again, and therefore chose them for a hiding-place. But he was deceived. I made up another neat parcel for him, and directed it to his house in London. Unfortunately he was on a professional tour in the provinces, where it followed him; till, by the time it reached him, the 'carriage' had amounted to some shillings. I was not long in receiving a letter of ironical thanks 'for my kind and *dear* attention.' I was penitent for having put him to such expense, and I confessed my sin to him.

Many years after, I was telling his son Charles of

these amusing incidents, when he said, 'I can cap your story.' He then told me, that once he and his father had an engagement with one of the East India Directors at the India Office. As they were approaching Blackfriars Bridge, the father said to the son, 'We must stop a minute at the first draper's shop we come to, as I want to buy myself a new pair of gloves; for I have mislaid the fellow to the one I have on my right hand.' As soon as he had effected his purchase, they proceeded on their way; and, on reaching the bridge, the son observed his father looking before him and behind him, as if, having some felonious purpose in his mind, he wished to see that the coast was clear before he executed it. At last, when the traffic seemed for a moment to diminish, he leaned over the parapet of the bridge—as if to notice the wherries and steamers on the river—hurled over the odious glove, which was disturbing his serenity, and then limped off in an agitated and guilty manner, as though he were trying to evade the emissaries of justice. So eager was he to get off the bridge, and thread his way unobserved through the crowd, that he outstripped his son; and just as he was waiting for him, and was congratulating himself on having, for once, got rid of an obnoxious article, a breathless waterman ran up to him, tapped him on the shoulder, and said, 'I beg your honour's pardon, but I think you dropped this here glove in the river.' 'How—how, Sir, do you know it to be my glove?' 'Why, Sir, I was a sculling, and was just giving my boat a spurt under the arch of the bridge, when this here glove fell; and,

on looking up, I see'd that the gentleman from whose hand it dropped had a white hat on with a black crape round it; so I pulled with all my might and main after you, and ran up the steps from the river-side, and I thought I never should have catched you,' —wiping his forehead with his sleeve as he spoke. Of course such disinterested civility had to be rewarded with a shilling, and the impoverished donor, like Lord Ullin's daughter, was 'left lamenting!'

Again. During Mathews' visit to us at the end of October 1833, one of the sons of the nobleman (at whose gate, almost, we lived) dined with us; and having an acute sense of fun, and thoroughly appreciating our guest's wit and humour, and learning from us that the star of his genius always began to rise when that of ordinary mortals set (viz. at bed-time), he used to drop in about eleven o'clock p. m., for the pleasure of enjoying our visitor's incomparable society. These *Noctes Amportianæ*, delightful as they were, and temperately as they were conducted (for potations were not required by way of stimulus), were very trying to me; for, about a week after our little party had broken up, the late hours to which I had been exposed, and the excess of laughter in which I had indulged, told upon me, and I fell ill. The night before Mathews left Amport, he told us that he was going to Oxford the next day to give two or three entertainments; and he implored my wife and myself so urgently to accompany him, that, in compassion to his anticipated dejection, we consented. As we were only some twenty-five miles from Oxford, I undertook to drive

him there in my phaeton. When the noble lord already alluded to found that my wife and myself were going to Oxford with Mathews, he begged permission to accompany us. As I had one vacant seat, I was only too glad to have so agreeable an addition to our party; and on the following morning we set off. From nine in the morning till six in the evening it poured with rain incessantly. Mathews sat in front with me: Mrs. Young and her noble companion behind. We started about twelve o'clock, and baited two hours on the road. Mathews besought me to get him into Oxford by six p.m., as he was engaged to meet a large party at the Rev. Mr. Rose's, of Lincoln College, at seven. It was a curious fact, and one, so far, justifying Mathews' theory of his invariable ill-luck, that, though Lord F. P—had merely a dreadnought on, my wife her ordinary cloak, and I a common greatcoat, Mathews, who was enveloped in waterproof wraps, in addition to a greatcoat and cloak, was the only one of the party who was soaked through and through. Fearing that, on his arrival, he might be hurried, and, in order to save himself the trouble of unpacking his portmanteau in undue haste, he had taken the precaution of wrapping up the clothes he would require for dinner in two towels. Boundless, therefore, was his disgust on unpinning his packet, which had lain at our feet protected, as we thought, alike from wind and rain by the thick leathern apron over our knees, to discover that his dress coat and kerseymere pantaloons were saturated with wet, and that the pattern of his sprigged velvet vest had been transferred to his shirt-front. When, therefore, he en-

tered our sitting-room at the Star Hotel, and observed the table laid for dinner, the clean cloth, the neatly-folded napkins, the glittering glass, and the blazing fire, he could not help contrasting our cosy condition with his own draggled plight, and began to reflect gloomily on the length of time his clothes would take to dry, and on the several disadvantages under which he would have to make his rapid toilet; till, at last, he vowed that 'Mr. Rose might go to Jericho, and all the heads of houses be drowned in the Red Sea, before he would desert us.' It was in vain that we expostulated with him on the indecency of such behaviour; in vain we depicted the cruel disappointment he would inflict on a gentleman who had paid him the compliment of asking the Vice-Chancellor and other men of University distinction to meet him. In vain we appealed to his self-interest, telling him that he would, by his rudeness, estrange his friend, and convert a patron into an enemy. The more we urged him to consider what he owed to others, the more obstinately he vowed he would not victimize himself for the sake of acquiring a reputation for good manners. Dine with us he would.

As we were enjoying, with keen relish, our salmon and cucumber, the waiter entered, and thus addressed the culprit:—'Please, Sir, here's a messenger from Mr. Rose of Lincoln, to say that his dinner is waiting for you.'—'My kind compliments to Mr. Rose of Lincoln,' was his rejoinder; 'I am sorry I cannot dine with him, as I am obliged to share the fortunes of three friends who have been nearly drowned. I dine with them. Tell him

I have not a dry rag to cover my nakedness with, and that we are all four now steaming before the fire preparatory to going to bed to nurse.'

Every instant I sat in fear and trembling that we should either see the much-wronged gentleman *in propriâ personâ*, or have to receive a deputation from him, or else an angry note; but fortunately our threatening evening passed off without a storm; and as, after our meal, we drew together round the fire, and Mathews sipped his negus, and lolled back in his armchair, his spirits rose, and 'Richard was himself again.'

He had an inveterate propensity to keep late hours; and he was given to lie in bed till midday in consequence. If he were disturbed earlier, he would say he had been woke in the middle of the night. It was as good as a servant's place was worth if she called him before twelve o'clock. Knowing all this, it was greatly to the diversion of Lord F. P—, Mrs. Young, and myself, that, the morning after our arrival, one of the waiters told us there was a messenger from Mr. Rose of Lincoln waiting in the hall to see Mathews. We desired him to be shown up, and then, pointing to Mathews' bedroom, which was on the same floor with our sitting-room, and well within our view, we advised him to rap at his door and give him the note with which he was entrusted. In the spirit of mischief, and longing for a scene, we three ensconced ourselves behind our own door, impatient to witness the result. The messenger at first tapped humbly and hesitatingly. No answer. A second rap, and then a third, waxing louder each time. As the patience of the messenger

was giving way, a strange figure, clad in a long night-shirt, with an extinguisher cotton nightcap on his head, and irrepressible fury in his visage, emerged from the room, and, with clenched fist, asked his visitor—'If he was weary of life?—if he desired to be ruthlessly murdered?' &c., &c. 'No, Sir.' 'Then how dare you disturb me at this unearthly hour?' (N.B. 9.30 a.m.) He then slammed the door violently to, in a state of wrath implacable, and bolted himself in. Once more the poor 'scout,' in undisguised trepidation, appealed to us for advice, as to what he should do next, adding, that his master had enjoined him strictly, on no consideration, to return without an answer. Greedy of more fun still, we insisted on his attending, above everything, to his own master's instructions; and, disregarding Mathews' bluster, again to try his door, and not to leave it without receiving the answer required.

With evident misgiving, he again crept up to the dreaded bedroom; and, after a free and frequent application of his knuckles to the panels of the door, finding he received no reply, he took heart, and halloed through the key-hole—'I 'umbly ax your pardon, Sir, but Mr. Rose of Lincoln says he *must* have an answer.' The hero of my tale, exasperated beyond all bounds by this persecution, once more appeared, in the same questionable attire as before, and, indifferent to the observation of the waiters and chambermaids who were flitting up and down the corridor, and unconscious that his friends were watching him, screamed out—'Confound Mr. Rose of Lincoln, and all Mr. Rose of Lincoln's friends, and all Mr. Rose of Lincoln's messengers!

Mr. Rose of Lincoln *must* have an answer, eh? Then let him get it by law. Does Mr. Rose of Lincoln think that I go to bed with a pen in my mouth, and ink in my ear, that I may be ready to answer, instantly, any note Mr. Rose of Lincoln may choose to write to me?'

I forget whether we remained at Oxford more than two nights; but, having first ascertained that he had made matters straight with Mr. Rose, we left with easy consciences. He did not return to Amport with us, but followed afterwards, in a day or two. After sleeping a night with us, he asked me if I would go with him to Salisbury, where he was due for one night's entertainment. It was on our road across Salisbury Plain that the accident befell us which is told in Mrs. Mathews' memoirs of her husband. I never was more surprised than at reading, in the 'Morning Chronicle,' two or three days afterwards, the particulars of our adventure. It seems that Mr. Hill, the original from whom John Poole took his 'Paul Pry,' was sitting with Mrs. Mathews in Great Russell Street, when a letter from her husband was put into her hand. She begged permission to read it, and as, in doing so, she could not suppress a few ejaculations of surprise, he begged he might hear it. She was quite willing to gratify him, and, at his request, gave him permission to take it home and show it his wife. On that understanding he was allowed to take it; but, instead of taking it home, he took it to the printer of the paper, with which he was connected, and inserted it in its columns. As many may never have read it, I shall presume to give my own version of the accident, which is much fuller in its

details than the one given in Mrs. Mathews' Life of her husband.

Before he left our house, I had promised Mathews, who could not bear being alone, to drive him to Salisbury, and keep him company while there. The distance from Amport to Andover was five miles; from Andover to Salisbury, by the road, eighteen; but across the intervening Plain, fully three miles shorter. Now, although, under the pilotage of Lord W. and Lord George P——, I had ridden that way two or three times, I had never driven it. To the rider nothing could be more delightful than the long unbroken surface of untrodden turf; though the tameness of the surrounding scenery, and the absence of landmarks to steer by, made the route rather a difficult one to find. Before starting, I had serious misgivings that the frequent intersection of deep waggon-ruts, of the existence of which I was quite aware, might put my charioteering powers to a severe test; but the prospect of a 'short cut' was a temptation not to be withstood. For the first two or three miles we got on capitally; but afterwards we encountered such a succession of formidable inequalities in the ground, that Mathews got nervous, and my horses became excited. Out of consideration for his hip-joint, I advised him to alight, and walk a few yards till we had passed over the roughest part. This he was only too glad to do; while I, throwing the reins over the splashboard, went to the horses' heads, and, by voice and gesture, endeavoured to coax them gently over the uneven ground. However, in descending a sharp dip in the ground, which was succeeded by a rise as sudden, the pole sprang up,

hit me a violent blow under the chin, and sent me spinning to the ground. On recovering my footing, I saw my carriage jolting and bumping along at the rate of twenty miles an hour, rendering any hope of my overtaking it, for a long time to come, an apparent impossibility. In utter dismay, I appealed to my friend for advice, but found him all but paralysed, and incapable of giving it. 'Good heavens, Julian,' he cried out, 'in that bag of mine, are, not merely all my clothes, but three hundred sovereigns in gold, the fruit of four "At Home's," and all that I have written of my autobiography. Run! Run!'

It was easy for him to say 'Run,' but not so easy for me to do so; for, owing to the extraordinary velocity with which the panic-stricken animals had darted off, and the undulation of the land over which they had passed, they were lost to sight in no time.

The foremost difficulty which suggested itself to me was how, even if I recovered my carriage and horses, I was to find my disconsolate companion again; for, in consequence of the complete circumnavigation of the hill which the runaways had probably made, I knew I should find myself, before long, in a *terra incognita*. As Mathews could not walk; I pointed to some miserable furze bushes, and told him to lie down under them, and not to stir until he saw me again. He squatted down most submissively; while, in attestation of my good faith, and, at the same time, that I might run the easier, I disencumbered myself of my greatcoat, flung it to him, and left it in pawn till I should return and redeem it. Away I darted, and ran and ran—till I could run no more: and

I was about to fling myself on the grass to regain my wind, and rest awhile, when I beheld, in the distance, four carriage wheels in the air, and a pair of greys, detached from the vehicle, standing side by side, as if in one stall, trembling in every limb, sweating from every pore, and yet making no attempt to stir. I felt re-nerved at this sight, pursued my object, went up to my truant steeds, and captured them without any show of resistance on their part. They were thoroughly blown. They had been seen by a band of gipsies, encamped hard by, to charge a precipitous embankment which separated the Plain from the high road; but unable, from exhaustion, to surmount it, they thought better of it, turned round, and, dashing down again into the valley, ran with such headlong fury against the stump of a blighted old pollard oak as to upset the phaeton, break the traces, snap the pole in twain, and scatter Mathews' precious treasures far and wide over the ground. My first anxiety was to rejoin their owner as quickly as possible; for it was then half-past three o'clock, and I knew that he had to reach Salisbury, dress, order and eat his dinner, and be on the stage by seven p.m. I went, therefore, up to the gipsies, described how the accident had occurred, told them of the dilemma in which I had left a lame gentleman a mile off, assured them that it was of the greatest importance that he should arrive in Salisbury by five o'clock, and begged them to spare somebody to lead one of the horses, while I rode the other in search of my friend.

Seeing that they had a tent pitched in sight, I told them, with a frankness that most people would have

deemed imprudent, that the contents of the carpet-bag confided to their care was very precious to the proprietor, and that, if they would be kind enough to set up the carriage on its wheels, and protect my property, the instant I reached Salisbury I would return in a post-chaise with ropes to take the fractured phaeton in tow, and reward them handsomely for their trouble.

They undertook to carry out my wishes, while I, jumping on one of the horses (with all its traces and trappings, and breeching, and collar, and pad upon him), and followed by my esquire on foot with the other, gallopped off to look for him who, I was certain, was for once anything but 'at home' where he was.

In my feverish impatience to overtake my horses, I had forgotten to take notice of the ground I passed over, though it was in a totally different direction from that I had been used to. Whichever way I went, my gipsy aide-de-camp had orders to keep me well in sight. For some twenty minutes, which appeared an hour, I whooped and halloed at the top of my voice, directing it north, south, east, and west; but neither received answer, nor beheld sign of living creature. Turn which way I might, there was nothing before me but a wide expanse of dreary plain. The bray of a jackass, the bark of a watch-dog, the bleating of a stray sheep, even the quack of a duck, would have been as music in my ears. To contribute to my perplexity, the skies began to assume a leaden and lowering hue, and sleet and flakes of snow to fall. Our stipulated trysting-place, the furze bushes, could nowhere be seen, for the projecting brow of table-land on which I was. They were at the base

of the hill, and I was on the summit. As I sat, bewildered, on my horse, with my esquire behind me, I fancied I saw something stirring below me which resembled the fluttering of a corn-crake's wings, though they certainly seemed unusually long and unsteady, and the wind appeared to have extraordinary power over them. I made towards the object, and, as I did so, I found, to my ineffable relief, that it was no bird I had seen, but a white silk handkerchief tied to a stick, doing duty as a signal of distress. As I drew nearer to it, I saw my lost companion drop on his knees, and raise his hands to heaven in token of thanksgiving. No wonder. Had I not found him, he must have passed the livelong night in utter helplessness and solitude, and perhaps have fallen victim to hunger, cold, and mental perturbation.

When we met, I found Mathews almost speechless from agitation. He threw his arms around me, and was so extravagantly and comically demonstrative, that, in spite of all my sympathy for him, I could not refrain from laughter. I feared he would be offended with me; but was delighted to ascertain from his published letter that my ill-timed mirth was attributed to an 'hysterical affection.' As soon as I could persuade him to hearken to me, I told him there was not a moment to be lost, that we had three or four miles to go before we could reach the highroad, and that manage we must, somehow or other, by hook or by crook, to get there in time to catch the 'Light Salisbury' coach, and reach his quarters at the White Hart, by five p. m.

On my further telling him that he must get on the

horse from which I had dismounted, and that I would lead it for him, he said, 'My dear fellow, I never, in the prime of life, bestrode a bare-backed horse; how then can I do so now, old and crippled as I am?' I said no more; but, making my gipsy follower stand at the horse's head, went on all fours by its side, and insisted on his stepping on my back, and holding by the horse's mane, while I gradually raised myself up, so as to enable him to fling his leg over the animal. It was a weary and an anxious walk for both of us. However, as luck would have it, we had no sooner sighted the chalky road, than I saw my old acquaintance Matcham, driving the 'Light Salisbury' towards us. I gave both my horses to the gipsy to lead leisurely to Salisbury, while I mounted on the outside the coach with my sorely harassed friend. He was in a most devout frame of mind, thanking God loudly and earnestly for His merciful deliverance from a miserable death, when a Dissenting minister behind him, learning from the coachman who he was, thought it a good opportunity for 'improving the occasion,' and preached to him in such bad taste, and with such utter want of consideration for his feelings, that Mathews, humbled as he was, could not brook it, and told him his mind. 'Until you opened upon me, I never felt more piously disposed in my life; but your harsh and ill-timed diatribe, has made me feel quite wickedly. Hold your canting tongue, or you 'll find me dangerous, Mr. Mawworm!'

To finish my tale:—As soon as I had seen Mathews comfortably seated at his dinner, I called for a post-

chaise, drove to the scene of action, and was rather mortified to find that the gipsy family had not touched the carriage, though I had begged them to set it up again upon its wheels. On remonstrating with them, they very civilly said, 'Why, you see, Sir, if, in moving it, anything had gone wrong with the carriage, owing to some injury you had not detected, or if anything were missing, you'd ha' been sure to suspect the poor gipsies: so, on second thoughts, we considered 'twould be better to leave it—as they leaves a dead body before a hinquest—without moving or touching anything.'

They then turned to with a will, in my presence,—put the carriage on its legs again, helped me to cord it on to the hinder part of the post-chaise, and thrust inside Mathews' carpet-bag and portmanteau, and a few articles for the night, which I had put up for myself. I sprang into the chaise, wishing to get back and relieve Mathews' mind about his goods. I drew out my purse, and was going to take out money to give the gipsies, when one of them came up to me and said, 'Are you sure, Sir, that you have got everything belonging to you?' 'Yes, yes; thank you.' The man smiled, and, by way of answer, thrust into my hand my oilskin sponge-bag, which had fallen out of my hat-box, and which I had overlooked. 'Now, my good fellows,' said I, 'what shall I give you? You deserve something handsome, and you shall have it. Will a couple of sovereigns satisfy you?' 'No, Sir, no!' they all cried out. 'We won't have nothing. You 've paid us enough! You 've trusted us, gipsies as we are! You 've left

your property in our keeping, and never cast a suspicious glance at it, when you came back, to see if we had been tampering with it.'

I pressed them over and over again to reconsider their determination, and consider my feelings. 'Well, Sir, we will ask one favour of you. Tell your friends that, whatever your glass and crockery and brush-selling tramps may be, a *real* gipsy *can* be honest.'

Mathews was so struck with the conduct of these people, and so touched by it, that, at the next Theatrical Fund dinner, he took occasion to allude to it. It was a few days after our adventure that I received the following letter from him, from Exeter, where he was playing.

'*Exeter, November* 15, 1833.

'MY VERY DEAR J. C. Y. — What have I done? Did we not part friends? Did you not promise to write to me? Do you not imagine I am anxious to hear how our adventure ended? and how you were received at home? and if I am forgiven for having allured you from your fireside? Every morning at Weymouth I craned my neck after the postman, but no tidings. There must be some reason for this most cruel and unnatural conduct; and know it, I will. I shall not repeat my proposal about justice and honour as to damage. *Verbum sat.* I am still stout upon the point.

'Pray write to me at Plymouth, if not to acknowledge this, yet to say you have received a quarter of mutton and a brace of pheasants, which will be sent from hence by the subscription Exeter coach, to Wood-

ward's, Andover, where the coach arrives on Monday morning, at five o'clock. It will be franked all the way.

'I am happy to say Charles is arrived safely at home, in high health and spirits, delighted with his trip; lighter in heart and pocket than he went. My pictures are all warehoused safe under the same roof (Bazaar) where they were exhibited, which is a comfort to me.

'Weymouth was a poor business; but there were excellent reasons for it. The manager had a crammed, packed, forced house on Monday, and kept my performance on Wednesday a profound secret. An amateur performance for Saturday, for charity, was also hanging over my head. Dorchester, same receipts as Salisbury. Here 60*l.* the first night. Good box plan for to-night.

'I have now said my say, and more than you deserve. I hope you will be sensible of my benignity.

'The mutton I have sent because they rave about it here. Some call it Oakhampton, some Dartmoor. What 's in a name? Kindest regards to dear Mrs. Young and to dear Wynny; and, with a true sincere appreciation of your affectionate attentions to me in calamity, believe me, ever gratefully and sincerely yours,

C. MATHEWS.'

'Eleven o'clock p. m. I 've kept this open to say, I had here, second night, 61*l.* 18*s.*; and I suppose, with a presentiment that I might have some addition to my most extraordinary and adventurous life, I had to-night another miraculous escape—the second of the same nature. The drop that was taken up to discover

my bed, was half raised, when the windlass broke, and the roller came down with a tremendous impetus, and must have killed me, had not the fall been broken by the top of the bed. It still struck me with such force as to stun me, and the fright made me so faint and sick that there was no expectation of my going through another act. Again have I been providentially preserved, and again am I grateful to God. For what am I reserved? Oh, let me not think!'

On the first night of one of his 'At Homes,' when the theatre was packed to the very ceiling, and all his best friends and supporters were there to support him, I witnessed a singular instance of his sensibility to the opinion of others. At the end of the first part of the entertainment, Manners Sutton, the Speaker (afterwards Lord Canterbury), Theodore Hook, Gen. Phipps, and others, went behind the scenes to congratulate him, and assure him that, as far as the piece had proceeded, it was an indubitable success. He accepted their compliments rather ungraciously. All they said, to buoy him up, only seemed the more to depress him. At first they could not make him out, till he explained himself by blurting forth the truth. 'It is all very well, and very kind of you, who wish me well, to tell me the piece is going well: *I* know better. It ain't "going well," and it can't be "going well"—it must be hanging fire, or that man with the bald head, in the pit, in the front row, could not have been asleep the whole time I have been trying to amuse him!' 'Oh,' said the Speaker, 'perhaps he is drunk.' 'No, no! he ain't; I've tried hard to "lay that flattering unction to my soul,"

but it won't do. I've watched the fellow, and when he, opens his eyes, which he does now and then, he looks as sober as a judge, and as severe as one; and then he deliberately closes them, as if he disliked the very sight of me. I tell you, all the laughter and applause of the whole house—boxes, pit, and gallery put together—weigh not a feather with me while that "pump" remains dead to my efforts to arouse him.' The call bell rang; all his friends returned to their seats in front, and he to the stage. The second part opened with one of the rapid songs, in the composition of which James Smith, the author, excelled so much, and in the delivery of which no one ever equalled Mathews, except his son, who, in that respect, surpasses him. All the time he was singing it, as he paced from the right wing to the left, one saw his head jerking from side to side, as he moved either way, his eyes always directed to one spot, till, at the end of one of the stanzas, forgetful of the audience, and transported out of himself by the obstinate insensibility of the baldpate, he fixed his eyes on him as if he were mesmerizing him, and, leaning over the lamps, in the very loudest key, shouted at him 'Bo!' The man, startled, woke up, and observing that the singer looked *at* him, sang *to* him, and never took his eyes off him, he became flattered by the personal notice, began to listen, and then to laugh—and laugh, at last, most heartily. From that instant the actor's spirits rose, for he felt he had converted a stolid country bumpkin into an appreciative listener. After such a triumph, he went home, satisfied that his entertainment had been a complete success.

This excessive sensibility to public opinion is not uncommon. The late Sir William Knighton told my uncle, George Young, that if George the Fourth went to the play, which he rarely did, and heard *one* hiss, though it were drowned in general and tumultuous applause, he went home miserable, and would lay awake all night, thinking only of that one note of disapprobation.

Curran, again, was so notoriously susceptible to inattention or weariness on the part of his hearers, that, on more than one occasion, advocates engaged against him, perceiving his powerful invectives were damaging their client's cause, would pay some man in the court to go into a conspicuous part of it and yawn visibly and audibly. The prescription always succeeded. The eloquent spirit would droop its wing and forsake him; he would falter, forget the thread of his argument, and bring his peroration to an abrupt and unsatisfactory conclusion.

Mathews was, one day, riding down Highgate Hill from his cottage, to rehearsal, when he met a post-chariot crawling up, with my father and another gentleman in it, who happened to be the late Lord Dacre. Mathews, not knowing him by sight, or even by name, asked my father, as he saw he was going into the country, if he was going down to Cassiobury, to Lord Essex's (where, at that time, he was a constant visitor). 'No,' replied my father, 'I am on my way to "The *Hoo*."' '*Who?*' asked Mathews. 'I'm going to stay a few days at Lord Dacre's,' was the answer. Mathews, imagining Young to be poking fun at him, by ennobling Bob

Acres[1], laughingly exclaimed, 'I have half a mind to go with you. Mind you give my kind regards to Sir Lucius O'Trigger, who is sure to be staying with him.' No man could have enjoyed the mistake more than the noble lord himself.

Mathews had such an inordinate love of drollery in every form, that he would often engage very indifferent servants, if they had but originality to recommend them. I remember a gardener he had, a Lancashire man, who was a never-failing fund of amusement. I was on the lawn at the cottage at Milfield Lane one day, when I overheard the following dialogue.

'I say,' said the master, patting a huge Newfoundland by his side, 'we shall have to put a muzzle on this brute. I am having so many complaints made about him from the neighbours, that I shall have to get rid of him. He worried Mrs. ——'s dog, I hear, the other day, and frightened two little children nearly to death.'

'Well, I doan't know aboot that; but if you wants to get rid on't, I know one as 'ud like to have un; for t'other day, as I was a-going by Muster Morris' labyratoury (laboratory), Duke St. Aubon's cam louping over t' edge, and he says, says he, "Who's dog be that?" So I says, says I, "'t is master's, Muster Mathews." "Would you sell un?" says he. "No," says I; "but I dussay master would let you have a poop." "Oh, no," says he; "Doochess has poops enough of her own!"'

'How,' asked Mathews, 'did you know it to be the Duke of St. Alban's?'

'How did I know it? How did I know it? Lor bless

[1] Vide Sheridan's play of 'The Rivals.'

ye; any one might ha' knowed it was a duke. He had gotten a great gowd chain, wi lots o' thingumbobs hanging to it, round his neck, and it run all the way into his waistcoat pocket.'

At one time he had a footman, whose boundless credulity recommended him to his notice. A title inspired him with awe, and having seen a nobleman, now and then, at his master's table, he took it for granted that he was familiar with half the peerage. The Duke of Sussex called one day to see the picture-gallery. On announcing his Royal Highness, Mathews fully expected he would have gone off by spontaneous combustion; for he retreated backwards, puffed out his cheeks to their fullest powers of expansion, and then poised himself on one leg, like a bird, awaiting to see the effect produced on his master by the appearance of such a visitor. Knowing his weakness, Mathews used to tell all his intimates, whenever they called, to be sure to present themselves under some assumed title. Thus Charles Kemble always announced himself as the Persian Ambassador; Fawcett called himself Sir Francis Burdett; my father, the Duke of Wellington.

This habit of jocular imposition once involved Mathews in an awkward scrape. He had no idea that there existed such a title in the peerage as that of 'Ranelagh.' So that, when the veritable nobleman of that name called one day on horseback at the door, and sent up a message by the manservant to say that 'Lord Ranelagh would be much obliged if Mr. Mathews would step down to him, as he could not dismount,' Mathews, convinced it was one of his chums under

a feigned title, sent down word to say that Lord Ranelagh must be kind enough to put up his horse in the stables, and walk up, as he could not go out of doors, having a cold, and being particularly engaged with Lord Vauxhall.

Lord Ranelagh could hardly believe his ears when he received this familiar, flippant, and impertinent message. He rode off in a state of boiling indignation, and forthwith despatched a note to the offender, commenting severely on his impudence in daring to play upon his name. Of course, as soon as Mathews discovered his mistake, he wrote and explained it, and apologized for it, amply.

Mathews had often told Charles Kemble of the great amusement his manservant's peculiarities afforded him, but Kemble said he had never been able to discover anything in him but crass stupidity. 'Ah,' said Mathews, 'you can't conceive what a luxury it is to have a man under the same roof with you, who will believe anything you tell him, however impossible it may be.'

One warm summer's day, Mathews had a dinner party at Highgate. There were present, among others, Broderip, Theodore Hook, General Phipps, Manners Sutton (then Speaker of the House of Commons), and Charles Kemble. The servant had learned by this time the name of the Persian ambassador. Dessert was laid out on the lawn. Mathews, without hinting his intention, rang the bell in the dining-room, and, on its being answered, told the man to follow him to the stables while he gave the coachman certain directions

in his presence. The instant Mathews reached the stable door, he called to the coachman (who he knew was not there), looked in, and, before the manservant could come up, started back, and, in a voice of horror, cried out, 'Good heavens! go back, go back—and tell Mr. Kemble that his horse has cut his throat!'

The simple goose, infected by his master's well-feigned panic, and never pausing to reflect on the absurdity of the thing, burst on to the lawn, and, with cheeks blanched with terror, roared out, 'Mr. Kemble, Sir, you're wanted directly.' Seeing Mr. Kemble in no hurry to move, he repeated his appeal with increased emphasis, 'For heaven's sake, Sir, come: your poor horse has cut his throat!'

From that time the Persian ambassador admitted fully that if his friend's servant was not funny himself, he could be the fruitful cause of fun to others.

After Mathews' death, and long after his 'Life' had been published by his widow, she wrote to me to say that she was writing an article for one of the Magazines; that, she was sure I must recollect anecdotes of her husband, which, in the lapse of many years, had escaped her memory, and she should be grateful to me if I would put on paper anything I could recollect not contained in the 'Life.' I complied with her wish; and she afterwards wrote and thanked me for what I had sent her, telling me it was printed and published. But, as I have never seen the periodical which contains it, I have no scruple in repeating the substance of a contribution which I wrote for her, as, in so doing, I am plagiarizing from no one but myself.

Whenever Mathews brought out a new 'At Home,' he was sure to receive a summons to Windsor to produce it before George the Fourth. On one such occasion, after having given imitations of Lords Thurlow, Loughborough, Mansfield, and of Sheridan, he concluded with the most celebrated one of all, that of John Philpot Curran. The felicity of his impersonations of the first four, the King readily admitted, nodding his head, in recognition of their resemblance to their originals, and now and then laughing so heartily as to cause the actor to pronounce him the most intelligent auditor he had ever had. He was, therefore, the more mortified after giving his *chef-d'œuvre*, to notice the King throw himself back in his chair, and overhear him say to Lady Coningham, 'Very odd, I can't trace any resemblance to Curran at all.' He had scarcely uttered his criticism before he regretted it; for he perceived by the heightened complexion and depressed manner of the performer that his unfavourable stricture had been heard. As soon, therefore, as the entertainment was concluded, the King, with generous sympathy, went up to Mathews, shook him warmly by the hand, and, after presenting him with a watch, with his own portrait set in brilliants on the case, took him familiarly by the button, and thus addressed him:—'My dear Mathews, I fear you overheard a hasty remark I made to Lady Coningham. I say, advisedly, "a hasty remark," because the version you give of Curran, all those who know him best declare to be quite perfect; and I ought, in justice to you, to confess that I never saw him but once, and therefore am hardly a fair judge of the

merits of your impersonation. You see, I think it very possible that, never having been in my presence before, his manner under the circumstances may have been unnaturally constrained. You will, perhaps, think it odd that I, who in my earlier days lived much and intimately with the Whigs, should never have seen him but once. Yet so it was.

'I always had had a great curiosity to know a man so *renommé* for his wit, and other social qualities; and, therefore, I asked my brother Frederick, "How I could best see Curran?" He smiled and said, "Not much difficulty about it. Your Majesty has but to send him a summons to dinner through your Chamberlain, and the thing is done." He came; but on the whole he was taciturn and *mal à son aise*.'

'Oh, Sir,' replied Mathews, 'the imitation I gave you of Curran was of Curran in his forensic manner, not in private. Would your Majesty permit me to give you another imitation of him as he would appear at a dinner-table?' On receiving the King's sanction to do so, he threw himself with such *abandon* into the mind, manner, wit, and waggery, of his original, that the King was in ecstacies.

He then went up to Mathews, and resumed his chat. 'I was about to tell you that, after my brother's suggestion, I said to him, "You shall make up the party for me; only let the ingredients mix well together." I don't think, between ourselves, that he executed his commission very well; for he asked too many men of the same profession—each more or less jealous of the other. The consequence was, that the dinner

was heavy. However, after the cloth was removed, I was determined to draw out the little ugly silent man I saw at the bottom of the table; and, with that object in view, I proposed the health of "The Bar." To my unspeakable annoyance, up sprang, in reply, Councillor Ego[8]. He certainly made a very able speech, though rather too redolent of self. He wound it up with some such words as these:—"In concluding, he could only say that, descended as he was from a long and illustrious line of ancestry, he felt himself additionally ennobled on the day he was admitted to the rank of Barrister." I was not going to be thwarted of my purpose; and therefore, the next toast I proposed was "Success to the Irish Bar." Then up sprang our little sallow-faced friend, and by his wit and humour and grace of speech made me laugh one minute and cry the next. He annihilated Erskine by the humility of his bearing; and closed his speech, I recollect, as follows:—"The noble Lord who has just sat down, distinguished as he is by his own personal merits, has told you, Sir, that, though ennobled by birth, he feels additionally so by his profession. Judge then, Sir, what must be my pride in a profession which has raised me, the son of a peasant, to the table of my Prince."'

I am now about to tell a story, in which Mathews plays but a very subordinate part; and yet he is sufficiently connected with it to warrant my introducing it in this place.

[8] Viz. Lord Erskine, a brilliant advocate in the Law Courts, but a dead failure in the House of Commons.

In the lovely village of Bonchurch, in the Isle of Wight, there is a charming cottage *ornée*, originally designed and built by a Mr. Surman, a solicitor; by him bequeathed to the late Mr. Cartwright, the dentist; and by him, again, sold to Captain Swinburne.

The original owner of this property was a man gifted with an artistic eye. His taste was indisputable—not limited to any particular school, but catholic and comprehensive, in its range. The cottage was a museum of curiosities: containing pictures of all dates and styles; Bric a brac; china of all kinds—Chelsea, Dresden, Sevres, Crackling, &c.; point lace; virtu; stained glass, and old Dutch plate. I have stayed there, in Mr. Cartwright's time, two or three times, for several days, and can bear testimony to the refined taste and lavish cost visible at every turn, 'from garret to basement.' Was it desirable to have a grand piano from Broadwood's, or a harp from Erard's? They were made of the choicest old oak carved after Albert Durer's designs. Were chandeliers wanted to light the room? They must be made of antique Venetian glass. Were salt-cellars needed for the table? Four beautiful ones of unusual magnitude were procured, representing the four seasons, each a *capo d'opera* of Benvenuto Cellini. Were toilet-covers essential for the bedroom dressing-tables? They were of the finest and oldest point lace, *de France* and *de Genoa*. All the appointments throughout the establishment, the cookery, the upholstery, the wines, everything, in short, were first class. Unfortunately, the means at the proprietor's command, though not insignificant, were not such as to justify such expenditure.

The grounds could not be kept up with fewer than five gardeners. The consequence of all this reckless folly was, that his income was deeply dipped into, and so diminished as to be unequal to the demands made upon it. Possessed, as Mr. Surman was, of great knowledge of the world, everybody acquainted with him was surprised to think how, after indulging in such extravagant habits, he could anticipate anything else but ruin. The explanation of the case was simple:—His family consisted of an only son and a ward, a young lady who, when she came of age, would be mistress of several thousands a year. The father and the son had always lived so happily together, and the ward had always displayed such deference to her guardian, that he never doubted his power to bring about a union between them. That consummation, however devoutly to be wished, was not destined to be accomplished; for, on the father's broaching the subject to his son, he discovered, when it was too late, that his affections were pre-engaged, and, moreover, that his troth had been pledged. The father felt the intelligence as the direst blow that could have been inflicted on him. The cherished projects of a selfish life would be blighted, if the son remained firm of purpose; for the father had intended to give up the house and all control of it to him and his ward, if they had married, trusting that, if, with the surplus that remained to him, he purchased an annuity, and payed a third of the household expenses, there would be no obstacle to his living with them.

When he found that his son had a stronger will of his own than he supposed, he became angry, and raved and

stormed and threatened, until a reaction took place, and he resolved to trust to time and the influence of affection to bring about the first desire of his heart. He tried a compromise. He entreated his son, at least, to promise not to marry the young lady to whom he was affianced until after the lapse of a year. To this the son consented.

I have heard—and I heard it from the late Mr. Vernon[9], who was likely to have known the truth—that during the interim the most importunate appeals were made to induce the young man to break off his engagement. But he was too honourable a man, and his affections were too deeply compromised, to do anything of the sort. It was about this period, I fancy near Midsummer, 1831, that, meeting Mathews, his wife and son, he invited them to go and stay with him, hoping, possibly, to neutralize his own dejection by their lively society. As it was Mathews' vacation, he was only too glad of the opportunity afforded him of breathing sea air, and enjoying the tranquillity of the country. On the first evening of their arrival, they were happy to find that there was no party staying in the house. They enjoyed themselves so much, and were in such mad spirits, that it was with reluctance that they retired to their rooms for the night. As Charles, who was the first to go, was about to jump into bed, Surman entered his room and said, 'My dear boy, I have come to tell you that my presence is required in London to-morrow. Your father is so touchy, that if I were to tell him, he would be out

[9] The Mr. Vernon, who left his splendid collection of pictures to the nation, was the intimate friend and confidant of Cartwright.

of the house at once. I must therefore trust to your friendliness to explain matters to both your parents, and to assure them that nothing short of absolute duty should tear me away from them. I have given full instructions to my butler and housekeeper to provide for your comfort in my absence; and I trust it will not be more than four and-twenty hours before I am back again.'

Charles executed his delicate mission with tact, and reconciled his father and mother as best he could to their anomalous position, assuring them that their absent host would return the next day to perform the rites of hospitality in person.

The next day came, and another followed; but they brought no Mr. Surman with them: so that the whole party, in high dudgeon at their treatment, took wing and fled to their friends Mr. and Mrs. Vine, at Puckaster Cove, a lovely spot some four miles distant from Bonchurch. They had hardly arrived there, when Mr. Surman returned, and finding his guests gone, started instantly on the track of the fugitives, and with hearty apologies for his rudeness, and repeated assurances that nothing but matters of stern importance would have detained him, conjured them, unless they wished him to forfeit his good name for ever, to come back. Reluctantly, and rather in compliance with the generous suggestion of the Vines, than from any wish of their own, they at last consented. A certain awkward sense of embarrassment weighed on them all; but by degrees it wore off under the combined effects of generous wine, good cooking, and geniality: so that it was late before they went upstairs. At the very moment when

young Mathews was about to put out his candle, Surman again entered his room and said, with an air of profound chagrin, 'My dear friend, I am half mad with shame and vexation! It would seem as if the Fates were in league against me; and had conspired to prevent our enjoying ourselves together. I was so absorbed with the matters which took me to London in the first instance; and, in the second, so put out at finding you gone when I returned, that I had quite forgotten, until I was reminded by my housekeeper of it, that I had promised to give away, to-morrow, one of my maids, who is to be married. It happens, our clergyman is from home, so I shall be obliged to ride fourteen or fifteen miles, i.e. to Newport, to obtain the services of a substitute; and if I am to do this, and be back in time for the marriage, before twelve, I must be off in the morning, on horseback, by four o'clock. Do, then, intercede for me with your father and mother, and tell them to expect me back to lunch.' Those were the last words he ever uttered to any one on the premises. He went, but he never returned; and has never been heard of since. Unless he had a boat moored at the foot of his own grounds, in which, under cover of night, he escaped, I cannot guess, nor have I ever seen any one who could, how he got away from the island without being seen; for no man in it was better known. The first suspicion which arose in the minds of those who knew him best was, that having become entangled in pecuniary straits, and soured by his son's contemplated marriage, to the utter *bouleversement* of all his own plans, he had destroyed himself; but that

impression was soon discarded, in consequence of information conveyed by Surman himself to Mr. Cartwright, mysteriously enough, but still in his own handwriting.

We all of us know, by painful experience, the picture presented by a fashionable dentist's room! Melancholy and miserable visitors rocking in their chairs; some trying to assume an aspect of indifference to their pending doom; others, horribly healthy people, whispering hollow words of consolation to their suffering friends; others, with wild eyes, and faces flushed and swelled, and muffled, nervously watching the door each time the hard impassive butler opens it, hoping, yet fearing, that the summons is for them; the table in the centre of the dining-room invariably strewed with magazines of remote antiquity, or stale literature of a scientific order, delusively intended as anodynes for the excited nerves of fevered patients. Well, on a certain evening, when the last act of the day's performances was over in the Burlington theatre, and when the scene-shifter, in other words the butler, was about to spread the cloth for the manager's dinner, he observed a large brown-paper parcel lying on a chair, and directed to that gentleman. How it got there, he was at a loss to divine. The only conjecture he could draw was, that some one, accompanying a patient, had brought it under his cloak and deposited it on the chair before leaving the inquisition for the torture-room. As soon as the parcel was taken to Mr. Cartwright, he opened it, and found it contained many parchment documents and a letter from Surman addressed to himself. That letter reminded Cartwright that the writer owed him £8,000 (it had been

lent to him on mortgage), and told him that, in consequence of the utter frustration of his hopes, and the annihilation of projects he had been maturing for years, he had resolved to leave kith, kin, and country for ever; but that, to be able to do so, he meant to appropriate the £8,000 (which, with the relics of his crippled capital, would suffice his wants), and give up to Cartwright the house and grounds at Bonchurch, with all the plate, wine, and furniture it contained, in compensation for the money taken.

Of course, had he put up his property to auction, it would have realized four or five times the amount of the mortgage, inasmuch as he had laid out upon it £45,000. But it is presumed that he could not bear the notoriety of an auction, his object being to get away without his son's knowledge, or the notice of the world.

To say nothing of the cruel injustice inflicted on his son, the giving up property of such value in lieu of a sum comparatively so insignificant, might appear to have been a signal stroke of good fortune for Mr. Cartwright, but it was not found to be so; for it was a possession yielding no return, and involving great outlay. Indeed, the expense of keeping it up was so formidable, that Cartwright had not had it many months before he was anxious to dispose of it.

I have stated that no one had ever heard of the missing man since his departure. I must correct myself, and say, that nothing *certain* has been heard of him to this hour; though I am disposed to believe that, if a searching investigation had been instituted thirty years ago, some clue to his hiding-place might have

been discovered: and I ground this remark on the following fact. When I was residing in Wiltshire, Richard Reynolds, a son of Frederick Reynolds, the dramatist; and a brother of the author of 'Miserrimus,' came to visit me after two or three years' travel through South America, Egypt, and elsewhere. Among many other startling occurrences which he told me, he mentioned having met at Cairo, at the dinner-table of a wealthy Greek merchant, a man who was a perfect enigma to him. His looks and deportment did not seem to harmonize with his costume and conduct. He was supposed to be an Oriental; yet his face was of the Anglo-Saxon type, and his conversation more vivacious than usual with those of Eastern origin. On the other hand, his head was shaved, and he wore a turban, and was habited in flowing muslin trowsers and yellow Morocco slippers, and spoke Arabic with the fluency of a native. The circumstances which provoked Reynolds' suspicions were these. Whenever he (Reynolds) spoke English to a fellow countryman who sat near him, this ambiguous gentleman would prick up his ears, lean forward his head, and unconsciously show by the play of his face, that he understood every word that was spoken. Reynolds, however, was not long left in doubt on that head, for, after dinner, when every one else was engrossed with pipes and coffee, the object of his curiosity crossed over from the other side of the room, planted himself by his side, and, without introduction, entered into conversation with him. When he saw him approaching, he concluded that he would address him in the language of the country; but, to his astonishment,

he began his conversation in English as idiomatic as his own. He asked Reynolds about the London theatres, and talked with keen interest of 'Kitty Stephens,' Charles Kemble, and Mathews. Now, it is a singular coincidence that Surman was known to have been madly in love with the fair songstress, intimate with Charles Kemble and Mathews, and solicitor to one of the two great theatres. I enquired of my friend if he did not challenge him with being an Englishman: he said he did; but that he told him at once, 'it was no business of his what he was.' No one else would enlighten him: all he could learn about him was, that he had been in Cairo some years, followed no calling, and went by the name of '*Sir*man Bey.' When I heard the name, I told Reynolds the Bonchurch story, and he immediately fell in with my idea, that *Sir*man Bey must be Mr. *Sur*man, whose disappearance from the Isle of Wight had excited so much speculation in the minds of all who knew him.

But, to return to my Mathewsiana.

Mathews was once on a visit in Shropshire, to Mr. Ormsby Gore. On the first morning after his arrival, when at breakfast, his entertainer expressed his regret at having to leave him to his own devices till dinner-time, as the assizes had begun, and he was summoned on the grand jury. 'If,' he added, 'you like to beat the home-covers, my gamekeeper and the dogs shall attend you; or, if you prefer it, as you are not much of a walker, you can accompany the ladies in their afternoon's drive.' 'Oh,' replied

Mathews, 'if you wish to afford me a real treat, you will allow me to accompany you to Shrewsbury; for there is no place I am so fond of attending as a court of justice; and no place which affords a richer field for the study of character.' Mr. Gore declared he should be delighted to have his company, and would take care he should get well placed in the court, and have, moreover, a chair to sit down on. Mathews declined these considerate offers, saying that he much preferred mixing with the crowd, listening to their talk, jotting down in his commonplace-book anything he might see or overhear worth remembering, and watching the faces of the criminals and witnesses. When he had mingled for some time with the herd of idlers directly or indirectly interested in the proceedings of the court, he elbowed his way into the very centre of the hall, just as the judge was taking his seat. He had not been there two minutes before the judge was seen making courteous signs to some one in the thick of the crowd—beckoning to him to come up, and occupy the vacant seat by his side. Mathews, though he perceived that the judge's eye looked and his finger pointed in his direction, felt assured that the summons could not be meant for him, as he had not the honour of knowing the great functionary; therefore he looked behind him, to notify to any more probable person he might see that he was signalled to. The Judge (the excellent James Allan Parke), hopeless of making himself understood, scribbled on a small piece of paper these words, 'Judge Parke hopes Mr. Mathews will come and sit by him.' He then folded it up, put

it into the notch of the long rod of one of the ushers, and ordered it to be delivered to its address. On opening it, Mathews told me he felt himself blush like a maiden at the compliment thus suddenly paid him. That he, a poor player, should be singled out for such distinction by one of the judges of the land, and one known to be of strict piety and blameless life, gave him more intense gratification than the notice of his sovereign. It was evident that he had been recognized, under the most flattering conditions, not as Mathews the comedian, but as Mathews the *man*, and that, too, by an eminent legal dignitary who probably had never entered the walls of a theatre. Threading his way through an obsequious multitude, who were duly impressed with his importance by the notice taken of him, and then, passing through a chamber full of country squires and neighbouring magnates, he mounted the judgment-seat, and humbly, yet proudly, took the place awarded to him. The Judge shook him cordially by the hand, as if he had been an old friend, put a list of the cases for trial before him, directing his special attention to one which, he said, would prove of painful and pathetic interest, and completing his civilities by placing a packet of sandwiches at his side. After the business of the day had terminated, Mathews, in his drive home, dilated at length on his enjoyment of it, and grew wanton in commendation of the urbanity and condescension of Parke. Before dressing for dinner, he wrote to his wife an enthusiastic description of the honours conferred on him, telling her henceforth to mark the day in her almanack with a red letter.

Two or three years after this memorable visit to Shropshire, he went into Monmouthshire, to stay with his friend Mr. Rolls. While he and his host were over their wine and walnuts, the latter, looking up to the ceiling, and trying to recall some incident which had escaped his memory, said, as if speaking to himself, 'Who was it? Who on earth was it that was here some time ago, and was talking of you? I cannot think who it could have been. Oh, yes; I remember now. It was Judge Parke. Did not you and he meet somewhere or other?' 'Ah,' said Mathews, 'I'm proud to say we did! What a fascinating person he is. I think I never saw a man of such sterling benevolence and such captivating manners.' By this time Mr. Rolls had recalled the circumstances that had slipped his recollection: so that, when Mathews began to indulge in a glowing eulogium on Park, he could not repress a smile. This his thin-skinned guest was not slow to perceive; and his withers began to wince. 'Pray,' said he, 'did the good Judge say anything about me, then, eh?' 'Well,' returned Rolls, 'if you will not be offended, I will tell you the truth. When he was here, he said to me, "I think, Rolls, you are a friend of Mathews the actor—a man, I hear, with a dreadful propensity for taking people off. Conceive, then, my consternation, two years ago, at Shrewsbury, on seeing him directly in front of me, evidently with the intention of studying me, and showing me up! Well; what do you think I did? Knowing that I should not be able to attend to my notes while the fellow was

there, I sent a civil message to him, and invited him to come and sit by me; and thus, I trust, propitiated him, so that he will *now* have too much good feeling, I should think, ever to introduce me into his gallery of Legal Portraits."'

CHAPTER IX.

THE autumn and winter of 1833, I was curate of Amport, in Hants, during the period of the great agrarian disturbances, when 'Swing' was lording it over half England—when hardly a day went by without the houses of country gentlemen being either attacked or threatened, and hardly a night without the perpetration of some deed of violence, which turned darkness itself into day by the light of blazing ricks of grain. It was very satisfactory, at that anxious time, to see how readily menace and lawlessness succumbed to firmness and authority.

I can illustrate this fact by three instances which occurred in our immediate neighbourhood.

1st. One morning some seventy or eighty people presented themselves at the gates of the Marquis of Winchester, threatening to demolish Amport House, unless they were promptly and liberally relieved. Lord William Paulet, one of Lord Winchester's sons, quietly walked down to the gates, which were luckily locked, presented an old-fashioned horse-pistol at the crowd, and threatened to blow out the brains of the first intruder. They retreated *en masse* without a word.

Again—

2nd. Lady Pollen was alone in her house at Reden-

ham, Sir John being out shooting. Her ponies were at the door, when, as she was in the act of stepping into her phaeton, the same riotous crew, who had made their ignominious retreat from Amport, appeared at her door, demanding alms and arms. Lady Pollen, at that time, had not heard of the occurrences at her friend's house; and, without manifesting the slightest fear, said to the mob, as she took the reins from her groom's hand—'Oh, you are come to pay us a visit now, are you? Well, you may be sure you are not welcome. I am now going to drive into Andover, where the magistrates are sitting, and I shall desire them to send the military after you as quickly as possible.' She whipped her high-mettled ponies and drove off; and, on turning her head shortly afterwards to see how matters were going, beheld every one scampering off as fast as he could.

3rd. Another really formidable body of rick-burners and machine-breakers appeared, about the same time, at Fifield, the old family residence of two elderly maiden ladies of the name of Penruddock. The walls of their hall were decorated with suits of antique armour, weapons, &c., &c., the surrender of which, together with money and drink, was violently insisted on by their unexpected visitors. The ladies possessed both courage and tact. The more the mob urged their demands on them, the more firmly they resisted them; until, at last, when the scoundrels seemed about to proceed to extremities, and they saw one man especially, of hideous and revolting aspect, inciting his companions to violence, Miss Betty, with a tact worthy of Talleyrand himself, went up to him, and thus addressed him:—'*You too*, of

all the people in the world! I am not surprised at these poor misguided creatures. They follow were they are led. But that such a good-looking man as you, with your intelligence, could condescend to incite them to deeds of violence, and attack two defenceless women, does astound me! *You* are the very man I should have looked up to for protection! But I am mistaken in you. You are not the man I took you for! Never again will I trust to good looks!' Such an unusual compliment was irresistible; there was no standing up against it. His chivalry was pricked, and, doffing his billy-cock hat, he said to her, 'Come, old lady, we ain't so bad as all that! Only give us some beer. We would not harm a hair of your head!' 'No; I know that,' was her good-humoured retort. 'You could not; for I wear a wig!' This good-humoured sally set the mob roaring with laughter, and turned the tide in her favour. They left her and her sister, for Tottenham, without another word.

The success of this well-timed joke, and still more of the well-turned flattery, reminds me of a similar instance of address which had a still happier result, and which was exhibited during the French Revolution in the year 1789. It was told me by the late Mr. Masquerier the artist, who was in the Louvre when the head of the Princess Lamballe, on a pike, was thrust in at the window of the room in which he was painting.

In one of the lowest and worst districts of Paris, where barricades innumerable had been taken and destroyed, re-erected and re-destroyed, and where a heterogeneous rabble of both sexes were rioting in the most revolting and brutal excesses, La Fayette appeared,

and ordered a young artillery officer to prime and load two formidable cannon, which were drawn up at the head of a particular street. Before the word to 'fire' was given, the young man rode up to the General, who, he knew, was reluctant to have recourse to extreme measures, and requested leave to say a few conciliatory words to the mob, and see if he could not persuade them to withdraw. The General told him it was hopeless to appeal to their reason. 'No, Sir,' said the wise man; 'it is not to their reason, but to their vanity, I would appeal.' 'Well, be quick about it; and take all consequences on your own shoulders.'

Riding up in the very front of the scum of the population, doffing his cocked hat with as much deference as if it had been composed of the cream of the *noblesse*, he said, while pointing to the guns—'Les gens comme il faut auront la bonté de se retirer; car, j'ai ordres tirer sur *la canaille*.' None could brook the idea of being classed indiscriminately with *la canaille;* all wished to be considered *gens comme il faut.* The consequence was, as the young man anticipated, the street was cleared in no time.

1834. July 20. This day I received a letter telling me that the Lord Chancellor (Brougham) through Mrs. Meynell's kind intercession, had offered me the living of Baston, near Market Deeping, in Lincolnshire. Before accepting, I must go and look at it: for Lincolnshire is one of the last counties I affect. However, beggars must not be choosers; and as it is my first, and may be my last, chance of preferment, I will not be dainty. I will go to-morrow, not predisposed to spy out naked-

ness in the land, but anxious to conquer prejudice against locality.

1834. July 22. Here I am at Baston. The country from Peterborough is ugly enough: but this village itself is prepossessing. It consists not exactly of a street, but of a long wide road, bordered on each side with goodly farmhouses and neat cottages, the church and its yard standing prettily in the centre. Suspecting the salubrity of the district (for the village is situate on the very selvage of the Fens), I betook myself to the tombstones to see what tale they would tell. At first I was impressed by the records of longevity I read, till I bethought me that it did not follow that, because the soil suits the indigenous, it should also suit the exotic. I wish I were not so much the slave of my eye; but I cannot help it: such country as that I have gallopped over to-day towards Spalding, does not prepossess me. Ugh! a dead, Dutch-like flat, enlivened only by Cuyp-like groups of cattle, and broken by constantly-recurring dams and dykes, with here and there a stunted pollard, or a lanky poplar. I could not help thinking of Mariana in the 'Moated Grange.'

> 'Hard by, a poplar shook alway,
> All silver green with gnarled bark;
> *For leagues no other tree did mark*
> *The level waste*, the rounding grey.'

I fear my delicate wife's life here will be 'dreary' and 'aweary' too. After all, it is the work to be done that I ought to think of; and it is better to be here, among ditches encrusted with green duckweed, than in the densely-populated black country, with its smoke and

blasts and furnaces. The labourers seem well-conditioned and well-spoken, and the farmers most obliging. Well, in spite of fogs and fens, ducks and geese, ague and rheumatism, I shall accept, and thankfully, what has been offered me.

1834. July 23. Called on the squire, a colonel of militia, living in a rambling sort of a house, without any pretension to architectural symmetry, but with a good large dining and drawing, and plenty of bed, rooms. I was received with blunt but kindly courtesy, and offers of hospitality; but I could not stay to dine, though pressed to do so.

1834. August 14. Before going to Baston, to settle, I ran up to London for the purpose of buying a good harness horse. Attracted, the very day of my arrival, by a promising advertisement, I went the next morning to the address given, which was at a respectable mews between Tottenham Court Road and Bedford Square[1]. On asking to be shown the horse, I was introduced into a four-stall stable by a groom, who pointed it out to me, and asked me to wait a few minutes while he ran round the corner for the owner. I was glad to be left alone, as it afforded me the opportunity of seeing the horse in its natural condition; to go up to him and try his wind; to turn him round in his stall, and look at his eyes; and to examine his legs deliberately. He had not a splint, or windgall, or spavin, or blemish of any kind about him. In appearance he looked a hundred guinea horse. He was about 15 hands 3 in.—bright bay, with black points—shoulder lying well back—a head

[1] Chenies Mews, Francis Street.

like a deer's—light in the jowl—deep in the brisket—well ribbed home—short in the canon joint—legs as fine as a foal's—good middle-piece—and good open feet and deep heels. I felt, like most young men, confident in my own judgment: so that, as soon as the proprietor of the animal appeared, I said to him, 'Don't say a word about the horse! I have looked him over; and all I want to see now is, how he moves. Put him into a trap of some kind, and let me try his paces.' In five minutes I was driving down the New Road, and then in Hyde Park. I never sat behind a freer or truer-actioned horse. I was enchanted with it. On returning to the mews, I asked the price; and thought there must be something amiss with the animal when I was only asked £60 for it. I thought I ought to try nevertheless, to get it for less; and, after the usual chaffering, wrote him out a cheque for £52 10*s*. I told Mr. Tom Corby, the apparent owner, and actual vendor of the horse, that, as I lived in the country, and should not be able to take him down with me till the morrow, I would send my father's groom for him in half an hour.

I jumped into a cab, and sent off the groom for him, giving him the address with great particularity. In half an hour he came back with a puzzled look, and said, 'You've given me the wrong address, Sir. There ain't no horse in that 'ere stable as you sent me to, and no man of the name of Corby either.' I instantly repaired, with the groom, to the stables from which I had bought the horse. The two or three loiterers whom I saw in the yard declared they knew nothing about the horse, and pretended they had never heard of Corby.

I went in quest of a policeman; and, giving him minute instructions, told him to search for the scoundrel and bring him to me at my father's house. In the meanwhile, I drove to Richard Tattersall's, who at once asked me the name of the offender. The instant I told him, he burst out laughing, saying, at the same time, 'My dear Sir, you've been chaunted by the cleverest fellow at that game I know. Admiral Fleming was done in the same fashion by another equally-gifted rascal but yesterday.'

I went home thoroughly chap-fallen. The next day the policeman came to me with the culprit, whom he had found in a public-house not many yards from the spot where I had first seen him. In my life, I never saw anything like the consummate assurance of the man. On asking him where my horse was, he smiled, picked his teeth with a straw, and, with the most imperturbable *sang froid*, replied, 'Where is he? why, where he is, at this moment, I can't exactly say; but, if I'm not mistaken, he was sold three hours after you paid for him, down in Hertfordshire, to a Mr.—Mr.—I think his name was GREEN—your's, I believe, is YOUNG; and I expect, by the day after to-morrow, he'll be sold down again in Yorkshire, where they knows a good horse when they sees him, for a spanking sum. Why, *you* only paid fifty guineas for him. The Hertfordshire swell gave £70 for him; and I should not wonder if he fetches £100 in the north.' Aghast at his unblushing effrontery, I broke out into irrepressible indignation, and told him a few hours should see him in prison. 'Lor, Sir, that's bearing malice and hatred in your heart! and you

are a parson! That can't be right! If you send me to prison, you'll do me a deal of harm, and do yourself no good. And I'll tell you why: I'm what rude people call a man of straw! Now, that 'oss was not mine, at all; but I got a fiver from a friend to pretend as it was! He was a pretty 'oss, wasn't he? As sound as a roach too! I should not think the real owner, first and last, could have made less than £500 by him. Now, I calls that better pay than breeding for the turf, any day. Don't you?' Seeing I could make no impression on him, I went to a Mr. Raimondi, a lawyer, in Great Portland Street. With his help he was brought before one of the metropolitan courts (I forget which), and sentenced to prison for, I forget how long.

After waiting some weeks in vain, for redress, I went up to town again, and saw my lawyer. On enquiring whether I was likely to recover part of my money, and hearing from him 'not a farthing,' I asked him for his account. It was, I think, £27 10*s*. This, added to my purchase money (£52 10*s*), made me the loser of £80. This was experience: but it was dearly bought!

For three or four years, I never went up to town, during the season, without meeting the man who swindled me, always smartly dressed, and generally riding on a clever hack. Whenever he caught sight of me, he would ride up coolly to the curbstone by my side, touch his hat *à la* Wellington, and thus address me:—'How do? How do? Quite well?' Then, answering himself as if I had answered him—'Glad to hear it. That's right. Have not forgot your old friend Tom, I see. Bye-bye!'

1834. August 16. I cannot resign the curacy of Amport for three months, or take possession of my living before that time has expired.

October 9. Dined and slept at Conholt, to meet Sir Henry Fane and Wadham Wyndham. This place was left to Mr. Pierrepont by his uncle, Sir William Meadows. Tom Assheton Smith gave me the following impromptu by Sir William Meadows on Lord Cornwallis being voted a plum, after the conquest of Seringapatam, while *he* only was made free of the city by the Grocers' Company:—

'From Leadenhall the *reasons* (raisins) come
Why Grocers made me free:
To you, my Lord, they vote a *plum*,
But say *a fig* for me.'

1834. October 20. Dined with Lord and Lady Winchester, Richard Pollens, Dukes, and the Hon. Mrs. Fitzroy. Lord W. told me that, years ago, he was at a party at Lady Hertford's, at Manchester House, when a lady of high *ton* entered the room in the latest fashion from Paris, the gown being rather high in front, and extraordinarily low at the back, so as to expose the blade bones. Jekyll, who was there, and saw it, and was standing next to the noble marquis, at once delivered himself of this impromptu:—

'Les Elegantes, who used to bare
Their snowy bosoms to the air,
A new device have hit on:
For now they wear their gowns so low,
'Tis thought they soon intend to show
The very parts they sit on.'

1834. October 23, dined at Red Rice with Mr. and Mrs. Tunno: a smart party there. They have a Ger-

man butler, who goes the round of the table, offering the guests, not one or other of *two* wines, but *five!* The effect produced on the ear is something tremendous. He carries a bottle in each hand, being followed by a servant in livery with a silver tray, on which are three others, and runs the gamut on the wines—each wine being announced in a higher key. The last is delivered with the suddenness and noise of a pistol-shot, thus—'Sherry, *Champagne*, MADEIRA, WHITE HERMITAGE, *HOCK!*'

This reminded me of Charles Mathews, junr., having once told me, that he went into an eating-house to have lunch, and found the orders given by the visitors on the first floor were conveyed below to the kitchen through a tube. A gentleman came in and ordered a basin of ox-tail soup; two, mock-turtle; three others asked for pea soup; and one more, for bouilli. The waiter, too busy to give the orders for each separately, gave them altogether, with great rapidity, in this concentrated form, at the mouth of the tube:—'One ox—two mocks—three peas—and a bully!'

1834. October 31. Dined and slept at Sir Alexander Malet's, at Wilbury. We committed a ludicrous error. On driving up to the door, we thought there was a strange want of promptitude in the answer of our servant's ring; and when it was answered, only half the door was opened to us. We got out, told the servant to take our things to our rooms, and entered the library; and, to our surprise, found Sir Alexander at length on the sofa, reading, and in his

shooting jacket. Afraid we were late, we expressed our joy to find he had not gone to dress. 'No,' said he, smiling; 'you are in plenty of time. In fact, you are rather before the time. I may say you are a week before the time.' We had mistaken the date. Of course we apologized, and ordered our carriage round again; but to our dismay it had gone back. Nothing could exceed the kindness of Lady Malet and Sir Alexander. It ended in our sleeping there, and enjoying ourselves infinitely more than if there had been a party.

1834. November 30. We have now been five weeks at Baston. There is no parsonage fit for one of the inferior clergy; but a hovel which a labourer inhabits and pays three pounds a year for: so that build I must. In the meantime we shall have to rent a very poor dwelling for more than twelve months, besides being indebted to the squire of the place for a roof over our heads for two or three weeks to come. I had not been four-and-twenty hours in his house before I discovered that his father and my grandfather had been intimate friends. From the moment he found this out he seemed to take as much interest in me and mine as if we had been blood-relations.

I really must put on paper my recollections of him; for, great as is the love I bear his memory, his originality was too striking to be passed over.

In disposition, no husbandman on his estate could be more unpretending. In the heart of his family no man could be more beloved. His chief infirmity was an utter inability to say 'no.'

'His nature was so far from doing harm
That he suspected none.'

And yet it was a right manly nature too, though compounded with a woman's tenderness. As a landlord he was generous and forbearing to the very acme of indiscretion. In dealings with his fellow man he was always at a disadvantage; for he was as ignorant of the world and its ways as if he had been 'raised' in the prairies of the far West. He was formed to be loved, and doomed to be imposed upon.

His features were handsome; but too sharply cut, and deficient in pliancy. His voice was an inharmonious treble, approximating to a squeak; and his pronunciation, of some letters, such as *g*, was provincial. There was a bluffness in his first address which might seem to smack of harshness, until that impression was effaced by his smile, which was so radiant of benevolence, that the effect on his countenance was like the bursting forth of sunshine on a gloomy landscape.

I hardly know how to do justice to his figure and proportions. Beyond all doubt they had a decided leaning to rotundity: but he was so sturdily constructed, and so hardy, that in the coldest winter's weather he would wear the self-same garments he had worn in summer. Mystery was stamped on every article he wore. He had an entire suit of brown holland, in itself mysterious; for it never could have been made for him: and the only conjecture I can hazard about it is, that it must have been fashioned by some village starveling for an insolvent customer, and that, on the plea of

charity, it had been palmed off upon the too confiding squire. The gallant colonel's waistband was the equator to the globe of his body. Whether the latitude of his coat, which fell several degrees short of his circumference, was originally too small for him, or that the said circumference developed, after it was bought, was a mystery. Whether his legs had expanded with his years, or that the longitude of his trowsers had shrunk from their proper proportions by reason of reiterated washings, remains an insoluble problem. But whichever speculation were the true one, the ugly fact remained, that they reached no lower than the calf of his leg. The most bewildering item of all, however, connected with his apparel was a piece of pendent lay-cord, evidently not intended for the public gaze, but which, somehow or other, fretted its way after dinner from out the region of fine linen, which, at that period of the day, always became visible, and lay between the confines of his waistband and trowsers.

Granted that this stray string was an unconscious revelation, still, what purpose could it have served? I might have asked; but, if I had, it would have covered the possessor with confusion: and the chances were that he would instantly have taken measures to secrete the article; and its presence, so far from being offensive in my eyes, was an essential article of his costume, which I could ill-dispense with. Alas! the dear old gentleman is gone, and his secret is gone with him.

> 'Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing
> Can touch him further.'

I have told of his outward—would I could delineate

his inner—man. His character was perfectly understood by the dullest hind in the village, Every one at heart was fond of him, and yet, in another sense, no one cared a brass farthing for him. I have seen him under the influence of hot anger, and when, too, it has been most justly roused; but I never saw it produce any effect on the objects of his wrath, save a shrug of the shoulders, or a bit of by-play in token of humorous indifference. I have heard him, when provoked beyond endurance by audacious liberties taken with his property, threaten the offenders with the severest penalties of the law; but so little did they heed the interdict imposed against their ever setting foot on his premises again, that they were sure to be seen next morning retreating from his back-door laden with good things from his larder. No one who had not witnessed, as I have, the liberties taken with him day by day, indoors and out, could credit the extent of them.

When I was staying with him, a woman, often employed as charwoman when the house was full, took to herself a partner, and set up housekeeping on her own account. In the course of her work at the squire's she had observed, with marked approbation, certain red damask curtains in a room rarely used, save when all the family were at home, and every one was needed. These she appropriated without the slightest compunction of conscience. The colonel shortly after happening to look in upon her, thought her curtains were the very counterpart of his, but never dreamed of her having taken them from his house, till, on his return home, he found them gone. He

was furious, swore 'it beat everythink in the world,' and threatened her with the tread-mill; but next day, on reflecting that her need of them was greater than his, he gave them to her, and forgave her the theft.

A man who had, by thrift and industry, laid by enough to purchase seven or eight acres of land, found his gates in very dilapidated case. That was an evil easily redressed. The colonel had lately had some new ones put up in some of his fields; so, as many of them as were wanted were lifted off their hinges and made use of in place of the defective ones.

Three or four members of a large family, in which there had been considerable sickness, had been prescribed milk diet. What was the inevitable consequence? Why, that one Sunday evening, on the colonel's returning from church, he was met by one of his farm-servants, with the startling intelligence that, during service, 'some un or other had milked three of his cows dry.' After this monstrous outrage, I told him that he must, for once, make an example of the offenders, or else that the morals of the whole village would be depraved by his laxity. He promised me he would: but next morning he came to me and said, 'I don't very well see how I can be hard with those poor wretches. You see, they were ordered milk for three or four of the family: they would not beg—they could not buy—and so, I suppose, they were driven to steal.'

It was the same story over again indoors. The dear old man had, once, I believe, a gentlemanlike estate; but, what with the demands of a large family,

boundless hospitality, and over-indulgence to the poor around him, Castle Rackrent was a joke to T—— House. All the doings there were thoroughly Irish, unsystematic, reckless. There were horses for the young men, a carriage for his clever light-hearted daughter, who would soon have reformed the whole establishment if he would have let her; and a table that, from nine a. m. till bed-time, seemed always to have a cloth spread upon it, and plates and knives and forks laid out for chance-comers. Then, let me not forget to say, that, in a stone-flagged chamber, close to the dining-room, was a huge barrel of strong beer on tressels, with a spigot in it, which was never allowed to remain at rest. If, however, there were any place in the dwelling in which there was a display of something like rule, and a regard for economy, it was in 'this well-beloved and consecrated spot;' for outside the door was pasted a bit of paper, on which, in conspicuous characters, was written this emphatic mandate:—'Shut the door after you; and mind you turn the tap home—*quite*—before leaving.' In spite of the perspicuity of this injunction, there was a never-ceasing drip, drip, drip-ing, which told that there was no place in which the master's orders were less regarded.

I witnessed once a scene which it requires an accomplished mimic to describe. The eldest son was in the army, a handsome, gentlemanlike young man, who had seen more of the world in twelve months than his father had done in his lifetime; and who, from the superior association into which he had been thrown, had imbibed

a fastidiousness of taste not easy to satisfy in his paternal home. He was on a visit to his father, when we were staying with him. He had brought with him, as his groom and body-servant, a smart, well-set-up soldier out of his regiment, who bore the exhilarating name of 'Hope.' One day the colonel, who was always contriving us treats and surprises, asked me 'if I were fond of punch?' 'I hardly know whether I have ever tasted it,' said I. 'I should think Mrs. Young *must* like it,' said mine host. 'I doubt if she has ever tasted anything of the kind, except punch *à la Romaine*,' I replied. He nodded his head, which was as full of implication as Lord Burleigh's in 'The Critic.' I ought to say that, from my having moved about, and from his having been a stay-at-home, he felt very shy of doing, or allowing anybody belonging to him to do, anything before me which might argue solecism in taste. For instance, on the very day I am alluding to, as I was buried in a book, about an hour before the dinner time, I could not help raising my head with a look of amazement on hearing his footman whistling loudly as he was laying the cloth. I confess I had heard the man indulging in this graceful pastime every day; and so, no doubt, had his master; but we had never been together in the same room at such times. So that, when he looked askance at me, and saw the expression of my face, feeling himself responsible for such an infraction of the laws of *bienséance*, he sprang off his chair at a bound, and halloed over the bannisters—'I say, you sir; don't do that. There's nothink in the world more dreadful than whistlink, when you're laying a cloth.'

In due time the dinner was announced. The colonel handed down my wife, and his daughter and I brought up the rear. During the progress of the meal, Mrs. Young could not conceive what was the matter with her host; for he was evidently preoccupied about something. What that something was she soon discovered; for, just before the cloth was removed, and the decanters were set upon the table, an enormous jug was placed before the colonel. This he eyed with great complacency. He looked at me, then at my wife, and poured out a glass for her, declaring, as he did so, that he had always been celebrated for his 'brew.' He then poured out another for his eldest daughter; but in pouring out a third for me he manifested some dissatisfaction at the sluggish, dribbling reluctance with which the fluid seemed to come forth. He put down the jug, took off the lid, looked into it, and, as he did so, sprang up, with a face inflamed with anger, almost shrieking out, 'Why, this beats anythink in the world! Why, I made this jug full, and it is nearly empty, though I have only poured out two glasses! Well, I never!'

Not knowing what to think, and ever slow to suspect any one, he appealed to his firstborn. 'I say, George, do you know anything about this punch?'

The young man, 'jealous of honour,' and 'sudden and quick in quarrel,' fancied, most mistakenly, that the question addressed to him conveyed an insinuation that he was concerned in the abstraction of the punch. So he retorted violently—'What, Sir! Do you mean to imply that I drank it?'

'Oh dear no, my dear George, of course not. I only

'wanted to know if *you* suspected anybody; for *I* don't know whom to suspect? I'm sure none of *our* servants would have taken such a liberty.'

'Ah, I see whom you suspect! You suspect my man Hope.' Then, regardless of his father's denial, and striding to the bell, and ringing it violently, he shouted to the man who appeared at the door—'Send up Hope, Sir.'

'Yes, Sir.'

Enter Hope, as rigid and upright as if he had just swallowed a poker.

G. D. (*loq*). 'Hope, do you know anything of the punch, Sir?'

Hope. 'No, Sir.'

Col. D. 'Oh, Sir.'

G. D. 'Go, Sir!'

The son turning to his father with an air of triumph at such incontestable evidence of his man's innocence, asked him if he were satisfied.

'Oh dear, yes, George.'

If the master was satisfied, it was well, and if Hope had drunk the punch that was missing, the *man* must have been satisfied too. I suspected Hope of having told not 'a flattering tale,' but a fib.

1834. December 3. To-day I made acquaintance with one of my parishioners, a half-witted creature, Bob Bonner by name, who, I see, is the village butt, on whom all the scapegraces of the village play off their tricks. I find they have been in the habit of giving him farthings, on the condition of his swallowing them! He has bolted so many, that his stomach must be a perfect

copper-mine. I have told the young varlets that, if anything should happen to the subject of their practical jokes, they will be held answerable for the consequences; and I have told *him*, as an inducement to him to be more prudent, that he runs the risk of being waylaid, and cut open, like the golden goose, for the sake of the treasure hid within him.

1834—1835. During our brief sojourn of ten months in Lincolnshire, we were fortunate enough to make the acquaintance of Dr. John Willis, a distinguished member of that family whom Madame D'Arblay, in her 'Memoirs' (Journal of January 25, 1789), designates as 'the incomparable Willises;' and who, from his connexion with George the Third, may be said to have attained to the dignity of an historical character.

His residence, which was only two or three miles from Baston, was, in fact, a private asylum for lunatics of rank and wealth; though, so carefully were his unhappy patients excluded from observation, that his guests were never pained by their obtrusion. The Doctor himself was a most amiable, genial and gentlemanlike neighbour; entertaining liberally, yet without ostentation. Although there was nothing in the internal arrangement of his house, or in the appointment of his table, to suggest the wealth he really possessed, the scale on which he maintained his stabling was equal to that of many of our chief sporting nobility. I was told that, what with hunters up, and in condition; hunters at grass, and not in condition; brood mares, colts, fillies, hacks in boxes, and carriage horses in stall, he had not fewer than ninety horses. When we knew

him he must have been upwards of eighty; and yet he was as upright as a dart, and his step was as elastic as that of many a man of half his years. His features were good; his teeth, which were his own, were regular; his complexion was as pure as a baby's; and so robust in constitution was he, that he would hunt three or four times a week; and, in the event of a good run, often tire out a second horse. On moonlight nights, when going to dress and dine at Burleigh, he used often to send forward his valet with his 'things' in a chaise and four, preferring to ride there on horseback, and return in the same manner home, attended by a groom. Unless I have been misinformed, on the very day before his death he shot two or three brace of snipes in the morning, and danced at the Lincoln ball at night. Uniformly bland in society, and, as a rule, averse from detraction, there was one person of whom I have heard him speak with something like bitterness; and that was William Pitt. He declared that he had not kept faith with him; for that, when he had evinced great reluctance to take charge of George the Third's person, he promised him, if he would consent, a baronetcy and a pension of £1500 a year; neither of which he ever obtained. Whether Pitt had repented, or forgotten his promise, he would not say; but he confessed that he was too proud and independent to condescend to jog his memory.

Dr. John Willis's store of Court anecdotes was inexhaustible, and he poured them forth in such rapid sequence that one story was apt to thrust another out of the memory of his hearer, or cause him to jumble

two or three together in inextricable confusion. But there was a particular one which retains its hold on my memory, and which ought not to be lost. Properly to understand it, the dates of the King's several seizures should be recalled; and, to this end, I have gleaned them as well as I can from authentic sources, and tabulated them for reference.

1788, October 12. George III was subjected to medical treatment. His medical advisers were Sir George Baker, Sir Lucas Pepys, Dr. Warren, Dr. Heberden.

Nov. First seized with symptoms of *insanity.*

Nov. 28. Dr. Addington called in.

Dec. 4. Dr. Willis and his son Dr. John sent for from Lincoln.

1789, Feb. King considered *convalescent.*

March 15. King pronounced *well.*

April 23. King returns thanks at St. Paul's for recovery.

1800, Jan. 22. King opened Parliament in person.

1801, May. Dr. Willis and Dr. John *again* with the King.

June 28. King's recovery declared, once more, complete.

1803, June. King slightly ill again.

1804, May. King's illness returns. Pitt in office.

1810, Oct. 9. King ill, but Dr. J. Willis not called in.

Nov. 2. King declared ill again.

1811, Oct. Sir H. Halford called in. Percival in office.

1811 (month I don't know). Dr. J. Willis had given up all hopes of amendment, and discontinued his

visits to Windsor. Shortly after it was proposed to call in Drs. J. Willis and Symons, but the Queen objected, having promised the King never to employ Dr. John Willis again.

1811, Nov. Dr. John Willis consented to stay with the King, after a fearful scene had taken place with the Queen, her doctors, and council. The Regent now pledged himself to support Catholic Emancipation.

I conceive that it was to this period Dr. John alluded when he told me the following story:—

'When I first was summoned to attend George III, I gave great offence to the Queen by my method of treating his malady. As death makes no distinction in his visits between the poor man's hut and the prince's palace, so insanity is equally impartial in her dealings with her subjects. For that reason, I made no distinction in my treatment of persons submitted to my charge. When, therefore, my gracious sovereign became violent, I felt it my duty to subject him to the same system of restraint as I should have adopted with one of his own gardeners at Kew: in plain words, I put a strait waistcoat on him; and never, never used it without palpable benefit to the sufferer. The strait waistcoat was the offence to her pride which the Queen never could, and never did, overcome. On that account, I was turned off, and not in the civillest manner. I remained long under the ban of royalty, for having had recourse to an instrumentality which, under Providence, had helped to restore the sufferer to his reason and his country.

'One foggy day in November, 1811, I almost ran against the Chancellor in Piccadilly. He eagerly stopped, and thus addressed me: "Willis, you are the very man, of all others, I wish to see. You 'll be sorry to hear the poor King is going wrong again. He has been having too many interviews with his ministers, and taking too long rides. He has gone out several times at eleven a. m. and not come home till four p. m. One day, between breakfast and dinner, he actually rode from Windsor to London and back—more than forty miles—and when he reached the Castle, though he evinced little fatigue, he betrayed immense excitement. The consequence is, he is relapsing into his old ways; and our only chance of warding off the worst is by timely precaution. For heaven's sake, then, go down, without a moment's delay, and take possession of his person. I authorize you to do so, as Chancellor." I firmly, but respectfully, declined; assigning as my reason, that I had long ago incurred the Queen's displeasure; and that I owed it to my self-respect never again to expose myself to a repetition of the indignity which had been put upon me. "John," said he, "listen to reason. I take the responsibility of everything on my own shoulders. It is quite on the cards that, in consigning my master to your care, I may incense Her Majesty against myself; but you do not suppose that I care one brass farthing for her displeasure while I have my own conscience to support me, and know that I am acting as I think best for the patient, the royal family, and the people. You ought to feel every

whit as indifferent to anything that may be said of you when you are acting in a spirit of loyal submission to constituted authority. Take possession, then, I repeat, of the royal person; and scruple not to use the same remedies with the King which you would think it right to apply to any one else." Finding me proof against all his arguments, he walked away with an air of mortification, saying, as he went, "Ah, well; I see I must send some one else to you, whose words will have more weight with you than mine." I had not the slightest conception what he meant or to whom he alluded; and I was not in the mood to ask him. But the next morning it was made clear enough; for, as I was in the act of sitting down to my coffee and rolls in Bolton Street, I heard a carriage draw up at my door, and in a second or two the servant entered my room, ushering in no less a personage than the Prince Regent. If I had seen a ghost I could not have been more surprised or confused; for the last place in which we had met had been on the staircase at Windsor Castle, on which occasion he was graciously pleased to cut me dead. My embarrassment was in no way diminished by his walking up to me with a smiling countenance, and asking me to give him some breakfast. The servant had no sooner withdrawn, to make the requisite preparations for the meal, than His Royal Highness, putting his hand, almost affectionately on my knee, thus addressed me:—"Old friend and faithful servant, I have risen early from my bed, and made haste to see you, that I may have the satisfaction of

saying to you—Peccavi! I find I have done you injustice, and I want to make you amends. For some time you have found me cold and distant in my deportment towards you. I have been so intentionally,—but, mistakenly. The truth is, I have long felt very angry with you; and I will tell you why. The last time the King was under your surveillance, I was one day passing through the corridors that led to his room, when I was completely staggered by seeing a large board affixed to one of the side walls, with these words printed on it in large characters—'*No one* to pass this way without permission from John Willis, M. D.' I am free to admit, I regarded this as an unauthorized act on your part, and therefore as one of unwarrantable presumption. Knowing the objection the Queen had to my seeing my father, I fancied there must be some understanding between Her Majesty and yourself as to my exclusion from his apartment, although I know the Queen is not particularly fond of you. The Chancellor, however, has explained everything to me. He assures me that the notice which offended me was never intended to apply to me or my brothers, but as a means of warning off the pages and servants, and, I may even add, the equerries, from too close proximity to the King's apartments, as they had not only been heard to talk freely, and too near to the door of the room in which he chiefly was, but had been discovered listening there. I acknowledge now that I formed my opinions too hastily; and having said thus much, I trust for the future we are to be friends."

'Touched by such condescension, I knelt down, kissed his hand, and attempted, though in broken accents, to falter forth my gratitude for his kindness, when we were interrupted by the untimely entrance of the servant with the breakfast.

'During the despatch of the meal, the Prince was playful and jocose, distilling political gossip and fashionable scandal in equal proportions from his lips. As soon, however, as the breakfast equipage had been removed, he desired me to draw my chair near to him, the better to disclose the real object of his visit. "John, the Chancellor has told you how uneasy we are about my father again. I am persuaded that, if we wish he should be spared, he must forthwith be placed under strict medical supervision. And I need not assure you, there is no one to whom we could so confidently entrust such a serious responsibility as to yourself. Yet, I hear, you ride rusty, and refuse to do your duty as a loyal subject. Is it so?" I then repeated my objections, and my reasons for them, almost in the very words which I had used with the Lord Chancellor. He interrupted me by saying, "Never mind the Queen. She is neither regnant nor Regent. Once for all, John, I ask you, as an old friend, to do ME a personal favour." Observing that I delayed giving any answer, he put his finger waggishly to the side of his nose, adding, 'And if, Sir, you are hard-hearted enough to refuse me, as a friend—nay, as a suppliant—why then, as your Prince, I command you, on your allegiance, to obey me."

'I was not proof against an appeal so flatteringly put, and from such a quarter. In two hours' time I

was posting to Windsor as quickly as four horses could take me. As I entered the Castle, some of the old servants, who knew me, looked surprised, but welcomed me; others shook their heads as I passed, and whispered to each other. I marched on without attendance and without interruption from any one, till I reached the foot of the grand staircase. As I was ascending it, with the intention of seeking the King's room, my ear recognised his well-known voice humming a favourite air. As his step drew nearer, the singing was succeeded by whistling; and, in another second, forth he came upon the landing-place in his three-cornered hat, and in his Windsor uniform—blue coat, scarlet cuffs and collars, with his star on his breast, buff chamois leather waistcoat, leathern breeches, top boots; with his whip in his hand, switching his legs as he advanced. His face, which, when he first appeared, was radiant with happiness and freedom from care, became livid, as soon as his eye fell upon me; his lip quivered; his eyes were suffused with tears; he gasped, and glared at me like a noble stag at bay; he reeled, convulsively flung off his hat, dashed his whip to the ground, and, in accents of anguish, shrieked out, "John Willis again! Oh, gracious God! I see it all!"—and then fell heavily to the ground. I ran up to the landing-place whereon he lay, and applied some ammonia to his nostrils and temples. As he began to rally, he began to abuse me, calling me his enemy, &c., &c. I leaned over him and entreated him to believe that he had not, in his dominions, a more attached and devoted servant than myself. I assured him that those were his real enemies who tried to make

him think that I was not. After a scene too distressing for me to recall now without mental distress, I induced him to rise, and, leaning on my arm, he repaired to his apartment. In five minutes he became, from nervous prostration, as weak as a baby. He sat down and wept bitterly, exclaiming, in heart-rending accents, "Oh, John! John! What can I do without doing wrong? They forget my coronation oath; but I don't! Oh, my oath! my oath! my oath!"'

Frequently, on subsequent occasions, he reverted with such exquisite and poignant pain to his coronation oath, that Dr. Willis told me he attributed his relapse entirely to Pitt's persistent but conscientious pressure on him of the Roman Catholic claims.

1834. At dinner to-day, at Mr. ———'s, much talk of Talma. This reminds me that Talma had told my father that, after the siege of Toulon, Napoleon the First wrote to ask him for the loan of a few crowns. He lent him all the ready money he had; but this readiness to help was never forgotten. On one occasion he sent for him into his dressing-room, and said to him, the moment he entered, 'Mon cher, they tell me you are much in debt. Never mind! Send in your bills to me; I will pay them. Think no more of them, but give your mind to your art.'

1835. June. I was dining with a friend in Grosvenor Street, when the subject of spectra, ghosts, and second-sight, came on the *tapis*. I told one story which I had been told by my friend Mr. J. C——. It was this:— He was returning with a university chum to his college at Oxford, at the end of the Christmas vacation, on the

outside of the latest coach from London. The snow, at the time, lay so deep on the surface of the ground, that the wheels of coaches and carts moved through it as noiselessly as if they had been muffled. The moon rode high in the heavens, and shone so brightly, that all the objects around were as distinctly visible as if it had been midday. Mr. C—— considered himself fortunate in having secured the box-seat for himself; and yet, although he shared the benefit of the coachman's leathern apron, and had on a greatcoat and cloak, a worsted comforter round his neck, and a flask of brandy in his side-pocket, he was half-starved with cold before he reached his journey's end. As my friend sat, with his chin drooping over his chest, his hat pulled tightly over his rime-covered brows, his eyes blinking like an owl's, from the combined effect of east wind, which was blowing penknives and razors, and half-frozen snow-flakes, he was roused up from an almost irresistible inclination to fall asleep by a disagreeable consciousness of the coachman's paying more attention to the guard behind, than to the horses in front. Suddenly, at a critical spot, where four roads met, he begged the coachman to mind what he was about, or else expect to be reported. The fear of risk to life and limb caused him to open his eyes and keep watch over the driver. Just as he was again about to remonstrate with him, on seeing him about to relapse and crack jokes with the guard, a warning note on the bugle was given by the guard to a man walking in the middle of the road, who evidently did not hear the approach of the coach, and who was dressed in a white smockfrock, ill suited to

such inclement weather, and carrying a stick over his right shoulder, with a small pack hanging from it. Mr. C—— had hardly caught sight of the man ere he saw one of the splinter bars, on the near side, strike his hip with such force as to knock him down. There had been a premonitory shout from one or two of the 'outsides'; but the roaring of the wind, which they were facing, deadened the sound, and it came too late. In a second, every one on the top of the coach, as well as those inside, distinctly felt the coach lurch and heave over some object in the middle of the highway. The 'insides,' who had not seen the man, concluded that they had been driven over a heap of roadside mud scrapings, which had been hardened by the action of the frost; but those who had witnessed the lamentable catastrophe from the top of the coach, were confident that it was the body of a human being—and that human being the pedlar—over which they had been driven. The coachman pulled up instantaneously: all the outside passengers jumped down from their seats to render help. The first among them was the guard, who took one of the lamps out of the socket—moonlight though it was—the better to discern the extent of the mischief done. The next to alight was my friend Mr. C——, who, when he told me the story, confessed he felt a revulsion at the thought of the crushed, mangled, blood-besprinkled body he should behold; but he had hardly set his foot to the snow-clad earth, when he heard the guard almost yell out, 'Good heavens! there's no one hurt! there's no one to be seen!' And sure enough, after the closest search, there was neither trace of human body, nor the slightest sign of any

material object of any kind, which could account for the heaving of the coach. On the travellers resuming their seats and proceeding on their journey, an indefinable shudder crept over them; for they could neither resist the evidence of their senses, nor yet explain the supernatural phenomenon. The 'insides,' at first, tried hard to laugh away the impression on the minds of the 'outsides'; but gradually the disposition to ridicule gave way to silence, silence to reflection, and reflection to a reverential sense of awe.

In this mood they arrived at Wheatley, the last stage, in the old coaching days, for changing horses before entering Oxford. There they found four fresh animals waiting for them, with staring coats, in spite of rugs on their loins; and ostlers at their heads stamping with their feet, and beating their crossed arms against their ribs, and execrating the coachman for keeping them out in the cold. 'What on earth has been the matter, Old Snail? We knows the roads run heavy; but we knows that they don't run no heavier for you than for others. There is not one of the down coaches that have been so behind time as you have.'

The injured coachman did not deign reply; but the guard, who, not having been censured, condescended to be communicative, told them the cause of the delay. When they had heard what he had to tell, the ostler and the helper were seen to exchange looks of deep meaning with each other, and to display a strong disposition to tell something in their turn; but the air was too biting, and the passengers too importunate in their demands on Jehu to 'make haste,' to admit of such

an unseasonable interruption. However, it transpired, the next day, that while the horsekeepers had been waiting for the coach, and calculating the probabilities of an accident having happened, they had held together the following colloquy :—

Head ostler (*loq*). 'I say, Bill, whatever can be the matter? 'Tis a owdacious sight beyond the time, to be sure; though I've known the roads run a deal heavier than this, without such unkimmon delay. Can't make it out.'

Under ostler. 'More can't I. 'Tis not as though 'twere market-day, or Christmas Eve. Then, what wi' turkeys and geese, and sausingers, and schoolboys, one could ha' understood it.——I say, what's the day of the month? It ain't nothing partickler, be it?'

Head ostler. 'Oh, for the matter o' that, 'tis the 16th of Janivary.——By the bye, Bill, your axing me the day of the month has put summut into my noddle. Though it ain't market-day, nor a holiday, yet it was this blessed day twelvemonth, and (looking at his watch) about half an hour earlier than it is now, that that there pedlar chap, wi' his wallet at his back, was murdered where the four cross-roads meet.'

There are two gentlemen now alive who were present and on the coach when this almost incredible adventure took place. One of those gentlemen is my authority for the story.

CHAPTER X.

1835. August 12. Yesterday I was dining out in Brunswick Square, when, in the course of an argument on the subject of physical development, an opinion was started that the English, as a race, were physically deteriorating. There were many present who indignantly refuted such a statement by citing cases, within their own knowledge, of supreme beauty, such as Horace Pitt, the Seymours, the Duke of Manchester, Lord Jersey, Lord Beauchamp, Duke of Beaufort, Lord Cantalupe, Lord C. Percy, &c., &c. I contributed one name which had been passed over, and told the company that, some years ago, when a mere youth, I was taken by some friends to Egham races. The day, I recollect, was oppressively sultry. After the first heat, I stood up in the carriage for the purpose of stretching my cramped legs and of inhaling a little fresh air. While in the act of doing so, I noticed, at a distance, a group of aristocratic young men eagerly engaged in conversation about the chances of the next race.

I got out of the carriage and walked towards them, especially attracted by the air of one who towered above the rest of his companions. There was something so peculiar in his dress as to stamp him, when surveyed from a distance, as a consummate fop, and nothing else. But, when I got near him, I entirely changed my mind,

and thought that, if ever coxcombry could be justified, it was assuredly in his person. He had on a white felt hat (quite a novelty in those days), and was dressed in a complete suit of nankeen—nankeen frock, nankeen vest, nankeen pantaloons, terminating in nankeen gaiters, drawn smoothly over very thin shoes. His coat was buttoned up, so that one saw his whole figure, and such a one I never beheld before or since. It was as faultless as any sculptured divinity of the antique; and his face was almost as perfect. He might have stood as model for the Apollo. There must be many alive who will not think I have indulged in the language of exaggeration, when I mention that my hero was the late William Locke, of Norbury Park, brother to the present Lady Wellscourt, whose beauty, also the theme of general admiration, has been transferred to canvas by Sir Thomas Lawrence.

When we resided in Wiltshire, in the year 1836, the Rev. William Lisle Bowles, the parson poet, was my neighbour. It was to the reading of his sonnets, when a youth, that Coleridge attributed his earliest poetic inspiration. He resided at Bremhill, a pretty village within an easy walk of Calne and of Bowood. He was a clever, well-read, humorous, single-hearted, but eccentric person—morally brave as a lion, physically timid as a hare. It was a matter of equal indifference to him whether he had to measure swords with Lord Byron, the merits of Pope the battle-field; or to wrestle with deans and chapters, church patronage the bone of contention between them. But to confront a situation involving the slightest personal risk, was be-

yond his powers of nerve. For instance, he never entered my doors without first sending his footman forward on a reconnoitring expedition, to ascertain that there was no stray dog or cat prowling about for his special discomfiture.

One day, Lord Lansdowne, hearing that Bowles was going to Bath to attend a particular meeting, at which he himself meant to be present, offered him a seat in his barouche. Always happy in his lordship's company, he gladly accepted the accommodation: but as the carriage drove up, and he entered it, he was observed to change colour. He had seen four horses to the carriage, and had hardly seated himself when one of them shied. He instantly exhibited great disquietude, first looked out of one window, then out of the other, and never spoke a word until they reached Chippenham, when, calling out to the postillions to stop, he burst open the carriage door, and insisted on being let out. It was in vain Lord Lansdowne attempted to pacify him. Out he got, left my lord to his own devices, and followed in a one-horse fly, having first bribed the coachman to drive very slowly.

On another occasion, I witnessed a ludicrous display of his infirmity. Bowood was full of guests, and Moore, Rogers, and Milman being among the number, Mr. and Mrs. Bowles were invited to meet them. Bowles was no sooner dressed, than, on entering the drawing-room, he walked up to Lady Lansdowne and made some complaint or other to her, which caused her at once to leave the room. He forthwith followed her. In a few minutes they both returned. As Lady Lansdowne passed me,

she said, 'Bless the dear man, there is no pleasing him.' I did not know to what she alluded, until Bowles came up to me with a face of blank dismay, and asked me if I were going to sleep there. On my telling him that I was not, he exclaimed, 'I wish I were going home too. I shan't sleep a wink here. I was shown into a bedroom to dress in, in which I was intended to pass the night; but, it was on the ground-floor, where there was nothing whatever to prevent thieves from getting in and cutting my throat! I remonstrated with Lady Lansdowne, and the dear lady, by way of rendering me easier in my mind, has transferred me to a room so high, that, in case of fire, I shall be burnt to a cinder before I can be rescued!'

He was so cowed by the prospect of the imaginary perils of the coming night, that his usual flow of conversation was at its lowest ebb, and he hardly ate a mouthful. It had been understood from the first between Lady Lansdowne and Mrs. Bowles, that, in consequence of the crowded state of the house, she should return to Bremhill at night, and leave her husband to the enjoyment of a bachelor's bed and the congenial society of his friends. His nervous apprehensions, however, got the better of his social propensities; and, as the ladies were leaving the dining-room, he whispered to his wife, 'I won't stay. Go home with you I must, and will.' An hour or two after, however, as Mrs. Bowles' carriage was coming round from the stable yard, black sulphurous clouds darkened the sky, a terrific thunder-clap, succeeded by a blinding flash of forked lightning, shook the nerves of the

ladies, and at once determined the terror-stricken parson again to change his mind. He told his wife that, as she was not afraid of the angry elements and he was, she had better start at once, and leave him to his fate—which she did. As for him, after giving infinite trouble to his noble host and hostess by his childish fears and vacillation of purpose, it was at last arranged that he should sleep in a room adjoining Rogers', with the door between the rooms left open, so that he might have the protection of his more valiant neighbour.

Again. He was invited by the late excellent Dr. Law, Bishop of Bath and Wells, to stay at Banwell. As usual, the first thing he did when he went to his room to dress for dinner was to inspect his quarters, and see if he could detect any assailable point from which danger might be expected. He crept about suspiciously, looked to the fastenings of the windows, tested the working of the door-locks, peeped into the closets, and then into a small adjoining dressing-room, in which there was a tent-bed, unmade. From that fact, and the absence of washstand, towel-horse, &c. &c., he concluded it was to be unoccupied. Out of this dressing-room (if I remember rightly what I was told by one of the Bishop's sons) there was a door of outlet to a back stair. The idea of sleeping alone in a room so exposed to nocturnal assault on two sides so appalled poor Bowles, that, when a maidservant brought him up his hot water, he took her by the hand, and told her that, if she would consent to occupy the vacant bed in the adjoining room, he would give her a sovereign.

Conceiving that he meant to insult her, she bounced out of the room, and told the Bishop that he must get some one else to wait on the nasty old clergyman who had just come, as he had made improper advances to her. The Bishop insisted on knowing what he had said: and on hearing his *ipsissima verba*, told her that she had quite misconceived him, for that all he wanted was the protection of some one within ready call. 'I wish,' he added, 'that you and the under-housemaid would oblige me by taking up your quarters together in the room next to my timid guest.' You can place the bed against the door; and, as it opens in on your side, you will be safe from any intrusion on his part, if you are silly enough to fear it; and I shall have the satisfaction of knowing that if my friend should be taken ill in the night he will have some one near him.' It so happened that the Bishop forgot to tell Bowles of the considerate arrangement made for him; so that, on retiring at night to his chamber, still believing the dressing-room to be empty, he locked, not only the door by which he entered his own room, but that of the smaller room. In the middle of the night he fancied he heard footsteps in the direction of the back stairs. It then occurred to him that he had neglected to lock the *outer* door of the little room, which communicated with them. He jumped out of bed to rectify his oversight, and unlocked the door of the dressing-room. On trying to push it open, he felt a powerful resisting body opposed to him (viz. the maids' bed), and as he pushed he distinctly heard whisperings. This at once confirmed him in his conviction that

there were thieves in the house. He ran back to the other door, bawling out 'Murder! Thieves!' with such stentorian energy, that the Bishop and all his family were roused out of their beds (not frightened, for the Laws are all remarkably fearless); and it was long before their visitor could be reconciled to his position, and induced to go again to bed. I should surmise it would also be long before he was invited again to Banwell.

The instances which I have given of his constitutional infirmity are not more diverting than others which display his remarkable absence of mind.

My wife, Tom Moore, I, and two or three others, were dining with him one day. He was holding forth on the wit of many epilogues—Garrick's among the number; and telling us of his having heard Mrs. Siddons once deliver the prologue to a play which had been got up in behalf of the volunteers, in which there occurred these two absurd lines,

> 'The volunteers, rewarded by no pay,
> Except their feelings on some future day,'

when his servant presented to him my plate for some hare. At first he did not heed the man's presence, until, becoming dimly conscious of some one hanging over him, he turned round, and angrily asked him why he kept standing there. 'I 'm waiting, Sir, for some hare for Mr. Young.' 'I have helped Mr. Young to some hare already.' 'No, please, Sir, you have not: you 've only helped him to gravy.' Which was the fact.

Dessert ended, and coffee introduced, we adjourned to the drawing-room, where Moore's singing kept us

in a state of enchantment until the hour for breaking up. Our carriage had been ordered at ten p. m.; but it did not come round till a quarter past. During the interval between Moore's departure and our own, Bowles, who was longing to get to bed, came up to us, and said, 'Your carriage is very late: I can't make it out;' and then, walking up and down, and muttering to himself, we heard him say, 'Niceish people; but why did not they order their coachman to be more punctual? It 's a horrid bore. Never mind: it will be a good long time before we have to ask them again.'

He went once to dine and sleep at the Rev. William Money's, at Whetham. Mrs. Bowles' toilet was soon made: she was in the drawing-room as soon as Mrs. Money herself; but Mr. Bowles, not having come down when the dinner-bell rang, his wife requested they would not wait for her husband, but go at once in to dinner. Soup and fish had been served, when a servant tapped at the door with a message, desiring Mrs. Bowles to step up to her husband, as she was wanted. On going to him, she found him in a state of boiling indignation, with no trowsers on, with one leg in a black silk stocking, and the other bare. 'Here, Madam,' he cried out, 'has that idiot of a maid of yours put me up only one silk stocking for my two legs: the consequence is, I can't go downstairs to dinner, or have any dinner at all, unless some is sent up to me here.' 'Oh, my dear,' said his amiable wife, 'you need not stand on much ceremony with such old friends as the Moneys. Put on again the stockings which you have taken off, and come down in them.

I will explain matters to the company.' He took the hint, and was in the act of peeling off the black silk stocking from his leg, when he discovered that he had put the two on the same leg, utterly unconscious of what he had done.

I do not ask any of my readers to give credence to the following additional illustration of his absence of mind; and yet there are many in his old neighbourhood who believe it implicitly; and the man who told it me, the late Rev. Anthony Austin, Rector of Compton Bassett, assured me it was fact.

A little distance out of Calne, on the road to Derry Hill, there used to be, and may be still, for aught I know to the contrary, a turnpike. One very hot day in summer, Bowles, astride of his favourite old pony, with the reins dropped on its neck, was seen by three or four stone-breakers by the roadside, absorbed in the perusal of a book. Although the rider and his pony thoroughly understood each other, each ministering to the other's infirmities, yet, on this occasion, the former finding himself, it is presumed, inconvenienced by the occasional stumbling of his veteran ally, and frequently interrupted by his straying to the roadside to graze, he dismounted, tied him to a gate, walked on a few yards, seated himself on a verdant bank, and surrendered at discretion to the captivating influence of the book in hand.

When he had half digested the chapter he had been devouring, he arose, pondered on it, argued it out aloud with himself, opened the book again where he had left off, and, forgetting the pony altogether,

sauntered leisurely up the hill, reading as he went, till he arrived at the turnpike-gate. On reaching this familiar spot, which he had been almost in the daily habit of passing through for years, with his eyes still rivetted on his volume, he shouted out, with a lusty voice, 'Gate,' —then inserted his hand into his breeches pocket, took from it the toll, which he had already paid in going to Calne, and offered it to the gatekeeper. 'What is this for, Sir?' said he. 'Why, for my pony, you goose,' was the answer. 'But you have no pony; and if you had, you paid me already in the morning.' On hearing the man say he had no pony, Bowles cast down his eyes as if he had expected to see it between his legs; then became strangely confused, and only through the suggestion of the man, was enabled to remember where he had left the animal.

I am bound in justice to admit, that I remember the subject of this story being twitted with it in a large company, and positively denying that there was a word of truth in it. But it is only fair to add, *per contra*, that the turnpike-keeper and the stone-breakers adhered stoutly to their assertions; and the general impression was, that their evidence was more to be relied on than that of one so exceptionally oblivious and dreamy as the hero of the tale himself.

One more anecdote of Bowles and I have done with him.

When he was very old, and his mental faculties were painfully on the wane, he was seated in his armchair at the window, in his prebendal house at Salisbury, when he perceived an unusual crowd of people of all sorts,

tag, rag, and bobtail, hurrying with eager steps in one direction.

He enquired of his attendant the cause of all this ferment, and was told it was the first day of the great assizes. On hearing this, he hung his head and betrayed symptoms of profound depression. Presently, with an abruptness that might have startled men of less sensibility, the loud blast of a trumpet was heard. 'Good heavens!' he cried out, 'what is that?' His servant informed him 'the Judges were come': whereon he fell to the ground, crying out in accents of piteous alarm, 'Guilty! Guilty!' Then turning his silvery head to the person nearest him, he said, 'If my doom is sealed, and I am to go to prison, I implore you not to allow that solemn coxcomb F—— to attend me.' N.B. A clergyman against whom he had conceived an unaccountable antipathy.

1836. Tom Moore, I see, is very partial to Bowles, in spite, perhaps in consequence of, his waywardness and eccentricity. He is very gentle with him: indeed, he pets him.

I must say Moore's tone, in conversation, is perfect. He appears to me to be as well-bred as if he had been born in the circle in which he moves, and in which he is treated by the highest as their peer. He is not devoid of self-complacency—it would be odd if he were—but it is not an offensive self-complacency: it is innocent and innocuous. He knows his gifts; and if he did not it were odd, for all the fine ladies of London have done their best to enlighten him on that point. But he has a kind and feeling heart. Some men who have been

'muched' as he has been, have not been improved by it. The poison of asps is under their lips; their tongues are stings; their language is gall and wormwood. But though Moore loves praise (who does not?), he would rather *award* praise to his fellow man than blame. I do not think he would willingly calumniate or even disparage: if he could not speak well of a man he would abstain from speaking ill of him. On the other hand—unless I cruelly misjudge him—I do not fancy him to be a self-sufficing man. I doubt his being content, like Cowper, to live alone 'in some vast wilderness, some boundless contiguity of shade.' I doubt if he would have been happy even with his Bessie, if he had found himself *tête-à-tête* with her for a few months on the island of Juan Fernandez. His social instincts are too pronounced and too gregarious for seclusion to be otherwise than distasteful to him. He has been pointed at so long as a lion, and spied at so much as 'a bright particular star' in the firmament of fashion, that I doubt if the assurance of a posthumous reputation, however permanent, would compensate him for an eclipse of contemporary popularity, however transient. The drawing-room is the sphere in which he shines the brightest. What with his singing and his conversational power, and his winning and deferential address, he is captivating. Two lines from Pope occur to me as very applicable to him.

> 'Blest with a taste exact, yet unconfin'd,
> A knowledge both of books and human kind.'

As to his knowledge of books, I do not know enough of

him to speak. I can't help suspecting his reading to be rather varied and desultory than systematic and profound. That his general stock of information is extensive, is beyond question; and that his powers of application, when there is a needs-be for their exercise, are great, is equally true. That he was never more wholesomely happy than when engaged in such works as his 'History of Ireland,' his Life of Sheridan, Byron, and Lord Edward Fitzgerald, with his Bessie by his side, and Bowood within an easy walk, I am disposed to believe. But, when he has struck work, or has nothing on the stocks, and no engagement with Longman on hand, no man longs more for play than he.

Without compulsory occupation, and with the Lansdowne family away, it is not long before the black cloud steals over his spirit, and settles there, till his unselfish wife suggests to him a run up to town as the best prescription for chasing dull care away.

No one can read his poems, or see his deportment in female society, without feeling that his admiration, not exclusively for beauty, but for the sex, is intense. I verily believe that, were his doctor to prescribe for him a twelvemonth's course of rigid abstinence from female society, the result would be as injurious to his health as it would be for one addicted to dram-drinking to be ordered suddenly to take the teetotal pledge.

Although fondly attached to his wife, and with none of the lower propensities which detracted so much from the nobler qualities of Byron, it cannot be denied that, for many a year, he has lived in a state, more or less feverish, of chronic flirtation;

'From beauty still to beauty ranging,
In every face he found a dart.'

The flame of his vanity has been so fanned and fed by women's tongues, that his spirit languishes without it; and yet there is a *naïveté* about his vanity, which, though it may cause a smile, does not nettle the *amour propre* of others to whom it is frankly exposed. I remember an instance of it in point. One morning, at breakfast, at Bowood, he mentioned that, when Lockhart was engaged in writing his father-in-law's life, he received a letter from him, requesting him to be kind enough to write for him, for publication, his impression of Sir Walter Scott's ability as a poet and novelist, and his moral and social qualities as a man. He said he had had great pleasure in complying with Lockhart's wish; and had paid an ungrudging tribute of respect to the great and good man's memory: though he owned to having been much mortified at being unable to find an excuse for introducing a word about himself. He mentioned that there was one circumstance connected with his visit to Scott of which he was longing to tell, but which, from a feeling that there ought to be no rival by the side of the principal figure on his canvas, he reluctantly withheld—viz. the unparalleled reception awarded to himself at the Edinburgh theatre, when accompanying Walter Scott there. 'Although,' he said, 'I merely went under Scott's wing, and as his guest, and though Scott at the time was the national idol, the moment we appeared, I heard my name cried out. It spread like wildfire through the house. He was nowhere; and I was cheered and applauded to the very echo. When the Life, however,

came out, I was rewarded for my self-denial by finding that Lockhart himself had done ample justice to the scene.'

Moore, unquestionably, was of the sanguine temperament, and, without disparagement to his manliness, as hysterical as a woman. That he was quickly moved to smiles, any one who has witnessed his surpassing sense of the ludicrous will readily acknowledge; that he was as quickly moved to tears, the following incident will prove.

1838. January 9. Shortly after Lord Lansdowne had presented me to the only living in his gift, which was on his estate, and not far from his house, my wife and I were invited to dine and sleep at Bowood. As I was going to dress, our noble host met me on the stairs, and told me that he had just received a letter from the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, offering themselves for that day. There was already a large party in the house; and it was the very first time that there had been any one there, except Miss Fox, since the lamented death of the heir and hope of the family. It was, moreover, the first occasion on which the lovely young widow had appeared in mixed society since her grievous loss. Lady Lansdowne, I was told, had had much difficulty in inducing her to appear at all. However, she took her place at table, and sat there, abstracted, eating nothing, saying nothing — the very image of sorrow.

Dessert over, the gentlemen joined the ladies in the drawing-room; and one of the first of Lady Lansdowne's acts, on our entry, was to walk up to Moore,

and entreat him to sing. The piano was wheeled into the middle of the room. He took up his post on the music-stool, and the Duchess of Sutherland planted herself on a chair by his side. Lady Lansdowne and her daughter-in-law were opposite to the instrument, reclining on an ottoman. The rest of the company drew in, and contracted the circle, out of deference to Moore; for all knew that, though his voice was as sweet as a lute, it was limited in compass, and that, on that account, he preferred to have his auditors close round him. He happened to be in good voice and high feather. He was evidently flattered by the marked attention with which the Duchess listened to him; held his head higher than ever in the air, and sang song after song with faultless articulation and touching expression. All his airs were more or less pathetic; such, for instance, as, 'When through life unblessed we roam,' 'At the mid hour of night, when stars are weeping,' &c. &c. During an interval, when he was preluding and harmonizing on the instrument, the Duke of Sutherland crossed the room, and going up to him, asked him to sing a song, of which he had the most agreeable recollection. 'You sang it,' said he, 'the first time I ever met you, years ago, at Middleton, at Lord Jersey's. It was something about bells.' Moore, looking up to the ceiling, as if trying to recollect what it could have been, ran his fingers over the keys, and began to play the air of 'Those evening bells.' But the Duke cried out, 'No, it was not that.' After a moment's further reflection, he began the song the Duke was really thinking of:—

'There's a song of the olden time
Falling sad o'er the ear,
Like the notes of some village chime
Which in youth we loved to hear.'

When he had proceeded with the strain thus far, he happened to turn his head from the Duchess, and glance at the widow. The instant he saw her lovely, sorrow-stricken face, with an abruptness that was fearful, he shrieked aloud, and fell flat on his face to the ground, in violent hysterics. Not a soul moved towards him, except Lord and Lady Lansdowne, who raised him with difficulty from the ground, supported him into the adjoining room, and closed the door. The most embarrassing silence reigned through the drawing-room—a silence only broken by the alternate sobs and laughter of the poet from the next room. All felt that this scene had been provoked by the presence of the bereaved lady, and the recollection that the very song he was singing had been a special favourite of her deceased lord's. After a most distressing interval, the three absentees returned. Moore at once made his way up to the Duchess of Sutherland, and begged her and all who were present to make allowance for an overwrought poetic temperament, painfully acted upon by a train of melancholy associations, and allow him to redeem his character by giving them something in a lighter and more joyous vein. He then began to sing 'Reason and Folly,' but his unstrung nerves had not yet recovered their tone; and the host, dreading, from the tremulousness of his voice, a repetition of the scene which had taken place, closed the lid of

the piano, put his arms round his friend's waist, and said, 'Come, Moore, you shall sing no more to-night. You have sung too much already.' To so low a pitch had the spirits of the whole company sunk, that, at a signal made by Lady Lansdowne, the ladies took up their candles and went off to bed; and, early as it was, the gentlemen were not long in following their example.

At breakfast the following morning, the *contretemps* of the previous night was almost obliterated by the brilliancy of Moore's conversation. Would that I could recollect a tithe of it.

I do recall one subject of discussion, because I happened to have taken an insignificant part in it; and because by it I was disabused of an opinion I had long erroneously entertained. Facility in composition had been our theme, and I had ventured to say that, in poetry, the lines which will live longest, which have given the greatest pleasure, and have become 'familiar as household words,' are those which have been thrown off with little of premeditation. I mentioned my impression that the finest lines in 'Don Juan' had been dashed off by Lord Byron under the inspiration of gin-and-water; and that the most striking lines in 'Christabel' had been written by Coleridge under the exhilaration of opium. This, Moore said, was quite a mistake. He maintained that, though the thought, or the figure of speech, might have been struck on the anvil of the brain by the strong hand of unwonted excitement, yet that the development of the thought or

the clothing of the figure was always the result of elaboration, and that, as a rule, one might feel sure that the lines which appeared, to a superficial reader, as having sprung spontaneously from the heart of the writer, were the product of the most scrupulous chiselling and polishing. He quoted, among others, Tom Campbell as the most finically fastidious of living poets. Reference to his manuscripts, he said, would show that some of his most celebrated lines, which appeared as if they had been moulded at once by the glowing fancy of the poet, had really been hewn out by hard labour. There were instances he had himself seen of words altered no fewer than seven times.

The last time I saw Moore was when I was staying in Stratton Street with Miss B. Coutts. This was shortly before his last illness. He called and lunched, and Miss Coutts asked him to stay and dine. Charles Dickens was there that day; and Moore, who had been buoyant and delightful before he came, became taciturn and sulky after. When he had gone, Moore, evidently contrasting the then reputation of Dickens with his own past celebrity, spoke to me with much chagrin of the fickleness of public opinion and the instability of literary reputation. He said, 'I dare say Dickens is pointed out as "Boz" wherever he goes. So was I once pointed out as "Tom Little." I can't say how sad I feel when I go to the opera *now*. I take up my lorgnette and see no one I know, or who knows me. Twenty years ago I flitted from box to box, like a butterfly from flower to flower. Go where

I would, I was greeted with smiles. I could not pass through the lobby of a theatre without hearing people whisper as I passed, "That is Tom Moore." *Now*, no one knows me, and no one cares to know me. *Telle est la vie*, Heigho!'

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